

# MACLEAN'S

*February*



THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO CANADA

## For the FIFTH Time Studebaker Sets NEW Standards of Value in a NEW Studebaker that gives

**STILL MORE** conveniences  
**STILL MORE** beauty of design  
**STILL MORE** roominess everywhere  
**STILL MORE** refinement of mechanical design  
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 And the **SAME** sterling quality in every detail  
 at a **REDUCED PRICE!**

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Touring Car, 7-passenger. \$1395  
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**40 h. p. \$1165**  
**7-passenger**

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It is the MOST POWERFUL 4-cylinder car that has ever been offered at anywhere near the price. It is the FIRST 4-cylinder car to rival the flexibility of a SIX. And with the added convenience in the new model, it is the BIGGEST dollar-for-dollar value that the market has ever seen. See it at your local dealer's before you decide on any car. See how much a dollar will buy in a car—“because it's a Studebaker.” Write for Series 17, Catalog.

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Walkerville, Ont.

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More than 207,000 Studebaker Cars now in use



# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1916

### FEATURE ARTICLES

#### GUMSHOEING THE SECRET SERVICE 5

An inside story of Teutonic intrigue in the United States, leading up to the sinking of the Lusitania.

#### SIMPLE STORIES OF SUCCESS 9

STEPHEN LEACOCK

Some precepts for achieving success which you may or may not want to follow.

#### THE ARTS AND THE WAR 17

AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

The effect which war is having on the arts is interestingly demonstrated.

#### A BRAVE AIRMAN 24

HUGH S. EAYRS

A sketch of the gallant Jacques, Comte de Lesseps.

#### THE BIRTH OF THE NATION'S THEATRE 27

ARTHUR BEVERLY BAXTER

A description of the "Cradle" of the movement for a Canadian drama.

#### THE RACONTEUR OF THE COMMONS 37

H. F. GADSBY

A sketch of Hugh Clarke, M.P., "the merriest fellow in the nine provinces."

### FICTION

#### THE NON-CONDUCTOR 13

ALAN SULLIVAN

A detective story that is quite different from any other ever written.

#### THE WAKING UP OF MURPHY 21

ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

How a kind-hearted policeman broke up a gang of smugglers.

#### H. R. H. YVONNE 25

FANNY HEASLIP LEA

A love story--What happened when the Comus Queen visited an old lover.

#### THE MAN IN THE INVERNESS COAT 30

VICTOR LEESE

Lieutenant Foster, of the navy, breaks up a plot with the assistance of Padgett, M.P.

#### THE FROST GIRL 33

ROBERT E. PINKERTON

This splendid serial story of the north country approaches the climax of interest in this instalment.

### POETRY

#### REMEMBRANCE 16

ERIC A. DARLING

### BUSINESS ARTICLES

#### SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS 39

WILLIAM BYRON

Telling of the influence of sentimental considerations on all business transactions.

#### THE BEST SELLING BOOK OF THE MONTH 92

FINDLAY I. WEAVER

#### THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK 98

JOHN APPLETON

#### REVIEW OF REVIEWS 41

*Among the contributors to the March issue of MACLEAN'S will be Stephen Leacock, Agnes C. Laut, Alan Sullivan, L. M. Montgomery, H. F. Gadsby, Robert E. Pinkerton, Victor Leese, B. B. Cooke, Robson Black, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Madge MacBeth and other favorites. It promises to be the finest number of MACLEAN'S that has issued from the press.—The Editors.*

# The Publisher's Page

## An Interpretation

STATEMENT BY  
THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

February, 1916

No. 13

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
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TORONTO, JAN. 15th, 1916

Go into any newsstand in search of a magazine. Pick up the best you can find there and put them alongside of MACLEAN's; then go through their contents, as thoroughly as you like, with a view to finding out which of them all appeals to you most as a Canadian.

That you will select MACLEAN's in your particular case cannot, of course, be affirmed with absolute confidence; but it is entirely safe to say that 9 out of 10 persons—good Canadians, remember—will choose MACLEAN's.

MACLEAN's will be selected for its *breadth* and *timeliness*, and for its *Canadian* character. Also, it will be selected for the names of fine authors and contributors appearing in it.

A year ago no magazine in the world contained in combination the names of these fine Canadian writers:

Sir Gilbert Parker  
Arthur Stringer  
Stephen Leacock  
Robert W. Service  
Agnes C. Laut  
Nellie McClung  
Arthur MacFarlane  
Alan Sullivan  
L. M. Montgomery

Yet these writers, and others who are acquiring international fame, contributed to MACLEAN's in 1915 or are arranging to do so during this current year.

To win the alliance of these "star" writers to MACLEAN's was not easy. But these distinguished Canadian men and women, whether still resident in Canada, or resident in London or New York, have an affection for the land of their birth or upbringing, and a desire to give Canada of their best—even though it may mean at times financial sacrifice.

Recognizing that MACLEAN's is really the only Canadian vehicle for their literary production—this because MACLEAN's is ever mounting higher in editorial and literary merit and in the essential matter of circulation and enterprise,—these Canadian writers of the first rank have become very willing to give to MACLEAN's stories, articles, sketches and poems which would be jumped at, with very often higher payments, by the best American and British Magazines.

You who subscribe to MACLEAN's and you who advertise in MACLEAN's should know these things—for so is MACLEAN's made worth-while to and for you.

Advertisers, every achievement of MACLEAN's, every step forward and upward, makes it *better for you*. As a *national* medium, of the very best class, MACLEAN's should have a place on every general advertiser's list. It does, at one stroke, what every general advertiser wants done for him—gives him *needed* publicity in a *quality* medium of *national* circulation.

Read Mr. Way's advertisement following, and the note under it.

### NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.



I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story. Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 5, 1908  
GEO. P. WAY, ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM CO., Inc.  
20 Adelaide Street, DETROIT, MICH.

The first insertion of this ad. in MACLEAN's brought sufficient business to make the investment profitable. Mr. Way tells me that the advertisement above was "a good investment." This the first time it appeared in MACLEAN's.

The point of this experience and testimony, so far as I am concerned, is that MACLEAN's is "a good investment" for scores of other firms who may feel that they cannot use bold spaces.

An inch-advertisement in MACLEAN's costs \$3.22 per insertion. An inch run 12 times (for a full year) would cost \$38.64.

An advertiser can have national circulation in a first-class medium, having a bona fide circulation of 40,000 (when compared to our population, equal to 500,000 or more of a U.S.A. magazine) for his publicity, for \$5.00 or less a month.

What man or firm in Canada with a mail-order or branded product of general consumption cannot and should not devote \$50.00 to publicity in MACLEAN's?

What is your line? Write us your side of the story and we'll reply with ours.

MILLER McKNIGHT,  
Advertising Manager,  
MACLEAN's MAGAZINE,  
143 University Ave.,  
Toronto.

Model  
83-B  
**Overland**  
\$965

Roadster \$935  
F&B Toronto, Ont.



## Now—Let Your Dream Come True

For you can now have the big, comfortable, beautiful family car—

The thirty-five horsepower Overland—

The economical means to a bigger, broader, healthier, happier, family life—

For \$965.

And though the price has been reduced the car is improved.

It has the very latest en bloc type

motor with a smooth flow of abundant power and an exceptionally fast "pick-up."

Here is the car (with improvements) which has outsold, virtually two for one, any other car with a wheelbase of more than 100 inches.

Never before has the purchaser had so well founded, so emphatic, so conclusive a popular value-verdict to tell him which car to buy.

We know that the price for this model will never be lower.

But we cannot guarantee that it will not be higher, for we are in the midst of a strong advance in the prices of materials.

Now is the time to order your car either for immediate or later delivery.

See the Overland dealer at once and make your arrangements now.

**Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Ont.**





## Four famous beautifying treatments

*Begin to-day to get their benefits*

If there is any condition of your skin that you want to improve, read the four treatments printed below. Here are the simple, natural methods to correct the most common skin troubles—methods based upon years of experience, proved and tested in thousands of cases. Begin to-day to get their benefits.

### To reduce conspicuous nose pores

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in, *very gently*, a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if the nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, strengthens the muscular fibres so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect.

Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

### To care for a tender, sensitive skin

Dip a soft washcloth in warm (not hot) water and hold it to your face. Do this several times until the pores are opened and the skin feels softened. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed and the skin feels fresh and clean. Rinse the face lightly with clear, tepid water, then with cold. About once a week rub the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

This treatment will bring health to a tender skin, make it resistant and keep it attractive. Try it to-night. You will feel the difference immediately.

### To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing, in your usual way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

### To rouse a sallow, colorless skin

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in, gently with an upward and outward motion. Rub the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. Try it to-night—see what a soft color it brings to your cheeks.

*Begin to-night the treatment above best suited to your skin*

It is very easy to use the treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of your treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake, and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's to-day and try your treatment to-night.

**Write to-day to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples**

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of your treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day. Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 461 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.



# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

FEBRUARY, 1916

Number 4

## Gumshoeing the Secret Service

**"N**OW that War Orders have been pretty well placed here till 1917, did it ever strike you what all the gentlemen of leisure plying the gentle job of gum-shoeing around the other fellow's business would do for an excuse to be War Brokers?" asked

a Secret Service man, who has checked up more of the underground deviltries of the international situation between the United States and Germany than will ever see the light of day.

"The place you writer people get things dead wrong is in accepting the so-called confessions of these spy-fakirs. Take the case of Blank"—mentioning a man, whose confessions have become famous, or infamous, internationally. "He is supposed to have been summoned to an underground chamber in Berlin, where in a dim light he saw a majestic figure and took his orders personally from the Emperor. Jupiter! Could anything be rarer? Do you suppose any Government on earth—much less the deepest state-craft ever known in history—is going to place itself in the power of a man, who could sell out his information to a higher bidder at the drop of a hat? This man's every line of confession writes him down all sorts of a fakir. Can you conceive of any Government putting itself in the power of such a man? As a matter of well-known record, this man was a common understrapper in the Brussels international police, and he picked up a lot of fact and fiction afloat everywhere, and jumbled them together in a kind of hash; and the public has gulped it all down raw. You know the man's record. He appeared in New York desperately hard up. One of the big weeklies bought three spy stories from him and engaged him to go and report the German side of the war for them. They got their first report, and discovered he had never left New York. When charged with it, he acknowledged he had set out for the war but had been captured by a British cruiser and left in the West Indies. He then issued his two books of confessions as a spy. One of them—as you know—was not written by him at all but was hammered together by an American now doing publicity film work for Germany in Berlin—getting the stuff through to the United States and that sort of thing.

"The real thing—as you know very well, or you would not have come to me—is not done that way. It is a great deal subtler. Yes, of course, I acknowledge every section of society in the world to-day is honeycombed with secret agents and investigators and *intrigantes* and spies and fakirs, who are only scum; but the point I make is—the real work is not being done by such cheap gentry, in such cheap, dime-novel fashion.

### Informal Talks with So-called War Broker

#### PART ONE

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Recent exposures have shown something of the underground activities of Teutonic officials and supporters in the United States. This series, written in the form of interviews with a war broker who has been on the "inside," will give startling information with regard to what has transpired across the line in the way of bomb outrages, diplomatic intrigues, submarine operations, etc.—all leading up to a story of the intrigues which centred around the sinking of the Lusitania. There was a certain German lordling in the United States who ordered the sinking of the Lusitania and proofs of this got into the hands of an unscrupulous intrigante—but read the articles for yourself. They will be well worth while! The articles are written by a quite famous and reliable journalist.*

The man who goes round tooting through a gramophone that he's a spy is only a cheap side-show trying to cash in on publicity. The men, who are doing the real work, don't know they are spies. They don't know nine cases out of ten who engages them. They don't know the

why of a single move, unless they hang on to the underground wire and chase it up for themselves; and when they begin doing that, they are side-switched on the drop or tactfully disposed of. Did you ever think why the Germans let Carl Lody stumble right into the Tower to get himself shot? Did you ever think why the Stegler-Stahl bunch, who doctored up the passports frauds, were being switched straight to the same death if it hadn't been one of the fellows had chanced to marry a little American girl with true instincts, who made him go straight and confess? The British Government has checked up every move of the underground system in the United States. Yet the British Government has not had one Scotland Yard man here. They have not had a single British spy in their service. They have kept their hands clean and could go into American courts to-morrow and prove they have not had a single informer in their service. How, then, have they kept tab on every move? Through war brokers, or fools who thought they were war brokers, like myself. Through American detectives hired by the banks and the munition plants and the big Atlantic liners. That way and that only, have they tapped every underground wire.

**"P**SHAW! The way you writers regard this whole business is too raw for a greenhorn frame-up! Take last winter when the contraband was being rushed through Genoa! You may not believe it but cargoes of contraband are being rushed through Genoa to Austria and Germany right now in the months of December, January and February. How? By smuggling? Nothing so crude by a long shot! Let me tell you just one case, that got past under my own nose not twenty miles from New York harbor. A ship was fitted out in a neutral harbor of Europe with French flag, French provisions, French manifest, French crew—ostensibly there was only one man among the officers, who was not French, and he spoke such perfect French that no one guessed his nationality. That ship loaded here in New York Harbor with a manifest for—I won't say where, perhaps South America, where the shark swallowed the bundle of manifests and another crew got the shark and posted the bundle of ship's papers up to the Federal Attorney



in New York. She was overhauled by a British cruiser outside New York and let pass as French. She showed, in fact, French and American ship papers; and she was overhauled at Gibraltar and let pass as French. She delivered a cargo of absolute contraband through Genoa for the German army. Genoa shipping firms took care of it and passed it on from hand to hand through Italy. You know the various tricks. Copper went as children's toys. Rubber went through as lard from Chicago. When Americans complain of interference with their ships on the high seas, they should remember, as Roger B. Wood put it at the trial of the Hamburg-American Line for provisioning German cruisers from Atlantic ports—that a ship's manifest is a passport on the highways of the sea; and if the passport is false, that fraud subjects every American ship to suspicion. Every officer was from the German navy and not a man knew the why of a single move. The whole thing was engineered by headquarters as Dr. Buenz said. I haven't the slightest doubt if some man had forgotten orders and spoken German instead of French, he would have been silently and secretly steered like Lody, where he would speak neither French nor German. The same ship trick has been put over a dozen times during the war in the harbors of the east coast of England. I know of trawlers literally seeding the seas with mines, who did it with French manifests and apparently French crews. When overhauled by English cruisers, they passed themselves off as French. In some cases, they laid the mines, that blew up the cruisers, which had overhauled them. I could tell you a funny story of contraband coal straight from one of the British Cabinet Minister's own constituencies in this way.

"And don't think it is any different with the Secret Service of the United States! There is a man watching a man always. He who betrays will be betrayed quicker than he utters the betrayal. Take the case of Swoboda, the so-called German spy, arrested on a steamer and then released in France. It doesn't matter much whether Swoboda really was a spy or not; but take the way that game was worked! Ostensibly, Swoboda goes across for an American firm. On the same boat goes a girl from another American firm. They had both got their instructions to go to Russia to land a certain order and were carrying them out. Well—the girl and Swoboda persuaded the ship's officers to show them through the cargo part of the hold. Immediately afterwards smoke comes up the hatchway and the girl runs with a howl that Swoboda is a German spy and has set the ship on fire. If Swoboda is a spy, he doesn't know it; but what does his denial avail? He is put in irons and dumped in prison in Paris; and the girl hikes to Russian headquarters and gets the order for tenting. Swoboda is released, of course! Now what I ask you is—was the girl a spy; or was she a puppet on the end of an underground wire? I'll bet she doesn't know; and I'll bet Swoboda doesn't know. He was dishd and badly—that's all he knows. By the time he was cleared of the charge, the girl was in Russia and had the order.

"Or take all this talk of German submarines coming to this side of the Atlantic last summer! Do you suppose the people who got on to that secret set out as Secret Agents to get it? Not much! They stumbled on it as you stumbled on me; but did you ever think for a minute as you stumbled on bit after bit of information till you stumbled on me as a War Broker that you quite unconscious yourself, might be being passed on, directly on purpose to flush me from cover? Well, it was the same with this submarine business. Not a million miles from New York, in fact between Newport and Providence, a lot of rich young guys had taken up wireless as a plaything, a fad.



Same thing is being worked out in Maine right now! Somebody, as a joke, and quite, you understand, by chance, dropped into the hands of these same young guys, a cipher code. They didn't know it of course, but it was a code used in the German Secret Service.

"How was that code obtained? When a man is a big enough skunk to do criminal work, he is a big enough skunk to betray his employers for a higher price to the enemy; and that is how the German secret codes have been sold into the hands of the U.S. Secret Service. In fact, England and Russia have both suffered from similar betrayals. Army officers have been sent out with specifications for big purchases. Men at enormous salaries—high as \$50,000 a year—have been sent out to watch them; and the supervisor has in some cases been found in collusion with German bankers. Now one of two things went on, when that happened. Either the English buyer was betraying things and splitting commission with the German; or the German was betraying things and splitting commissions with the Englishman. Take one case! A big supply company of St. Louis has slipped across a great deal of contraband to Germany. The secretary of that company is secretary to a member of a Banking firm financing the allies.

"To go back to the business of amateur wireless down at Newport and Providence, by all the innocent little Willies: First thing they knew they were breaking in on other people's messages. They took this information to headquarters, of course; and they found out that four submarines were to come across and also how they were to come; and you remember the Government shut down the German wireless with a bang and without a word of explanation. But I'll put up a bet that the same little game is keeping the Government wise today; and the white-haired boys who are doing it don't know they are playing aces and spades into the hands of the U. S. Secret Service.

"Or take the secret wireless in code that ordered the sinking of the *Lusitania*!—sent from this side too! We got the code all right and we got the name that was signed to information flashed as to movement of ships; but we knew the name was an alias. Who in thunder was H—, the man who signed those orders and messages, was what we wanted to know. Was it Blank, or Blank, or Blank? In every single case, our questions were barking up the wrong tree. Not till the English court officials nabbed a man travelling under an American passport as a simple and inoffensive American citizen, did we get the link that checked up H— with a certain European princeling who had planned certain deviltries down south with Huerta. If you want to know why H— isn't being courtmartialled and shot as a common military spy in London take it from me that WHO is sometimes related to WHAT. A lot of us think the *Lusitania* tragedy was not a chance of war but lawless murder, and that a hanging is due in this case. And it is going to be a very embarrassing thing to the American Government to explain why they have concealed facts about the sinking of the *Lusitania* since August, when this man who sent the order was taken off a vessel in a British port. The Government here has the affidavits of men, who swear they heard threats in official quarters to sink the *Lusitania*. Somewhere is the record of that message flashed. Why all the concealment and subterfuge? To be sure, Berlin is no longer asked to disavow the sinking of the *Lusitania*, because Berlin didn't order it. It was ordered right here from the United States. If an American had done it he would be in handcuffs. Why the concealment and the bluffing of the public? Since when was this country ruled by a camera?



"O R take all this howl against a couple of officers who have been ordered home from one Embassy. For two months there hasn't been a morning paper that has not discussed whether these men should be given their papers and told to go. I wish another Æscop would write another fable about a fox shouting "wolf—wolf" till the whole barn yard chases the sheep while the fox gets away with the goose. You have heard of drawing a herring across the trail in a fox hunt? That is about the situation here. The newspaper boys have followed the herring with a whoop. It would be funny, only the whole American people are the goose these days and they may waken up where the lady did with the tiger. Just examine what is behind this howl! In the first place, the official position of these two men prevents their arrest. You can't get a conviction against them because all the evidence is in the German Embassy and cannot be used in court. That makes it a harmless occupation to keep the howl directed against them. In the second place, they are both gentlemen and can be depended upon not to talk back. Makes it safer than ever to keep barking! The Kaiser knew what he was doing when he sent these two white-haired boys out. They are his personal friends. Mouths guaranteed shut and copper-riveted. In the third place, while the howl pursues them, the real culprits—these big ones—are working the better under cover. That is, they would have worked better under cover if the fool who signed "H—" to the order to sink the *Lusitania* had not grown bold and tried a passport fraud. But even yet, you see, that man has not been exposed by the American Government; and the Kaiser must have been in a jocular mood when he asked for the reason for the recall of Boy-Ed and von Papen. He knew this Government could not give the reasons for their recall without acknowledging it had possessed inside knowledge of the worst and most murderous plots without raising a hand to stop them.

"O R take the part played by autosuggestion in this whole damnable crime of conspiracy! Five assassinations have been attempted and four have been successful. Sixty-five or more American citizens have lost their lives in munition factories within a few weeks, purely by accident, of course. When the authors of the accidents have been caught, they have not been red-handed excitable monsters at all. You could hardly call them criminal types. They have been subnormal stupid fanatics, more dazed and automatic in their actions than criminal. Some of the men had taken hypnotic treatment for mental aberration. Instead of submitting one of these—a man who had attempted murder—to the third degree, it was decided under very wise and expert advice to treat him as a mental freak and get him under some hypnotic influence that would bring out what autosuggestion had stimulated his action. You know what happened, of course; or you would not have stumbled across me. In other cases where this was tried, results had been obtained. One man gave a full confession—he had been paid \$1,000 to commit the murder for which he was held. Two others had been paid \$200 each for bomb work in Canada. And they got this other man, this would-be murderer almost up to the place where he was in a condition to talk rationally and coherently, when crack! came a bullet through the window of his prison cell; and the authorities of that particular prison, for a particular reason of their own, were so keen to discover whether that fellow's brains were subnormal or abnormal, they had his cerebellum exca-



vated before the Service could find out the methods and men behind the shot that had scattered the poor cracked brains over the floor. The absolute absurdity of that whole bluff to the public! The most valuable prisoner who ever fell in our hand had been bagged.

"All right! That night was the very time of all times the authorities of the prison chose to go off on a jaunt. That night was the very time of all times when our friend of the H— alias who sent the wireless message and two others went out motor-boating near that prison. I wonder what so-called high lights of Newport, who used to enjoy the hospitality of this particular group's yacht, would think if they had known the errand of the yacht that night. You see this fellow—he passed himself under a dozen aliases R— and H— and G—, had come out as a friend of the Kaiser's with particular instructions. He was going to show the rest of the crowd how to put things over. Well, he did all right; and now he is in the Tower of London; and England offers him in a present to the United States if the United States cares to extradict him; and all the wealth of Klondike could not induce the United States to bring that fellow back for trial. But how England is going to hold him for public criminal trial and yet not expose for what he is tried—beats me.

"I T'S a good deal subtler than midnight candles and fake confessions! That prisoner had collapsed so completely he had not the physical strength to sit on a chair unless he was held up. He could not sleep. He could not eat. He could not feed himself. Yet after he was killed so conveniently it was given out that he had committed suicide! And think how they said he had managed it! He was reported to have climbed a wall eighteen feet high, smooth as kalsomine—and thrown himself down headlong. And just where the lime-light should be flashed on, it is officially flashed off.

"You writer people, as I have told you, are working on the wrong tack. You are following the old raw, crude, penny-dreadful stuff that made a kid sit up in bed; and that is just as far behind the times in this present international game as an old flintlock would be behind a modern rapid fire automatic field gun. In Italy and France and Germany, the influence of autosuggestion as an incentive to crime with weak wits has been as carefully studied as thumb prints, or criminal defects, or physical measurements; but in America and England, we Secret Service men are as far behind in fathoming of certain types of crime as the old flintlock is behind the automatic field gun. In fact, I think some of the European belligerents must regard us as still at the muzzle-loading period.

"In this connection there is a funny story of a suppressed book here! The book was the result of a row between two European highbrows who knew this hypnotic game in crime. One told of the other using mesmerism wrongly. It gave away certain secrets. Clap, smack, somebody is recalled from the Washington Embassy and something is found wrong with that book's copyright! All the copies are bought up. You won't find one in the Congressional Library. The little game is pretty subtle. It is too deep for the highbrows who are now looking wise as barn owls.

"W HY, I have actually had secret agents from Canada ask *why* we didn't expose certain reservists when they began to receive orders to respond to their numbers along Canadian borders. The lunkheads! The chunkheads! The punkheads! Do you get that? Why—we—didn't—expose them! What's the matter with the Canadian head? There is

as much psychology in crime as there is physiology in digestion. When you know the signs, it is as plain as the itch. If there is one thing more than another that would have exposed all the underground deviltries in the United States, of wireless messages and autosuggested murders and psychological public delusions and national blackmail with corruption funds spent in rivers and floods—it would have been to let the reservists mass on the Canadian border and invade. Then, the United States would have been compelled to intervene; and the exposure would have come like a clap of thunder out of the blue. But if there was one thing the United States did not want to do, it was intervene; and the U. S. Secret Service at once headed these reservists off. Anyway, the German reservist in this country is not so loyal as he is in Germany. I know of reservists who have hidden themselves in quiet country hamlets to escape call. It is the half-wits and semi-criminals paid by the higher-ups who have carried out the deviltries.

"But now to tell how it came out about the orders sent from this side to sink the *Lusitania*. There was a woman in it, of course.

"You keep harking back to the Borgias and Medicis and Cleopatras! Yet what do you call certain American women who right now in the year of our Lord 1916 are trumping their partners' ace and playing the cards in the hands of the devil, stopping the ears of this nation to the cries of the women and children who went down on the *Lusitania*, to the innocent blood of Belgium crying red from the very ground for vindication?

"Don't know what I mean—do you? That's exactly what I tell you! You are harking back so hard to the sirens of the middle ages that you don't see the same brand of vain sensualists playing the devil's game in these international crimes!

"For ten years, it has been a joke among the diplomats that three court circles, noted for their contempt of democracy and for their exclusiveness towards the untitled, have been wide open with welcome to any American woman who would pay the price; and the price has been too damned dear for any American woman to pay. Think of it! A woman divorced for thirty-four different affinities is now a dominating divinity in one embassy! Ever think how extraordinary it was that courts which are not open to talented women of their own nation are open to American women of doubtful reputation? Do you remember the case of a foreign professor from America who was not received by the court of his own country, when an American professor was received by that very court? Or do you remember the case of an American girl who married into a certain royal nobility and was not received, while American women who climbed socially by the back stairs left open by dissolute princes and diplomats, were received; at least, I mean received to the extent of becoming part of the intrigue that bedevils and poisons those courts?

"What has that to do with the Secret Service workings in America?

"That's what I tell you—you writers are harking back to candle-lighted subcellars when the real game is taking place in the tungsten glare of Washington spotlights. Did you ever look up who the wife is of the man most active in trying to buy certain munition plants for certain European powers? Did you ever ask yourself why that gentleman promoter was so active on the underground wire? No—I thought not! And did you ever ask yourself why when a certain department in Washington got its hands on some criminal documents, it seemed powerless to use them.

"A Little White Hand had mixed the currents on the national switchboard. Give a man who is infatuated—I'll not call it "in love"—especially if he is on the shady side of fifty—pen and ink and paper enough; and there will be a fine kettle of malodorous fish for any Jackal prowler of the blackmail brotherhood who will pay the price for the goods! I spoke of the fox getting away with the goose. I should have said Jackal, if you know the Wall Street type of Jackal; only when you get a Jackal prowling round for carrion, domestic and financial, you usually have a certain crew of blackmail lawyers with incriminating documents in one hand and a million dollar fund in the other. That is about the time things don't begin to happen.

"THAT is where I came into the game and honestly enough, only as a War Broker. That is where I did Secret Service work without knowing who employed me, as

countless others have done in this war game. You remember you stumbled on this, hunting the secret orders to sink a certain ship? I'll begin at the beginning as far as I am concerned! Things were slack financially all through 1914 and about January of 1915, I was considering this War Order business when one of the big banks financing the Allies sent for me and suggested that I get in on a search for chain. So I rented this office and put out my sign as a War Broker, and I knew less than you do now of the inside inner workings of what was doing. Now I ask you honestly how was I to know I was working for the Secret Service; or whose Secret Service. The whole game just "got" me! The buyers held off and higgled on the price of the chain, as you already know; but funny thing, they advanced me my office rent and what would have been my brokerage profits if the deal had gone over; and they asked me to keep my eye on a fool of an English Artillery Officer who had the name of a regiment on his card that never existed and an exaggerated "aw—there" manner with a monocle. I also had a line on that Baron Blank Jackass, who rode round with his footman in U. S. Service livery, and fooled Sam Hughes up in Canada, and finally got himself bagged for bigamy on passport frauds; that is, he had had so many women using his name to act as spies on the munition plants. I suppose it was all this played me rather closer in on one side than the other; and all the time I was working my head off to sell sixty thousand tons of chain, and I was so mad at the dickery dockery methods of the buyers for the Allies, that as you know, I gave you two interviews against them. I began to find I could sell easier to the German buyers than to the English, though the Allies had paid me brokerage fees in advance.

"Well, one morning, a man a little off the run of the usual trade salesman came to my office. I would have sized him for a slick confidence guy—all the ear marks of a Wall Street or a Broad Street promoter—no, not Broad Street—he was a cut above curb stone gentry. He was no Wallingford! He was more of a Blackie Daw.

"I understand you are a War Broker?" said he.

"Right you are," I answered, trying to measure my man.

"Sell to the Allies?" he asked. There was something so all-fired innocent the way he asked that, I pretty nearly saw the muzzle of the Jackal gleaming through the sheep's chops.

"I sell chain where I can," I answered.

"He drew out a big stogie cigar, offered me one, took one for himself, and; 'Chain?' said he.

"Yes, I've been working on a chain deal," I acknowledged.

"He lights his cigar, blows about five rings in the air, shuts his eyes and winks at the rings.

"It may be you lack some essential links to complete the chain" said he

"It was the way he said it. Some men use their words to reveal their thoughts; other men to mask them. This man was a mask from his curly hair to his patent leather shoes topped by grey spats. Now, was I a War Broker right there, or a Secret Service man? I was up a tree because I didn't know where I was at. He didn't wait for me to answer. But he handed out his card. 'That's who I am,' he said; and he looked at me to see whether I recognized him as Mr. Promoter, or Mr. Husband-of-the-Lady, who had thirty-four scalps at her belt before she got the scalp, hair and hide of the Grand Tyee Embassy Dub, who, by the way, is so clean dippy over her he doesn't care though the whole world sees it—who has, in fact, made such a fool of himself over her that he would be recalled; only his recall at this stage of the game would be interpreted as a move in the international situation.

"I told my visitor I thought I had heard of him, and I was glad to meet him. About that time, his name was mixed up with secret efforts to buy munition plants in New England and I had heard of him, of course. Nothing green about that gentleman unless it is the green of a man's liver when he is raging mad with jealousy; for what on earth else had brought him to me?

"Dealing in chain?" I asked.

"He blew five rings of smoke and smiled. 'Yes—that is—certain important links in at least one chain; and if the Allies know their chance, they should be gold links fourteen

Continued on Page 111.



# Simple Stories of Success

or How to Succeed in Life

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS

LET me begin with a sort of parable. Many years ago when I was on the staff of Upper Canada College, we engaged a new swimming master.

He was the most successful man in that capacity that we had had for years.

Then one day it was discovered that he couldn't swim.

He was standing at the edge of the swimming tank explaining the breast stroke to the boys in the water.

He lost his balance and fell in. He was drowned.

Or no—he wasn't drowned—I remember—he was rescued by some of the pupils whom he had taught to swim.

After he was resuscitated by the boys—it was one of the things he had taught them—the college dismissed him.

Then some of the boys who were sorry for him taught him how to swim, and he got a new job as a swimming master in another place.

But this time he was an utter failure. He swam well, but they said he couldn't teach.

So his friends took about to get him a new job. This was just at the time when the bicycle craze came in. They soon found the man a position as an instructor in bicycle riding. As he had never been on a bicycle in his life, he made an admirable teacher. He stood fast on the ground and said: "Now then, all you need is confidence."

Then one day he got afraid that he might be found out. So he went out to a quiet place and got on a bicycle, at the top of a slope, to learn to ride it. The bicycle ran away with him. But for the skill and daring of one of his pupils, who saw him and rode after him, he would have been killed.

This story, as the reader sees, is endless. Suffice it to say that the man I speak of is now over in the States, teaching people to fly. They say he is one of the best aviators that ever walked.

ACCORDING to all the legends and story books, the principal factor in success is perseverance. Personally, I think there is nothing in it. If anything, the truth lies the other way.

There is an old motto that runs: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." This is nonsense. It ought to read: "If at first you don't succeed, quit, quit, at once."

If you can't do a thing, more or less, the first time you try, you will never do it. Try something else while there is yet time.

Let me illustrate this with a story.

I remember, long years ago, at a little school that I attended in the country, we had a school-master, who used perpetually to write up on the blackboard, in a copper-

plate hand, the motto that I have just quoted:

*"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, again."*

He wore plain clothes and had a hard, determined face. He was studying for some sort of preliminary medical examination, and was saving money for a medical course. Every now and then he went away to the city and tried the examination: and he always failed. Each time he came back, he would write up on the blackboard:

*"Try, try again."*

And always he looked grimmer and more determined than before. The strange thing was that with all his industry and determination, he would break out every now and then into drunkenness, and lie round the tavern at the crossroads, and the school would be shut for two days. Then he came back, more fiercely resolute than ever. Even children could see that the man's life was a fight. It was like the battle between Good and Evil in Milton's poetry.

Well, after he had tried it four times, the schoolmaster at last passed the examination; and he went away to the city in a suit of store clothes, with eight hundred dollars that he had saved up, to study medicine. Now it happened that he had a brother who was not a bit like himself, but was a sort of ne'er-do-well, always hard-up and sponging on other people, and never working.

AND when the schoolmaster came to the city and his brother knew that he had eight hundred dollars, he came to him and got him drinking and persuaded him to hand over the eight hundred dollars and to let him put it into the Louisiana State lottery. In those days the Louisiana lottery had not yet been forbidden the use of the mails, and you could buy a ticket for anything from one dollar up. The Grand Prize was two hundred thousand dollars, and the seconds were a hundred thousand each.

So the brother persuaded the schoolmaster to put the money in. He said he had a system for buying only the tickets with prime numbers, that won't divide by anything, and that it must win. He said it was a mathematical certainty, and he figured it out with the schoolmaster in the back room of a saloon, with a box of dominoes on the table to show the plan of it. He told the schoolmaster that he himself

would only take ten per cent. of what they made, as a commission for showing the system, and the schoolmaster could have the rest.

So in a mad moment, the schoolmaster handed over his roll of money. And that was the last he ever saw of it.

The next morning, when he was up, he was fierce with rage and remorse for what he had done. He could not go back to the school, and he had no money to go forward. So he stayed where he was in the little hotel where he had got drunk, and went on drinking. He looked so fierce and unkempt, that in the hotel they were afraid of him, and the bartenders watched him out of the corners of their eyes, wondering what he would do: Because they knew that there was only one end possible, and they waited for it to come. And presently it came. One of the bartenders went up to the schoolmaster's room to bring up a letter, and he found him lying on the bed with his face grey as ashes, and his eyes looking up at the ceiling. He was stone dead. Life had beaten him.

And the strange thing was that the letter that the bartender carried up that morning was from the management of the Louisiana lottery. It contained a draft on New York, signed by the treasurer of the State of Louisiana, for two hundred thousand dollars. The schoolmaster had won the Grand Prize.

Oddly enough, this happens to be a true story, for all that it is written in a magazine. Anyone who doubts it may

One must mount the ladder from the lowest rung.—Any man who can stand upon it with his foot well poised, his head erect, his arms braced and his eye directed upward, will inevitably mount to the top.





write to General Beauchamp, ex-Confederate States Army, who made the drawings for the State lottery that year. By the way, though, General Beauchamp died in 1896. Still the reader may write to him, I suppose.

The above story, I am afraid, is a little gloomy. I put it down merely for the moral it contained, and I became so absorbed in telling it that I almost forgot what the moral was that it was meant to convey. But I think the idea is that if the schoolmaster had long before abandoned the study of medicine, for which he was not fitted, and gone in, let us say, for playing the banjo, he might have become end-man in a minstrel show. Yes, that was it.

LET me pass on to other elements in success.

I suppose that anybody will admit that the peculiar quality that is called initiative—the ability to act promptly on one's own judgment—is a factor of the highest importance.

I have seen this illustrated two or three times in a very striking fashion.

I knew, in Toronto—it is long years ago—a singularly bright young man whose name was Robinson. He had had some training in the iron and steel business, and when I knew him was on the look-out for an opening.

I met him one day in a great hurry, with a valise in his hand.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Over to England," he said. "There is a firm in Liverpool that have advertised that they want an agent here, and I'm going over to apply for the job."

"Can't you do it by letter?" I asked.

"That's just it," said Robinson, with a chuckle. "All the other men will apply by letter. I'll go right over myself and get there as soon or sooner than the letters. I'll be the man on the spot. And I'll get the job."

He was quite right. He went over to Liverpool, and was back in a fortnight with English clothes and a big salary.

But I cannot recommend his story to my friends. In fact, it should not be told too freely. It is apt to be dangerous.

I remember once telling this story of Robinson to a young man called Tomlinson, who was out of a job. Tomlinson had a head two sizes too big and a face like a bun. He had lost three jobs in a bank and

"Say, that was a great scheme, eh?" he kept repeating. He had no command of words, and always said the same thing over and over.

A few days later I met Tomlinson on the street with a valise in his hand.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'm off for Mexico," he answered. "They're advertising for a Canadian teller for a bank in Tuscupulco. I've sent my credentials down there, and I'm going to follow them right up in person. In a thing like this, the personal element is everything."

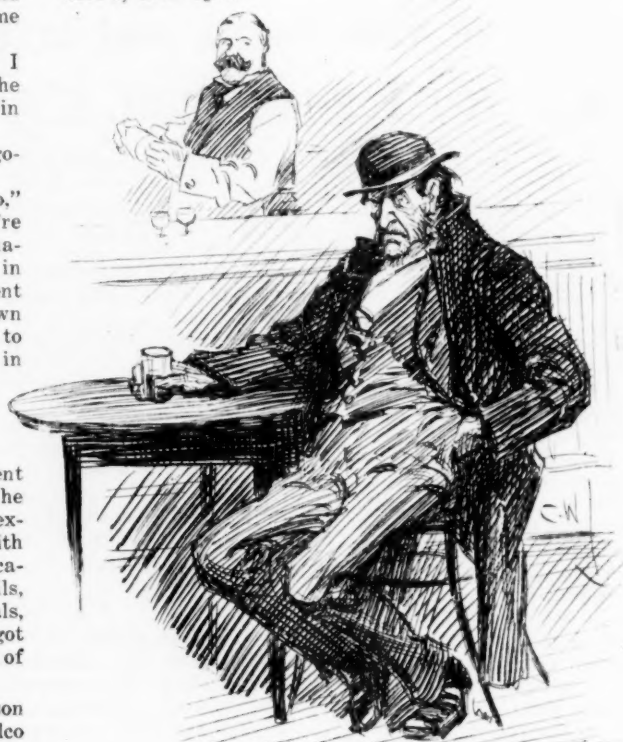
So Tomlinson went down to Mexico and he traveled by sea to Mexico City, and then with a mule train to Tuscupulco. But the mails, with his credentials, went by land and got there two days ahead of him.

WHEN Tomlinson got to Tuscupulco he went into the bank and he spoke to the junior manager and said what he came for. "I'm awfully sorry," the junior manager said, "I'm afraid that this post has just been filled." Then he went into an inner room to talk with the manager. "The tellership that you wanted a Canadian for," he asked, "didn't you say that you have a man already?"

"Yes," said the manager, "a brilliant young fellow from Toronto; his name is Tomlinson. I have his credentials here—a first-class man. I've wired him to come right along, at our expense, and we'll keep the job open for him ten days."

"There's a young man outside," said the junior, "who wants to apply for the job."

*He looked so fierce and unkempt that the bartenders watched him out of the corners of their eyes.*



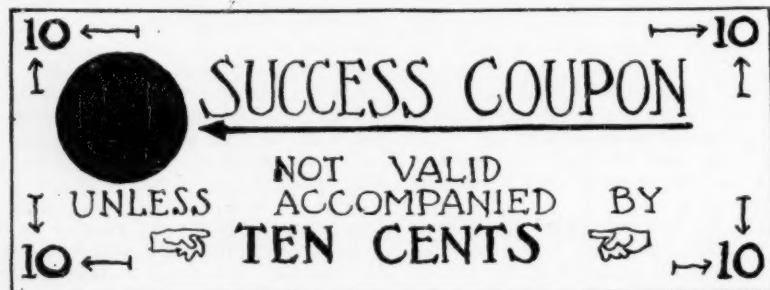
"What's he like?" asked the manager. The junior shook his head. "Pretty dusty looking customer," he said, "Shifty looking."

"Same old story," murmured the manager. "It's odd how these fellows drift down here isn't it? Up to something crooked at home, I suppose. Understands the working of a bank, eh? I guess he understands it a little too well for my taste. No, no," he continued, tapping the papers that lay on the table. "Now that we've got a first-class man like Tomlinson, let's hang on to him. We can easily wait ten days, and the cost of the journey is nothing to the bank as compared with getting a man of Tomlinson's stamp. And, by the way, you might telephone to the Chief of Police and get him to see to it that this loafer gets out of town straight off."

So the Chief of Police shut up Tomlinson in the calaboose and then sent him down to Mexico City under a guard. By the time the police were done with him he was dead broke. And it took him four months to get back to Toronto; when he got there, the place in Mexico had been filled long ago.

But I can imagine that some of my readers might suggest that I have hitherto been dealing only with success in a very limited way, and that more interest would lie in discussing how the really great fortunes are made.

Everybody feels an instinctive interest in knowing how our great captains of in-



two in a broker's office, but he knew his work, and on paper he looked a good man.

I told him about Robinson, to encourage him, and the story made a great impression.

"Outside?" exclaimed the manager. "How did he get here?"

"Came in on the mule train this morning: says he can do the work and wants the job."

dustry, our financiers and railroad magnates made their money.

Here the explanation is really a very simple one. There is, in fact, only one way to amass a huge fortune in business or railway management. One must begin at the bottom. One must mount the ladder from the lowest rung. But this lowest rung is everything. Any man who can stand upon it with his foot well poised, his head erect, his arms braced and his eye directed upward, will inevitably mount to the top.

I had an example, not long ago, of how a man, even in a humble capacity, can pave the way for ultimate success.

I had just landed by the morning train in New York.

I had hardly walked the full length of the long platform, when I realized that I had left my rubbers in the sleeping car.

So I walked back.

I met the porter on the way. He had already locked up the car and turned into a citizen in a blue coat and a low hat.

"Yo' rubbers?" he said, "You left yo' rubbers in the cyar? I guess you won't likely get them now."

"Why, where will they be?" I asked.

The porter shook his head.

"I guess the man who cleans up the cyar has got 'em by this time."

"Can't I do anything about it?" I said.

"Yo' might ask up in the depot if yo' like," suggested the porter.

So I went back into the station and looked about till I found a place marked *Information*.

"Left your rubbers in the car, eh?" said the man behind the counter. "How long ago was that?"

"About three minutes," I said.

"I'm afraid," he said, "you'll hardly get them now. You see the man who cleans up the car will have them by this time."

"Can't I get them from him?" I said.

"He'd likely have gone by this time," said the Information man, "but you can go and tell them about it in the Station Master's office."

So I went there.

"You say you left your rubbers in the Pullman?" said a grave, courteous official whom I questioned.

"Yes," I answered.

"One moment, please."

He went to the back of the room where he talked quietly with two or three other officials.

They nodded together gravely as they talked.

Presently the official came forward again.

"What we think has happened," he said, "is this. You say you walked out of the car, and along the platform, leaving your rubbers behind you."

"Yes," I said, "exactly."

"Precisely," said the official, "and what we think must have happened is, that the man who cleans up the car got them."

He turned quietly to resume his work.

"Is there anything I can do?" I said.

"Well, yes, if you wish, you might go over to the head office in the Terminal Building, and they'll get out a tracer for you."

I went.

In the Terminal Building, fourteen floors up, where it is quite quiet, I found the place where they deal with cases of this sort.

A courteous little group of officials showed me how to fill out a form indicating what I had lost.

"We'll have them traced for you," they said. "We'll probably be able to let you know definitely about them in, say, a week's time."

About a week later, I got a letter which ran:

Dear Sir,

In pursuance of your request, we have issued a tracer for the pair of rubbers which you left behind you in the car. We are glad to be able to say that our efforts to find what became of your rubbers have been entirely successful. From the enquiries that we have made, we are able to say with practical certainty that the man who cleans up the car got them."

Till this incident happened, I used often to wonder how great railroad fortunes

he went on, showing just the same rapidity of thought and the same attention to detail, until ultimately he had cleaned up the whole railroad.

**B**UT it has occurred to me that perhaps there may be readers of this article who have looked over it with a view to getting direct practical aid in how to succeed.

Up to this point they may perhaps have been disappointed. But they need not be. I am quite prepared to give them the kind of help that they want. The first thing that such readers have to do is to cut out the accompanying coupon and send it to me along with ten cents.

The coupon must be neatly folded and placed in an envelope with the ten cents laid on the circle to the left, in such a way that the edge of the coin lies accurately on the edge of the circle. The reader's ability to do this is an indication of his

*So the chief of police shut up Tomlinson in the calaboose, and sent him down to Mexico under a guard.*



were made. Now I know. I was always told that every big railroad man had begun at the bottom of the ladder.

I see that it is quite true. He began by being the man who cleans up the car. And

character and a demonstration that he has ten cents. If he fails the first time, and the ten cents slips off the circle and falls into the envelope, let him leave it there and try again, with another ten



cents. A few trials will result in a gratifying success.

On my receipt of this ten cents, the reader will be sent, without further charge—beyond, postage, cartage, cooperage, and mucilage—a sample packet of my new breakfast food *Hump*.

There is no doubt—it is proved up to the hilt by every ten-cent magazine in the country—that the first requisite for success in life is a breakfast food. There is all the difference in the world between a man who has merely had food for breakfast and a man who has had breakfast food. If you see a man going down to business with his eye flashing and his feet devouring the ground as he walks, you may be sure that he is simply sizzling inside with breakfast food.

These foods are generally described as made from "the whole of the wheat," or the "outside as well as the inside," and contain the "life-giving proteids that lie just within the husk of the grain. My own food, *Hump*—rightly called the Queen of Breakfast foods—goes further than this. To make it the wheat is pulled up by the roots. Nothing is lost. It is fed to the reader just as it is, and eaten from the ear. If the reader doubts its power, I can only say, try it. Or at any rate, send ten cents.

But it may be that the reader will not be satisfied with merely taking *Hump*; or it is possible that he has more than ten cents. He may wish for still more rapid and sensational success. In this case I am prepared to go further with him. I will give him *Will Treatment*.

HERE each stage of the directions must be followed with the nicest care. First let the reader cut out the above coupon—either with a pair of scissors or with a penknife—and address it to me, in either a white or a brown envelope, together with one dollar.

As soon as he has done this, the reader

must begin to *will*. At first he will find himself quite unable to do so. Every beginning is difficult. But let him not be discouraged. Let him send a second dollar, either in a square or a round envelope, and let him begin again one stage further back by endeavoring to *want to will*. If he fails again, let him doggedly retreat still further (sending another dollar) and



*There is all the difference between a man who has merely had food for breakfast and one who has had breakfast food.*

endeavoring to *wish to want to will*. Sooner or later he will reach a stage that he feels to be final.

During all this time, I will be sending him, on the receipt of each dollar, thought waves and will currents. On receipt of his last dollar, I will send him a wave that will absolutely swamp him.

But after all—I say this as a kind of after-thought in conclusion—why bother with success at all? I have observed that the successful people get very little real

enjoyment out of life. In fact the contrary is true. If I had to choose—with an eye to having a really pleasant life—between success and ruin, I should prefer ruin every time. I have several friends who are completely ruined—some two or three times—in a large way of course; and I find that if I want to get a really good dinner, where the champagne is just as it ought to be, and where hospitality is unhindered by mean thoughts of expense, I can get it best at the house of a ruined man.

I saw this point illustrated again just recently. I was walking with a friend of mine and a motor passed bearing a neatly dressed young man, chatting gaily with a pretty woman. My friend raised his hat and gave it a jaunty and cheery swing in the air as if to wave goodwill and happiness.

"Poor old Edward Overjoy!" he said, as the motor moved out of sight.

"What's wrong with him?" I asked.

"Hadn't you heard?" said my friend, "He's ruined—absolutely cleaned out—not a cent left."

"Dear me!" I said, "That's awfully hard. I suppose he'll have to sell that beautiful motor?"

My friend shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "He'll hardly do that. I don't think his wife would care to sell that."

My friend was right. The Overjoys have not sold their motor. Neither have they sold their magnificent sandstone residence. They are too much attached to it, I believe, to sell it. Some people thought they would have given up their box at the opera. But it appears not. They are too musical to care to do that. Meantime it is a matter of general notoriety that the Overjoys are absolutely ruined; in fact, they haven't a single cent. You could buy Overjoy—so I am informed—for ten dollars.

But I observe that he still wears a steel-lined coat worth at least five hundred.

*"Canada's Job of Restoring Her Wounded" is the title of an article by Robson Black in March MacLean's. It deals comprehensively with one of the biggest national problems now facing the Dominion. "The hardest job of the war," writes Mr. Black, "is not to get the civilian to take up soldiering, but to get the damaged soldier to fit back into civil life." Pensioning and the establishing of convalescent homes is only an infinitesimal part of the problem, which becomes one, therefore, of paramount importance to every Canadian. Read what Mr. Black has to say in March MacLean's.*



# The Non-Conductor: By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

ERICKSON was a philosopher—a philosopher in that he produced mentally that which reconciled him to enduring a life of inaction after he relinquished his post of chief inspector of police in a very large city. I met him first when I was reporting for the *Planet*. He had a huge, formless body, dominated by a monstrous head, from which his pale blue eyes blinked placidly. He was uncommunicative in a vast genial way.

It was later, after he had retired, that I came to know him better. He seemed willing enough then to unburden his official mind, seeming somehow safe with me. He made a picture, did this big Norwegian, sitting in a great leather chair, with the flicker of the fire glinting on the shining dome of his forehead, his pale eyes full of thought, and tobacco smoke drifting out through the thick hair of his long, tawny moustache.

"So—you will understand," he said one evening, "that I, for the criminal, have no contempt. Nor am I interested particularly that he be punished. It is to match my brains with his. That is the game." He turned to me suddenly. "You have read Lombroso?"

I shook my head. I had not even heard of Lombroso.

"Ach! I forgot that you newspaper men only write—you do not read. Lombroso—the student of crime—calls it a disease. So far he is right, because in crime there is the temperature variation—the season of—what shall I say—productiveness of crime."

"You think," I ventured, "that a criminal is not always productive of crime?"

"Ya, that is so—the criminal, at times, is full of softness. With temperature variation the softness disappears. But the virus is there—always."

"Then the occasion does not create the criminal?" I put in.

"It awakes—that is all—it does not create. Do I make myself plain?"

I nodded.

"Then listen. We are all criminals, potentially. But to most of us comes not the occasion to awake; or if it comes we have birth, position, responsibility, training and perhaps fear with which to make it sleep again. The man you write about—the man whom I, by means of the law, apprehend—has not music with which to sing this other self again to sleep. So—look at my walls."

I HAD often looked. They were lined with shelves, and the shelves were packed with bundles of neatly folded papers and clippings. Here were Erickson's records—hundreds of pages of close, fine writing in old angular script. "What copy," I thought, staring at them. Tisdale, the forger of securities; Bracondale, who attempted the life of the President; Cluff, the leader of the gunmen of the East Side; these names jostled each other in a lawless medley, and it appeared that through and behind it all ran the unceasing operation of Erickson's relentless intelligence. He reminded me of a bloodhound lumber-

ing steadily along with wide nostrils and flapping ears—and uncanny knowledge. But always at the end Erickson had delicately disengaged himself from the thought of punishment and caught his breath for a new trail. It used sometimes to turn me cold, hearing him analyze the sequences of a murderer's reasoning. I wondered what would happen if Erickson's other self awoke. Could anyone catch him?

"The chance," he rumbled on, "is always against the man who runs away. It is odds, often many to one, he will be caught—ultimately. If we do not catch him—he himself catches often. There is always in the mind of the criminal a desire to return to the scene of his crime. But," here Erickson gathered his bushy brows, "there is sometimes the case that is mysterious. That mostly is the first crime of the diseased one. He has not, so far, established anything to recognize, and his impulse, is, of the first offence, the reason—generally—. You remember Thatcher—his case?"

I nodded. It was only a year old—just before the inspector had retired.

"That," he said thoughtfully, "has not been determined." He reached for a packet on the shelves. I noted it was the most recent. "Thatcher," he added slowly, "is to me a riddle."

I noticed he said "is." "But Thatcher is dead," I ventured.

Erickson glowered at me. "You know that—you?" There was a touch of contempt in the last word.

"Well," I stammered. "He was electrocuted."

The big Norwegian gazed at the ceiling through a cloud of smoke.

"Ya, he got five thousand volts—but—" he laughed harshly—"he is not dead."

I STARED at him. The *Planet*, like every other metropolitan paper, had given a vivid description of the death scene. I had thought ours was the best of all. "I don't understand," I said wonderingly.

"No, nor do I understand either," ruminated Erickson, "but I shall some day." He opened the packet. "You remember of this Thatcher, the details?"

I shook my head. I could only remember that he had been convicted of murder and sentenced, and—yes—electrocuted; and now Erickson said he wasn't dead.

"So—at the beginning we commence. Thatcher, age twenty-six; father, postmaster. Ohio. Only son. Short, broad, height five feet four inches, weight one hundred and sixty-six pounds. Dark hair and eyes, scar on left cheek, electrician by trade. Employed at central station of American Power Company, as operator on switchboard. Record for two years, good, but careless about taking risks with high tension current. Escaped injury when two other men were killed by short circuit during first month of station operation." He blinked at me over the paper. "So, we see Thatcher. Now, we proceed."

He ran over the case rapidly. Thatcher had been convicted of the murder of the superintendent of the power station, to whom he had in vain applied for an increase of salary. This letter was found in the superintendent's desk. Not getting a reply, he called personally and renewed the request. The refusal brought on an altercation from which Thatcher emerged a murderer. His finger prints were discovered. Subsequent evidence was secured from Macdougall, a fellow worker in the power plant. Thatcher had told Macdougall that he was going to squeeze out another ten dollars a month.

All this came back very clearly. My memory of the trial was equally distinct.

"And then," said Erickson, "to the State Prison Thatcher departed. The world said good-by, but," he grunted, "Thatcher made no farewells. What else of Thatcher do you know, my friend?"

The *Planet* article was still in my head. It had been a dramatic bit of work—with the dread of the thing in every line. It painted Thatcher's arrival in the death chamber, the bald patch where his head had been shaved for the upper electrode and the metal plates on which his feet rested. There were half a dozen men whose austerity accentuated the bare speechlessness of this awful chamber. Came the moment when Thatcher sat rigidly in the chair, submitting silently to the inflexible sequences that heralded the end. Then, at a whispered word, the swing of a locking switch. Simultaneously a sudden stiffening of the blindfolded figure. Then a horrible pause while the current leaped through the insensate form. After this a cursory examination, and the stillness of the mortuary room. It was an epic of grim finality. The man who wrote it made his journalistic name.

"Ya," went on Erickson, pulling at his pipe, "that of the first chapter was the end, but of the second the beginning. Now, follow me! Thatcher's body in the dead room, rests all night. It is unguarded. The dead," he interjected musingly, "one guards not. So—in the morning they come to bury Thatcher, but he is not there."

I GAPPED at him. Not there? Why—how—?

"They touched nothing, and sent for me. That was good, very good. I of the room make a search. There is nothing but an empty box and a window of which the catch is broken. How, I ask, is the catch broken? I determine—from the inside." His voice took on a queer, nervous lift that I had never heard in it before. "Also on the sill a finger print. Whose? The fingers of dead men make no print. I compare it with Thatcher's record here in the city." His voice dropped to a whisper. "They are the same."

Erickson fixed me with a burning stare. His face was suddenly very red, his eyes protruded. He seemed angry and baffled. "And that is the end, but, only so far, the end. Picture it—Thatcher as dead—certified—but only an empty box is left. We,

the box buried. But I—I wait for Thatcher."

That was all I could get out of him. He was palpably disturbed by this recitation. The memory of Thatcher flouted every underlying belief in his own theories and abilities. There were half a dozen men who knew of the burial of the empty box. For myself, I could only conjecture that the body had been spirited away for unknown reasons, perhaps sentimental, and that Erickson had been mistaken in the finger print. But I could see that the theory was working like a quiet poison in his mind. Every law of evidence had gone to pieces, and here at the end of an exceptional career, he was mocked by that the solution of which defied his keenest instincts. Leaving him, I was full of the idea that Erickson did not desire to see Thatcher punished. He seemed to be satisfied that it was a crime of impulse—a sudden, savage prompting to kill, which Thatcher had not been able to stifle by any influence, hereditary or acquired. He did not consider him an enemy to society, but wherever he was, he carried with him a secret that had knocked out Erickson's most acute perception. And Erickson could not stomach that.

I SAW but little of him during the next few months. Then, one night, his voice came in thickly on the telephone. He wanted to see me at once.

I found him in a state of tremendous excitement. He ran to the door at my knock and dragged me into the room. His great face was twitching, his eyes blazing with pale blue fires. He put on his coat as soon as I arrived. "Now," he chuckled triumphantly, "come with me. We go to see someone."

"Who is it?" I said curiously. It was unlike Erickson to be overwrought.

His huge hand closed over my wrist. "Who do you think?" he blurted. "Himmel—you cannot guess—so I will tell you. Thatcher!"

"Thatcher!" I gasped.

"Ya, I have the message of Macdougall, his friend in the power house. Thatcher is there. In Macdougall's flat. He is afraid to see me, but his friend says that, since in the eyes of the law he is dead he cannot again die, and for Thatcher there will be no peace till I tell him so. He is right. I go as a psychologist, not an officer of the law. And you, my friend of the headline, you go too."

I listened dumfounded. Then, with difficulty, so excited was he, Erickson told me more. Macdougall had called him up and asked if he had anything against Thatcher. That in itself was extraordinary, but when Macdougall was satisfied that Thatcher was in no danger, he informed Erickson that the murderer was there in his flat. Little else than this extraordinary message had been exchanged.

We went up in the subway. Erickson periodically shook his great shaggy head like a Newfoundland dog. He was palpably trying to prepare himself for something—he knew not what, hazarding theories that one after another went to pieces beneath his own analysis. At last he was quite still and stared at me without speaking, his gaze full of mystery.

Macdougall met us on the doorstep. He was shaking and tremendously agitated. "He has gone out for a moment and will be back at once."

I smiled, but Erickson only nodded. "Yes—he will come back, of that there is no doubt. And now—you—of what you know of this Thatcher—tell me."

HE glanced at his watch, then, signaling silence to me, planted his elbow on the table and thrust his chin into a huge hand.

"At the beginning, begin."

"I first knew him in the power house," said Macdougall slowly. "He came there from the west, and got a position on the switchboard beside me. He was a good electrician and knew his work, I never saw him lose his head, even when we carried our biggest peaks. At first he didn't say much. The second month we had a bad affair, a short circuit, that killed two men. The thing that puzzled me was how Thatcher escaped. He was practically touching them when it happened. He was making bus-bar connections. I spoke to him about it afterwards, but didn't get anything out of him. Of course that accident made us all extra careful, especially the men on high tension work, with the exception of Thatcher. And I thought him horribly casual. He used to read a good deal, and was especially interested in the Orient and all kinds of occultism. I noticed that they made a physical difference in him and he told me that he practised Hindoo tricks. Once, between shifts, he feigned death, and frightened us all for an hour. Shortly after that, I was put in charge of the board and told Thatcher he would either have to be more careful or get out. It was upsetting the rest of us. He looked at me in the queerest way and said, 'You might as well know now.' Then he went behind the low tension distributing board and got inside the wire guards. It was sudden death if he moved an inch. I yelled at him to come out, for the board was alive, but he only laughed and said, 'Look here!' He took hold of two low tension feeders just behind the bus-bars. I shut my eyes. Then he laughed again and there he was gripping the copper and eyeing me with mischief in his face."

Macdougall stopped and wiped the sweat off his brow. "He was a non-conductor," he said.

"Again—say that again." Erickson's face was like iron.

"I tell you he was a non-conductor," repeated Macdougall in a high-pitched, nervous voice. "I never dreamed such a thing was possible, but there he was with twenty-two hundred volts in each hand and it wouldn't short-circuit through him."

Erickson wheeled on me. "What—is it possible? Speak."

I had some electrical knowledge, one has to, to avoid breaks on paper. "No," I said. "that's impossible."

Macdougall stared at us both. "What was the voltage at the State Prison?" he whispered. There was a strange light in his eyes.

A SILENCE fell, in which Erickson plucked at his beard. "You will go on now" he said presently. I could hardly hear him.

"He did it once or twice again," continued Macdougall. "Then I begged him to stop. You see he ought to have been literally fried alive, with flame spurting out of him; and it was horrible to watch him, with death jumping through his fingers. About a year ago came the row with the superintendent. Thatcher never got along with him, and came back to the switchboard, just as usual, after the murder. I think he only half realized it, and, as you know, made no resistance when your men took him. I got letters from him after the trial—and," here Macdougall looked anxiously at Erickson, "I was outside the State Prison, that last day."

"Ya, this is all over, we speak of the past. Go on!"

"He told me what he was going to try and do—at the end. He was not afraid of the current, but had a dread lest he should not be able both to resist that and also suspend animation, as he had that time in the power house. Anyway, he felt very sick when he got into the chair, but worked his muscles jerkily the instant he heard the switch thrown in. The rest was easier than he expected."

"Then the current didn't pass through him?" I burst in.

"I've tried to explain that he was a non-conductor," said Macdougall weakly. "There were just two dead ends—at feet and head. He was surrounded by death, but didn't taste it. I waited outside the mortuary room that night, and looked in through the window as often as I dared. I was well sheltered, inside a pile of barrels. There was just one light burning, with the long box directly beneath it. The cover was on. That night was as long as eternity. The only sound was the footstep of the guard as he passed every half-hour on the other side of the door. I could understand his not going in. At midnight I felt my hair prickle and my whole skin seemed to crawl and creep. The cover of the box was moving. Presently it was lifted very slowly, and I saw Thatcher's head, with the bald white spot, shaved for the electrode. It was ghastly. When he stepped down, wrapped in a sheet, I nearly fainted. It was like one of Doré's pictures come to life."

ERICKSON reached for the whiskey and the glass rattled against his teeth. I could not even stir. Macdougall glanced again at the Norwegian and went doggedly on.

"I had some clothes for him and got him away at once. You see he was legally dead, and we knew that no one could suspect the truth."

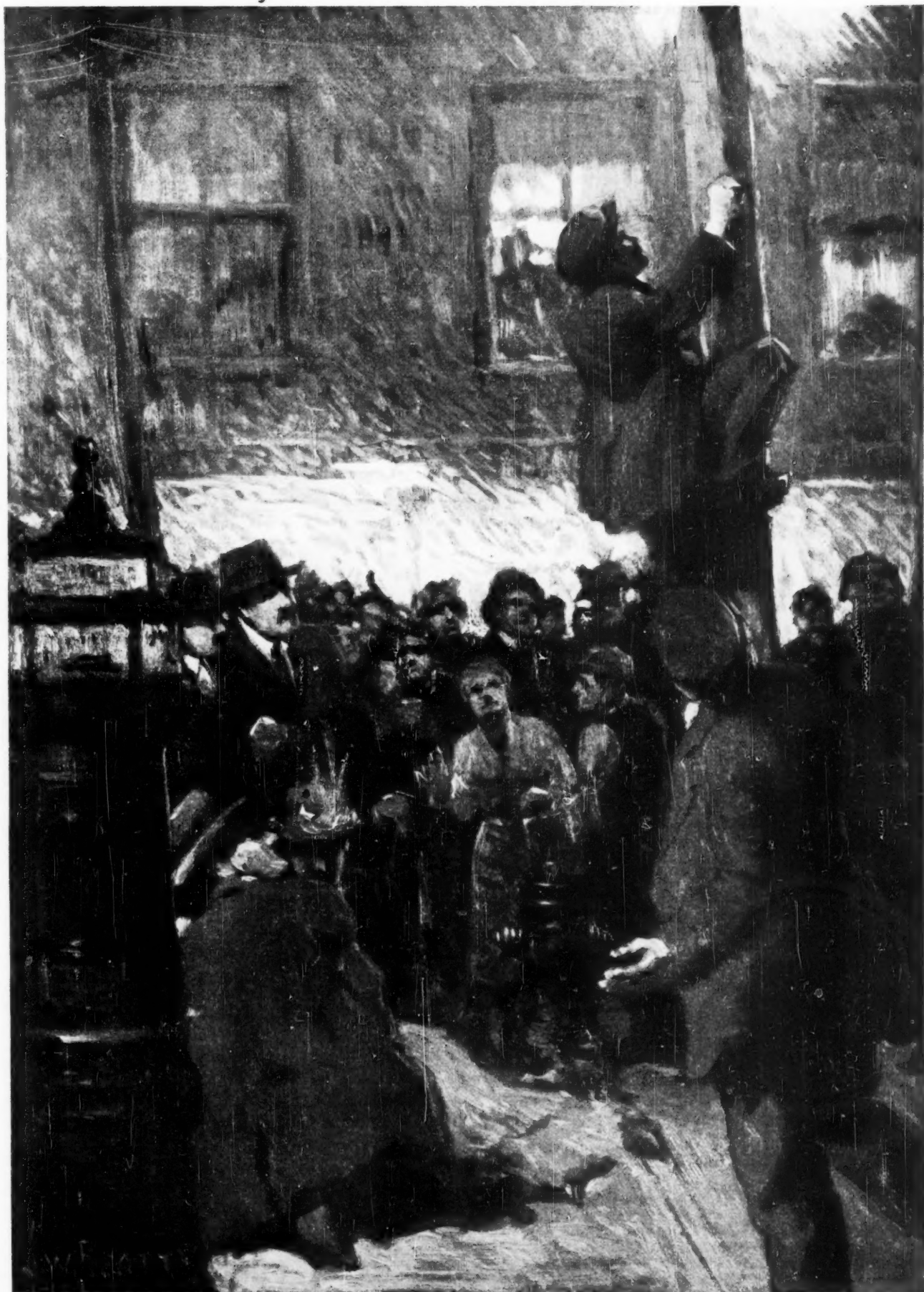
I caught Erickson's eye. Again it signalled silence.

"He came to me for a day or two and then went West. I heard from him once or twice, then suddenly he wrote he was coming back. I begged him not to, but it was no use. It seemed that some force was driving him here."

"So," said Erickson slowly. "Some force—ya—that is it."

"He turned up this afternoon. I think





*He did not look at us but jumped at the iron footholds. He went up these like a cat. "Thatcher, by God," whispered Macdougall.*

he had walked much of the way, for he was played out. His spirit was broken, not because he had killed the superintendent in a temper, but because he was legally dead and there was not any place in the world for him. I suggested, after he got rested, that we send for you, and he agreed, but insisted that he go out first for a moment and collect his thoughts."

Erickson peered at his watch, then suddenly leaped into the air and brought his great fist crashing on to the table. "Ach, it is now twenty-minutes. This is a lie you have told."

Macdougall stared at him round-eyed. "I beg your pardon," he replied stiffly, "I have told you the truth."

"Then on your doorstep we wait for Thatcher."

He led the way and we followed, wordless. Macdougall's face was pale but grimly confident. I racked my brain for an explanation and scanned Erickson's eyes. They were like cold blue flames.

WE had no sooner reached the street than I saw the fringe of a crowd that had gathered round the corner. Instantly the conviction arose that this had something to do with Thatcher. His return, if indeed he did return, was potent with every possibility.

"We'd better go up," I hazarded.

Erickson nodded and a curious expression crept over his face.

There were only two hundred yards before we turned into the other street. There, in the midst of the crowd, was a tall pole and near the top, in a tangle of wires, a figure, twisted grotesquely, was yelling in agony. Beneath him swayed the multitude, whose white, lifted faces were drawn with horror. A woman had fainted and lay stretched on the baking asphalt. Erickson beckoned to us and began to shoulder through. The crowd yielded before him and in a moment we stood breathless at the foot of the pole.

The gong of a fire reel clanged far up the street and, as the crowd gave way, a man pushed toward us. We could see him

struggling through, then he parted the people as a swimmer parts the waves. He did not look at us, but jumped at the iron footholds that were driven eighteen inches apart as far up as the bottom cross-arm. He went up these like a cat.

"Thatcher, by God," whispered Macdougall hoarsely.

Erickson nodded quietly, but I could see that his nerves were strung tense. "Your pardon I beg," he said briefly.

THE climbing form mounted higher and grasped the bottom cross-arm. A hush had fallen over the crowd and above this breathless period the strident roar of the city came strangely dominant. Then things began to happen with inconceivable slowness.

Thatcher crooked his leg over the bottom cross-arm and swung himself astride between the insulators. There he paused and examined the wires carefully. His hat fell off directly into Erickson's grasp, who turned it over and showed me that the band had been torn out of the inside.

A gasp from the crowd and Thatcher stood on the cross-arm and reached up till he gripped the leather belt of the now insensible lineman. At this period, he seemed to have pushed his body straight through a net-work of wire and that he must have touched some of them was evident from the swaying that set up toward the next pole. Just how he did it we could not see, but, spreading a way for himself, he slipped the noose of the belt over his head and, bending the lineman's limp arm over his left shoulder, lifted him clear and began to descend by inches.

By this time a fire reel had got through and raised an extension ladder to the bottom wires. After this the rest was easy. Thatcher, ere he reached it, brushed against one wire and Macdougall murmured: "Distribution circuit, five hundred and fifty volts." The limp body came down into the arms of the captain of the brigade. Then Thatcher, nearing the earth paused, ten feet up, and surveying the cheering crowd, wiped the sweat from

his face and looked straight into the eyes of Erickson.

THERE are moments in life which seem infinitely more poignant than any other periods of existence, and this one, it appeared, reached the very height. Macdougall and I stood breathless amid the gusts of cheers and I could feel my breast pump—pump, with—"What will he do—what will he do." Here was Thatcher, poised for an instant in his descent from the altitudes where he had saved life, peering down to earth where he had taken it—and peering, moreover, into the face of an inflexible bloodhound, who had come at last by the strangest of chances to his quarry. I felt Macdougall's grip sink into my shoulder.

And then justice triumphed, the justice which weighs and measures and sifts the souls of men and is not swayed by impulse or revenge or, more terrible than either, the lust of pursuit and the pride of capture. Erickson stretched out his hands and, as he did so, it suddenly struck me that he looked as Odin must have looked with his vast frame and flaxen hair and fair skin and magnificent blue eyes.

"Ah, my friend, Mr. Henderson—let me a brave man congratulate. For such a rescue the world its reward will not withhold. From this crowd let us go, to the house of one I know, near here."

Thatcher stared at him as though fascinated. Then suddenly he collapsed and burst into tears. Macdougall forced a way through, and we had him on a sofa in a few moments.

Erickson crooked a finger and we made for the subway. He did not speak till the train was in motion. Then he tapped my knee and began to chuckle. "To the world at large, I, to-day, have done a service. I said to you once, my friend of the headline, that there is always in the mind of the criminal a desire to return to the scene of his crime. Ya—that is still true—but it is also true that he not always a criminal is when he returns."

## "REMEMBRANCE"

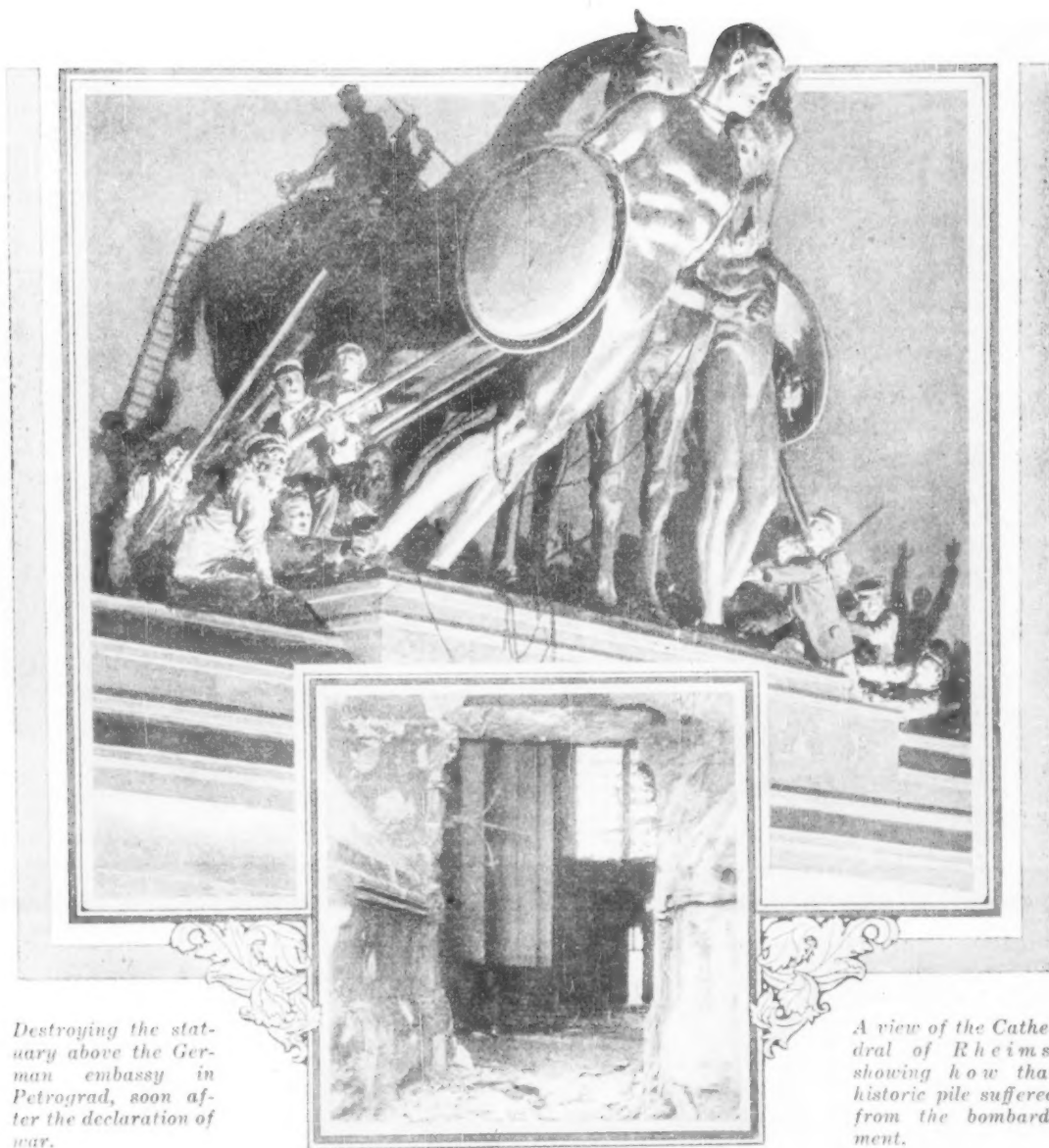


Dear little sweetheart of bygone day,  
 Ever your image shall by me stay.  
 Oft in the stress of the busy hour,  
 I think of your old-time, witch-like power.  
 True loves may come, and light loves may pass;  
 Bright fame may toast me with brimming glass:  
 But not until Death shall end the play,  
 Will one wayward vision fade away,  
 Yours—little sweetheart of bygone day.

—Eric A. Darling.







*Destroying the statuary above the German embassy in Petrograd, soon after the declaration of war.*

*A view of the Cathedral of Rheims, showing how that historic pile suffered from the bombardment.*

## The Arts and the War

ABOUT a year ago a Canadian artist drifted back to Toronto from overseas with a cheerfully melancholy tale. He had recently come from Antwerp. Two years ago he shut up his studio in a little town not far from Toronto and went to Belgium to study. A few weeks before August, 1914, he and his wife locked up their temporary studio and lodgings in Antwerp and went for a visit to London. They took nothing but a little luggage; leaving all their household effects and scores of Antwerp sketches—in Antwerp. While they were in London Belgium suddenly fell into the hands of the Germans. They made no attempt to go back—not hankering for the kind of local color represented by war. After several bootless efforts to get possession of their

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

worldly goods—and the sketches—they sailed for home. About the time they arrived in Canada a German army battered its way into Antwerp. In all probability the Canadian artist's Antwerp sketches are now the private possession of German officers.

"I'd give a good deal to have those sketches here now," remarked the artist somewhat sadly. "I could paint some of them up and make some money. I think Antwerp would be popular in this country—even through the medium of my sketches."

Outside of Russia, Galicia and Poland there is scarcely a town or city of any color or consequence in Europe that is not

pretty well known to at least some one Canadian artist. Belgium has been teeming with artists for hundreds of years; painters from France, England, Paris, London, Glasgow, Montreal, New York, Berlin. When the war broke out Belgium was as full of painters as Berlin was of musicians. Holland, France, Spain—have for hundreds of years been taking the loose change of artists in as many kinds of coin in exchange for the raw material of food, lodgings and scenery. But the genial traffic among the peripatetics of the palette has suddenly and almost universally ceased in those countries. Art as a rule does not thrive on war unless the war is in the past.

The painters that get near enough to the war to paint shells bursting and



*Art which has been respected: A gallery of historic paintings at Antwerp.*

men charging the trenches usually do so nowadays through the eye-witness accounts of survivors. Artists are not allowed with the troops unless they carry rifles and leave their brushes at home. There are no Dick Heldars in this war. Kitchener used to be lenient with Frederic Villiers in Egypt. The only artists he has allowed to go to the front in this war are the artists who enlisted. More than a year ago an art corps was mobilized in London. Photographs of these painters drilling got across to America. The artists are now at the front. Those who survive will come back bigger artists.

So far as is known but one Canadian artist has enlisted directly in a Canadian battalion. That is A. Y. Jackson, of Montreal, and recently of Toronto, who is now on his way to the front as a private in a Montreal battalion. W. G. Storm, son of the man who helped to design St. James Cathedral in Toronto, enlisted from London along with several members of the Carlton Studio there. The Carlton Studio was started originally by Canadian artists in London. W. S. Broadhead, who came to Toronto five years ago and was for a couple of years employed in engraving houses here, drifted down to New York two years ago. Early in the war he got the war fever and is now a despatch rider in France with the King Edward Horse.

But the number of artists at the front is only a feeble representation of what

art has done for the war; and what art has done for the war is on general principles only a mere circumstance compared with what war has done to art. In this respect War has shown himself an ungrateful beast. He has done his best to destroy as much art as possible, in spite of the fact that for centuries art has been doing her best to glorify war and warriors. Quite apart from the killing of people, the destruction of cathedrals and of other works of art proves that Mr. Modern War does not know how to appreciate what art has done for him in the past.

IT is an odd coincidence that the first big foreign canvas shown at the Canadian National Exhibition was a picture of war, Benjamin West's "Death of Wolfe," one of those fine old stately demises on stage done by a master of pomp and circumstance in detail, was what critics used to call "the cynosure of all eyes" at the 1903 exhibition. There were flippant critics who in their levity fancied they had seen such fine red pictures of war before; but when you came to pin them down to places they were forced to admit that it was in bar-rooms; probably referring to the numerous paintings of "The Thin Red Line," the "Highlanders' Advance," and the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and all those tumultuous heroic representations of the kind of war that used to be in the world when soldiering was itself one of the fine arts.

A great many artists have tried to immortalize Napoleon by painting pictures of him. No doubt there are good pictures enough—for Napoleon himself was passionately fond of art and did his best to loot palaces, cathedrals and galleries for the enrichment of Paris. There is one famous old pen and ink which in the guise of a steel engraving premium to rural papers, still adorns rural parlors. It shows the great general on his way to the island where he was first quarantined; standing, "legs wide, arms locked, you fancy how," in the foreground, watching the receding shores of his beloved France. That always struck me as being a fine picture.

Then there is in the Metropolitan Museum at New York a pompously maternal picture of Napoleon. He stands on the edge of a great rock in St. Helena; dressed like a field-marshal, the last finicky flick imparted by his orderly at dawn, and here he is at sunrise faultlessly groomed for the gaze of the eagles, watching the rest of the universe over the water. This canvas by Haydon is a sample of what art has done for Napoleon.

AND, of course, about half the world's public monuments are statues to war. In this country we have a few war memorials in public squares, although most of our monuments are to statesmen and politicians. The most significant of all is the South African Memorial in To-



ronto, which for the past few months has been much improved by a huge hoarding erected by a sign-painting firm. The board wall, with the picture on it, hides most of the lower figures which were put at the base in order to be seen. However, the military authorities and the Mayor think the pictures help recruiting, while the monument is only—a monument; and it will be there when the war is over.

Now artists may all differ till doomsday about which or where is the finest war plaza in the wide world, and this article has no intention of settling any such dispute. But to the average Britisher, resident or otherwise, Trafalgar Square comes at once to the imagination. The Nelson Monument may, for all we know, be no more a work of art than the Eddystone Light; and it is just about as famous. Of course Nelson himself is so high up that most people can't see the crinkles on his coat and the splendid devilry in his face—without field-glasses. There is a Nelson monument in Montreal down in the old town section. On the Plains of Abraham there are monuments to the two great generals who fell fighting each other for the mastery of half a continent in 1759. What these amount to as absolute art is very insignificant compared to their value as symbols. But if we had more such war monuments as that of Allward's South African in Toronto and the splendid war-horse rampant of magnanimous dimensions in Windsor Square, Montreal, done by Herbert, we should be better off for imagination's food than we shall ever be with whole cemeteries of pawky statesmen who always look either too cold or too hot or too wet in parks and public squares.

Very probably the present war will stimulate this branch of creative art in Canada. But nothing really big is likely to evolve unless the sculptor gets a chance to work out his own inspired ideas independent of any committee or commission who represent the moneybags.

One universally interesting piece of sculpture that has had a remarkable war history for over a hundred years is the great bronze quadriga that stands over the Brandenburg Gate at the entrance to the Unter den Linden in Berlin. This remarkable quartette of horses à la Ben

Hur was taken in Berlin or in some other German city when Napoleon drove his war chariots all over Europe. Who the sculptor was I don't know. Neither did Napoleon, perhaps. But after one of his crushing victories in that part of the world he liked those four horses so well that he drove them all the way to Paris where he was setting up the art metropolis, as well as the capital of all Europe. They remained in Paris until the Franco-Prussian War when they were triumphantly ported back to Berlin and now stand at the Brandenburg Gate.

WHAT art has done to dignify wars in the past can never be appreciated until we realize what the art of Europe has to do with the cause of the present war. Now, of course, artists never directly cause war. They may fight among themselves, but in order to produce works of art most painters prefer peace. There is reason to believe, however, that the state of mind expressed in a great part of modern European art had a great deal to do with the brain condition that is waging the war.

For some years just before the war, art magazines and even illustrated papers were disfigured by a totally new kind of art, photographed from the galleries and exhibitions in both Europe and America. Nothing like this new kind of art had ever been seen in the world before—unless it was back in the Egyptian ages.

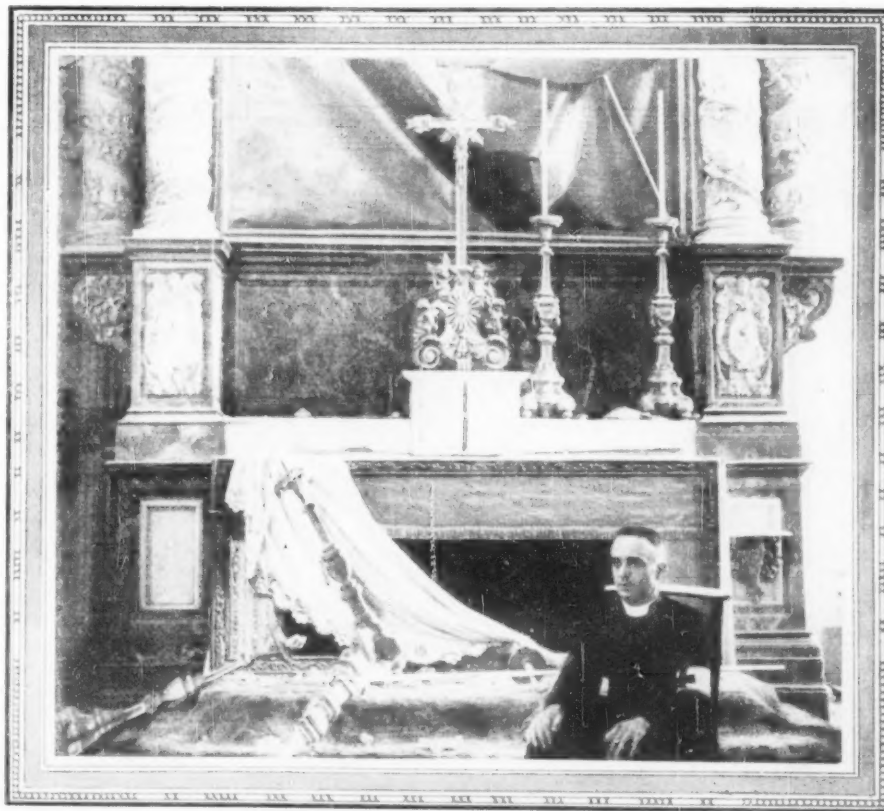
Generally speaking this new kind of art was called futurism—the so-called art of the future. Technically it was subdivided into post-impressionism and cub-

ism. Let not these fine names mislead us. These troglodyte specimens of the unutterably ugly and the absolutely distorted were only forms of war. It was war upon form and conventional comfortable art. It ran riot over all the beautiful imagery of most artists, just as war is rampaging over the things of beauty and comfort and average human living in Europe. A nude girl descending a staircase—one of the most idiotic of these malformations—was depicted to look like a combination of a can of baking-powder on legs, a cataract and the wreck of a box car on a siding. A landscape with peaceful cattle was made to resemble a patch of motor-car dripping on an asphalt pavement. A human face was about equivalent to a chunk of stove-pipe struck by falling bricks. And a beautiful woman embodied in a statue came to look like a centipede rearing up on several of its hind legs.

All this was solemnly put out in the name of art with the signatures of quite famous artists at the bottom; and it was piously proclaimed that futurism was to revolutionize painting just as the motion picture has transformed the art of photography. In fact this new kind of art was supposed to transform the static picture of somebody or something seen in some one way and put on canvas to remain as beautiful as it might into somebody or something seen in ten ways at once, as nearly as possible moving somewhere—probably to perdition; and it made no difference how ugly the thing seemed to your unenlightened eyes, you were supposed to behold in that distortion the vision of something dynamically beautiful.

Now apply this to the present war and you have at once a vivid explanation of how the war lords of Germany have exploited their doctrine of Kultur. We have been told by the German propagandists that in the name of Art and of God Germany was to enlighten the world through a world war. When they were not quite sure of the Art end of the programme they fell back upon God. In the name of God they made the face of Europe look as frightful as in the name of futurism German and other artists had made art become undeniably ugly.

What sort of God was this?



German ruthlessness. A famous painting torn and statuary broken in Malines Cathedral.

What image did the Kaiser and his people have of such a God? Well, the best explanation is that the German God is nothing more nor less than a Cubist God; one which they (Germans) have deliberately evolved by a process of distortion to look as much like anti-God as possible.

Unless we admit that the German god of war is a cubist production, we can never understand the Kaiser's pious and pompous references to this God for a hundred times during the war. Without that cubist idea of a war-god the German nation would never have dared go to war. Therefore we are justified in assuming that modern art as exemplified most successfully in Germany was but one outcropping of the conditions which brought about the war.

IN all probability historians will differ till doomsday on the real causes of the war which already, according to some commentators, seem to go back at least as far as Frederick the Great. But there is very little room to differ about the effects of the war. It has resulted in the destruction of art, some of which took a lifetime to produce and the best of a thousand years to bring to a ripe state of historic interest.

The Germans evidently didn't like the kind of architecture they found in Belgium and France. The old Gothic architects had the wrong idea. The builders of Rheims cathedral—"point-lace in stone" somebody called it—were altogether too aesthetic. There were far too many images; too many *miscreances* of carved wood; too many marvelous stained glass windows produced in the 11th century, the golden age of stained-glass; too many famous angel and saint frescoes; the pillars of the nave were too graceful and unspeakably spiritual as they spired up into the vault; the towers outside were too pointed. What the Germans wanted was plain blunt effects, about the character of a siege gun. The German's idea of worship is a howitzer pointed at an angle of 45 degrees, whereby the shell of adoration gets as near Heaven as possible, and when it comes down makes a real hell. That's art; much better than the stately and *spirituelle* Gothic, which was the product of minds that pored far too

much over the *Renaissance* and such like.

Ask any German officer, smacking his lips over French *vin* in the captured cellars, and he would say that the greatest thing about the *Renaissance* was the Reformation which came from Germany and one Martin Luther. Would Luther have stood for all this Gothic and Catholic imagery? No, Martin was a good German. He would have had none of it; but as much of it was already built before the Reformation, it stood as a monument to the days when some men thought that a beautiful city or a cathedral was as much to be desired as a world of rampant moral ideas.

Some day perhaps a lot of it would come crumbling down. The day came in 1914. Germanism was very spiteful at French and Belgian forms of beauty. The Germans had a notion that beauty was born along the Rhine. All this west-European stuff was very old; as old as a good deal of the art and architecture of England which one of those days German siege guns would bring tumbling down—places like Westminster Abbey and Exeter Cathedral. None of those cathedrals were earning the interest on the capital invested in building them. Let a good thrifty Prussian calculate the cost and the upkeep and the revenues; what a farce. Dividends of less than 1-100 per cent. What was the use of such places?

Anyway the hearts and imaginations of these Latins were set on such things; and to ruin them would hurt the Latins very grievously. So down with them—Cathedrals, guild halls, universities, great libraries, art galleries, belfries, war monuments and all!

So the siege guns were turned on Louvain, Ypres, Malines, Termonde, Rheims, Senlis, Antwerp, and Lille; almost every ten miles some place of beauty and a joy

forever. If the Huns couldn't smash through to Paris and Calais, they could do a world of damage along the way. And they did it. All the world knows the story of these quaint and beautiful cities of old Flanders and France, how the siege gun and the kerosene squirt-wagon made junk-heaps of temples of art. There are plenty of people even in Canada who knew these old towns once sacred to the guilds, how they were built up according to design, with more architectural and sculptural beauty in a cloth hall at Ypres than there is in the average cathedral of America. There was more classical beauty in Louvain than in Leipsic. The Huns knew it. They didn't like the idea. Why should that little Belgian Oxford be more famous than Leipsic? Down with it! There was some pretext—trumped up. But the reason the Huns destroyed Louvain was the same reason that for a whole year they bombarded Rheims the most desparingly beautiful church in all Europe; just because it was too merely beautiful for the Huns and must be all smashed down, so that after the war German architects and sculptors and artists could build them all over again according to German ideas.

No doubt a bull has joy in a china shop. To the bulls from Berlin the whole of west Europe was a china shop.

The same would have happened in England if the Huns had ever been able to smash across the Channel. The Kaiser had been in Westminster Abbey many a time; at coronations and funerals of monarchs. He knew then what a fine mess German gunners could make of the Abbey. Why? Because the Abbey was the gathering-place of England's mighty dead, the cathedral of England's history, and the story of England's world power. To smash the Abbey would be to smash

the heart of England. So let the vandals practise upon the shrines of Belgium and France; and when they had learned the joy of art-destruction they would be in fine form to make a much more complete job in England. If Louvain was to be destroyed, why not Oxford? If Rheims was to be smashed, what was to save Westminster? The old art world was in the way. It was time for a new world, rebuilt by Germany.

We can easily imagine what  
Continued on  
Page 71.



One of the finest paintings the war has inspired.



# THE WAKING UP OF MURPHY

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

MURPHY, six feet three in his stockings, lolled before the crackling grate. His big hands were clasped together just where his carrotty hair met his massive neck, and he chewed the reed stem of his dead pipe thoughtfully. Brooding over other people's troubles had traced tiny lines in his boyish face, for he had a lot of petty worries, had Murphy; perhaps no other police officer in the city had quite so many. And it was his custom, when off duty thus, to review those worries.

"Down in Clancy Ward, now," he was thinking, "the diphtheria will be spreadin' fast, it will. There'll be a funeral er two to-day and more to-morrie, likely. Innyway a Jew's idea av avoidin' hell is till make straight fer it, and jump in. Shure there's no way of disciplinin' the beggars at all, at all."

Murphy squirmed erect and sighed dolefully as he struck a match. "This same afternoon," he ruminated, "it's go down in the Ward I will and insist that them law-breakers kape quarantine, and if I can't drive sinse into their empty pates be the power of argument I'll drive it in wid me baton, I will. Law is law, and as an officer it's meself will see it kept."

He arose and reached for his coat and helmet. In half an hour he must report at station F, for duty, and he wanted a word or two with Millie, his sweetheart, who worked in the office of Wemp & Company, and who always met him, on her way back from lunch, at precisely half-past one. Millie had promised to marry him as soon as he was promoted, and Murphy was young and full of hope.

He hummed a tune as he buttoned his braided coat close about his broad chest and burnished the spear-head on his helmet with a towel. As he buckled his belt about his waist, the door opened and Wright, a plain-clothes man with a record, entered.

"Hello, Murphy," he accosted cheerily, "just going out I see. Don't let me keep you," as Murphy kicked a chair forward. "just dropped in to put you next to something big. How long you been on the force, Dennis?"

"Four years come January," Murphy answered. "Why?"

Wright rolled himself a cigarette, twisted its end thoughtfully, lit it and smoked a time in silence.

"Fer why?" repeated Murphy.

Wright straddled a chair and surveyed Murphy's wondering face with keen eyes. "You ought to be a sergeant by now, Murphy," he said. "What's held you back?"

MURPHY sat down heavily and sighed. "I dunno," he answered dejectedly. "What holds anybody back? I've niver had my chanet yit. I'm thinkin' There be min on the force, and widout

"See here," cried the porter, "if you lock me up I's gwine to tell all I heerd you two bulls sayin' 'bout lettin' that smuggler slip froo your fingers!"



stripes too—who've been patrolin' longer nor me."

Wright nodded. "That so," he agreed, "but you've got brains and initiative, Murphy, every qualification necessary in a keen officer, and still—"

He broke off with a shrug and the red deepened in Murphy's face.

"I'm thinkin' I've niver had my chanet, yit," he reiterated, "but come its bound to, some day."

The plain clothes man stood up. "Listen, Murphy," he spoke brusquely. "I'm maybe a fool for butting in this way, but you see, my wife and the little girl you're engaged to, well, they're friends, understand?"

Murphy nodded: "Yis, I know," he said. "Well, naturally then I'm her friend, too, and if I'm her friend, why—"

Murphy gripped and wrung the hand held out to him.

"So," continued Wright, "this morning when I was with the chief and Dauphin—you know Dauphin, of Chicago, Dennis?"

"Ould Scotland yard man," nodded Murphy. "It's heard of him I have, often."

Wright placed his hands on Murphy's shoulders. "Listen," he said, "he's here looking for Wilcox, the opium smuggler and his two confederates. They're somewhere in this little city of ours, Murphy, get that?"

"You bet," grinned Murphy, warming up.

"And there's \$1,000 reward for each of them. How's that?"

"Listens good," nodded Murphy, "but just where. I'll be after axin ye, does officer twenty-nine come in on this?"

"Maybe you don't come in," laughed Wright, "maybe none of us do; but I'm here to give you a straight steer and say your chances are more than fair. Its up to you to skip funerals and cripples for a spell and keep your sky-blue peepers skinned for three smugglers. Get me?"

Wright backed to the door and stood with his hand on the knob. "You are on duty at the railway station afternoons this week, I understand," he said. "Well, keep your ear to the ground. That's all."

The door slammed and he was gone. Murphy slowly fastened on his helmet, frowning out of the window at the falling snow. Then he started, "I wonder now—" he soliloquized, "if there isn't a photograph of this here Wilcox and his gang somewheres to be had. I wish I'd axed Wright. 'How the divil I'm goin' to pick a crook I niver met at all, I dunno. It's me luck, so it is, and—" gazing out at the falling snow, "there'll be slush knee deep on the streets come night and new-monnie fer plinty of poor devils as feel the grip av it; shure there'll be funerals

galore come Saturday, and the diphtheria will be spreadin' in the Ward like smoke in a rainstorm, it will."

MURPHY went out, and slowly down the stairs into the storm. His face, as he passed down the street, mirrored the thoughts within him. Crippled Jake, the fruit-vendor, would be laid up with rheumatism for a month after this storm, and the little newsstand run by Hunchback Jennie, would sure be needing a new saleslady. And sickness in the Ward would be spreading and spreading. It was awful to contemplate.

Millie was waiting on the corner and the smile on her red lips and the light in her grey eyes wiped the gloom from Murphy's soul as he bent above and whispered: "The rainbow after the rain is fer all; but the smole on yer swate face is fer but wan. Eh, Coleen!"

"Sthop yer blarney, Dinny," she answered back, and the grey eyes lost their smile as she asked quickly: "And is there any word at all about the promotion?"

"There is not," answered Murphy, "but Millie darlint there be signs that pint that way which at the prisent moment I am not privileged to divulge. And do ye be gettin' weary av the waitin', swateheart?" he asked tenderly.

"I dunno," she answered, "but there do seem a dull ache in me heart, Dinny, all from the longin' so till have ye all to myself beside our own fire-side. It's foolish I am, I know."

Murphy glanced about him. There were few pedestrians out in the storm, and those were busy with their own thoughts. So he took the face of the girl between his big hands and bent close as he said: "It's the very strength of me heart and soul ye are, Millie, and it's not fer long ye'll be kept waitin'. It's meself is kapin an ear to th' ground, and there'll be sthripes and promotion and more sune, plase God."

"I'll be after goin' now, Dinny," she said softly, and glided away.

A SLENDER, swarthy-faced man, the collar of his tweed ulster turned up well about his ears, his tweed auto-cap pulled low over his brow, stood inside the gates of the Central Depot. At his feet rested a traveling-bag and a suitcase, bearing scarred and partially-effaced labels of foreign countries. His mien was that of the bored and patient traveler, grown accustomed to accepting the inevitable without protest.

It was early afternoon. The storm had subsided but the heavy snow-clouds still threatened and pressed the city smoke close down above the tall office buildings. The crowds ebbed and flowed in a steady stream of hustling, bustling animation, but scarcely a face of out-going or incoming traveler passed the keen grey eyes of the slender man without scrutiny.

Outside the gates the cabmen were calling. "Carriage, sir." The more-dignified chauffeurs stood footman-like beside their taxis, searching the incoming swarm of humanity for passing fares. Inside the gates the porters hustled and dodged. A pinch-faced newsie passed out papers mechanically while he kept an eye on the bow-legged station constable near the wicket.

Murphy sauntered through the gates and stood for a moment or so talking to the constable. "It's foine weather fer ducks, Officer Drake," he grinned.

"It is," agreed the gentleman, "but it's hard on the Murphies, number twenty-nine."

"The truth fer onst in yer loife," said Murphy as he moved away. He carried a young mother's wailing offspring safely through the crowd to the gate, playfully shook the teeth of a roving hobo loose, by way of gentle reminder that his roaming-field lay without, then glancing about in quest of further deeds worthy of doing, noticed that the thin, swarthy-faced man stood in imminent danger of getting wet through from the drip from the shed roof. Accordingly he approached that gentleman and touched him on the sleeve. The slender man looked up with a start. "You'll be after gettin' a good soakin' if ye have patience," grinned Murphy, "I thought it best to be after tellin' ye. It's standin' ankle-deep in the wather, ye are."

The other thanked him with a curt word or two and moved out from under the drip. "Twenty deaths last month from newmonnie, in this city," said Murphy, pursuing him, "and there'll be more come Saturday."

"Ah, I hope not," answered the other. He was eyeing the packed throng in search of a loop-hole that would let him through to the train the caller had just named.

"Is it wantin' to git through ye are," said Murphy, "thin I'll bore a hole fer ye. Jest follie me, sorr." He put a broad shoulder against the human wall and piloted the slender man safely through the inner gate. "Thanks," said that individual, shortly, and made a dash for the train just pulling out.

It was characteristic of Murphy that he did not notice what train the slender man made the dash for. His eyes were on the lowering clouds, his thoughts with the poor sick of the slums. He sighed as he elbowed his way back through the throng and bought a paper from the pinch-faced newsie. He always made it a point to glance through the papers.

ONCE safely away out of the current of humanity, Murphy leaned against the iron fence and opened the *Times*, then he gave a start and a jump that took him half-way across to where the station constable stood laughing at a story being told him by a negro porter.

"Drake," said Murphy hoarsely, "But, be the powers we are a foine brace av officers, we are."

The constable turned, the grin frozen on his red face.

"What's up, Murphy?" he asked excitedly.

"It's the jig, if they hear about this at headquarters, Drake. Will ye be castin' yer lamps on this pictur' and parrigraff in the *Toimes*, here."

"I've forgot my glasses," wailed Drake, "Read it Dennis, read it."

"It's the cut of Wilcox, the opium smuggler," said Murphy, and underneath it it says this here. It says: 'Henery Wilcox alias Robert Walters, the notorious opium smuggler for whom the Government is offerin' a reward of \$1,000. There

are two of Wilcox's confederates also at large, somewhere in this city.'

"That's what it says, Drake, and ye'll be after knowin' what a simpleton I am when I tell ye that I was talkin' to this same Wilcox not more nor twinty minutes ago."

"You're dreamin'," panted Drake.

"Dramin' maybe. But what I knows I knows, and it was him, Drake, cap, goggles an' all. I'd swear to the thin face of him and the droop to the eyes of him. And I helped him through the jam to the yard, I did Drake, I'm ownin' to it. And now, it manes suspension er worse if they find out at headquarters."

"They're not goin' to find out at headquarters," growled the constable. "Nobody knows, but our two selves, that he give us the go-by." Then his eyes followed Murphy's to the porter, who stood by, a grin on his black face.

"You're pinched," he said, letting his hand fall on the porter's shoulder, "Officer arrest him."

"Along ye come, and no funny-work," said Murphy. "The charge is phat, constable?"

"Public nuisance," affirmed Drake. "He was paradin' in his bed-makin' uniform."

"I aint no public nuisance," wailed the porter, "I gotter job wif de railway company. You all let me be."

"So it's trying to resist an officer in th' execution av his dooty, ye are?" growled Murphy, giving him a shake. "That'll be charge number two, me boy."

The porter shivered. "See here," he cried, "if you lock me up, I's gwine to tell all I heered you two bulls sayin' 'bout lettin' that smuggler slip froo your fingers, I will shorely."

Murphy shook his head. "It's crazy he is, Drake," he affirmed. "His moind is wanderin', or," sternly, "It's dhrinkin' he's been."

"He acts drunk, to me," supported the constable.

"He is dhrunk," said Murphy. "Dhrunk and disorderly charge added."

"You're a pair of damned rascals," groaned the prisoner, forgetting his Southern dialect in his excitement, a fact afterwards remembered by the two officers.

"Profane language," nodded the constable. "Add that, Murphy."

"It's added, come along now, wid ye, er there'll be a murther charge again ye too."

The words seemed to give the porter an inspiration, for quick as a flash, his hand dived for his pocket.

Murphy anticipated him and drew forth a murderous little automatic pistol from the porter's hip pocket. "Charge number four," he said, winking at the constable. "It's carryin' concealed weapons he is. He'll be getting life fer this like-as-not, Drake. "Come now," giving the porter a twist, "off ye go till the patrol box."

MURPHY was off duty from seven till twelve p.m. Usually it was with a glad heart that he threw aside his uniform and, donning civilian's clothes, hurried to where Millie awaited him in the little parlor of her boarding house.

To-night though, for some reason, Murphy covered the ground between their



respective abodes with steps which lagged and with a soul heavy with gloom. Millie was waiting for him, her face eager, her grey eyes alight with hope.

"Did ye come to tell me ye've won the promotion, Dinny boy?" she whispered, as she drew him to the big seat by the fire.

"Not yit, Colcen, not yit," he answered, smoothing her red-gold curls and striving to put the spirit of lightness into his voice, "but it's some day sure I'll be drivin' up til yer dure in a big grey limousine and a chauffeur in leather clothes, and it's me-self will be requestin' the landlady to tell the swate angel she shelters beneath her roof that Sergeant Murphy would be glad of a few wurrids wid her. The promotion will come sure, Millie darlint, and never fear."

She sank down beside him and laid her head on his knees. "Dinny," she said wistfully, "the longin' til have ye by our own fireside do be gettin' sthronger and sthronger. To-day it's pray I did to the blessed Mother that ye be given yer chanet sune. It's all right fer She do be understandin', Dennie."

"Millie, girl," said Murphy huskily. "It's lie I cannot, wid the grey eyes of ye lookin' into the soul of me. The chanet came to-day, Colcen, but see it I did not."

She rose up slowly, her lips parted and the red banished from her cheeks.

"And ye had yer chanet, ye say, and did not be takin' it?" she asked.

"This very day I had a chanet av winnin' promotion, not given to minny," he confessed. "It's the notorious Wilcox I had in me very hands and let him slip through, I did."

"And do ye know fer why," she cried. "Fer no other raison but that's it's a big hulkin' boy ye are, and no fit fer th' force. Fer why hafe ye let other chances slip ye by," she went on ignoring the pain her hot words brought to his big face. "How minny arrists have ye made durin' the past year, I axe ye? Three, only three, and you on wan av the worst beats in the city. And fer why are ye given all the dirty work to do? Answer me that; it's because ye are aisy, that's the raison. The captain knows it, the other officers know it. The saloon-kapers and the runners of gamblin-

joints know it, and wink at ye behint yer back because yer ninny enough to take their word that they'll not be after breakin' the law again. It has been tolt me that ye even wint so far as to pay the fines of two dhrunks ye irrested to kape from freezin' in the strates. Is it so Dinnie?"

"It is so, Millie," gulped Murphy, "and it's right ye are. It's aisy I have been and no mistake. Dirt in plenty have I taken because av it, and begod, it's no fit man I am fer an officer av the law, at all, at all. But it do be hurtin' sore, Colcen, to be hearin' the thruth from the swate lips of ye."

"And do ye be thinkin' that the spakin' of it gives me no pain, at all?" she flamed. "Think Dinny, think of me lovin' a man who is wake enough to allow himself to be over-rid; and me, wid me drames av a home and a fireside, to lose it all just because the man I be lovin' tinderly and

"Millie, girl," he stammered. "Ye'll not be losin' all the respect and love ye had fer me, will ye?"

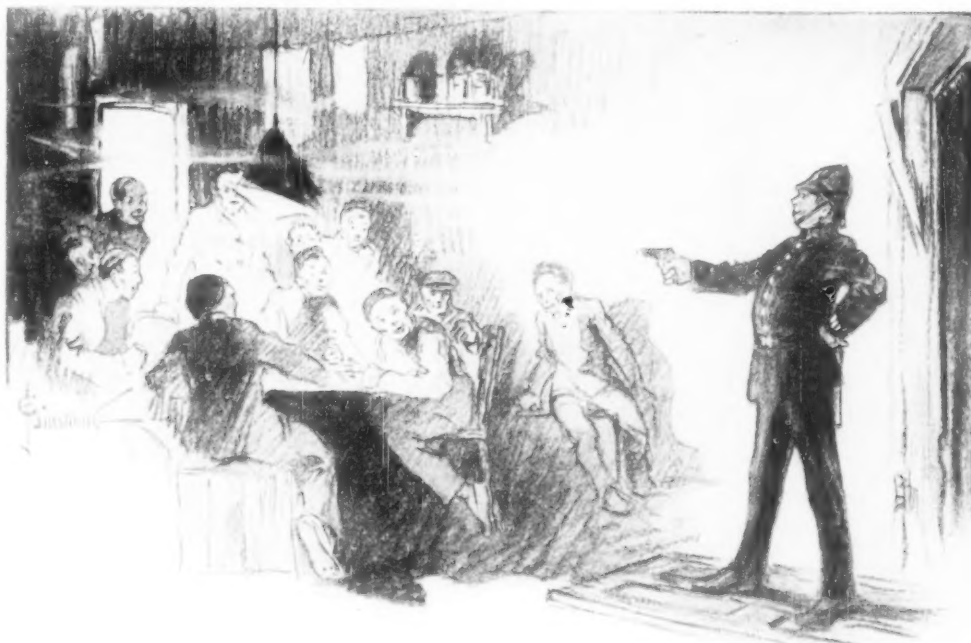
"Dennie," she answered, in a choking voice, "think ye mortal hurts makes one love life the less? And ye are life to me, Dennie; ye are all I have in the worrild; and now—now go out and raise hell fer thim as have rid over ye, Dennie. Go and play the man."

"That I'll do," said Murphy, and passed out.

SOMETIMES it takes a strong jolt to bring out the best in a man. Murphy had just received one. The man who had dreamed was wide awake now and, as he passed down his darkening beat, his head was held high and his blue eyes were glowering.

"Be the powers but I feel as though I would dearly loike a foight," he muttered. "Niver before have I felt so stirred up

fer battle. Is it any wonder that little Millie said I was an aisy guy. God love her. And sure she was right enough. It's no man I am for the force and that I know. For four years nearly, have I been walkin' up and down, seein' nuthin' and believin' ivery man's worrid and takin' all the dirt innybody wanted to throw at me rather than be hard-hearted and run 'em in. Och, it's a failure I've



*He had drawn his automatic before entering and now it swept the room slowly as his voice fell icily upon the dozen or more Orientals grouped about a table on which money and dice lay. "This joint is pinched!"*

thru has no spunk to sthand up fer his own rights."

Murphy stood up. His hand on the chair back gripped it till the leather creaked.

"And now," she said, leaning weakly against the mantel and closing her eyes, "yo'll be listenin' well to what I be tellin' ye, Dennie. It's fer you to go out this night and show yerself a man wid a spine, and earn yef promotion soon, or—they'll be no more wurrids of marriage atween us."

Murphy's shoulders were dropped; his face had lost its ruddy hue of health. In his eyes was a look of one who had been stricken in his most vital spot. He sighed heavily and moved ponderously to the door. There he turned and half held out his arms to the girl standing by the mantel.

been and let Opportunity pass me by, as the copy-book says."

A burly saloon-keeper, standing just outside his door, spoke to Murphy. The officer jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "I'll be back along come wun o'clock, Spietzie," he said. "I'll be lookin' to see the glim in that bar dowsed by thin, dye moind!"

"Vell, what's the matter mit him now!" mused the surprised Spietzie. Nevertheless, he poked his head through the door and bawled to the bartender: "Quit slingin' by vun and cut out dose light, get me?"

Murphy passed slowly along his beat. It was not a nice beat, not by any means. Everything from a hold-up to a murder had taken place there, but Murphy had been assigned such beats so often during

*Continued on Page 89*

Below: A photograph of Comte de Lesseps in flying outfit.

A view of the famous airman taken while in Canada.



## A BRAVE AIRMAN,

JACQUES, COMTE de LESSEPS

By HUGH S. EAYRS



He has started the winning already.

Jacques is an aviator. It is his to juggle with forces above the earth, to cleave a passage whither he will through the air, to demonstrate, with others

the realization of man's cry through all the ages, the cry of David when he sang, "Oh, for the wings of a dove"—the cry for the power to fly. It was his father's, too, to blaze a new trail, to cut and cleave, to find a new route, but the forces he juggled with were water and rock formation and the ocean route; the "clean sea track" was more concrete than the vague, unlimned, unmarked paths of his aviator son.

*Continued on Page 95.*

**T**HE law of heredity may not count for much. On the other hand, it may have a determining influence. Such colloquialism as "Like father, like son," and more vulgaristic—"a chip of the old block," have crept into our commonly used phraseology because of their exemplification again and again. Certainly here and there, that a man who is an outstanding figure shall have a son who likewise stands out from among his fellows, is axiomatic. The two Churchills, the two Chamberlains—these are cases in point. And another is Jacques, Comte de Lesseps, who had made a name for himself in matters aeronautic before the great war, and who has added lustre to it since. Distinguished son of distinguished father, he bids fair to win laurels after the manner of Ferdinand, Vicomte de Lesseps, though the winning will be done along very different lines.

Yet the construction of the Suez Canal and the designing and subsequent attempt at consummating the Panama on the part of de Lesseps père were enterprises that demanded more than a little daring; as much, indeed, in their way, as the flight over the English Channel and participation in the defence of Paris by de Lesseps fils.

Born at the old chateau of the Vi-



*The Comtesse de Lesseps, formerly Miss Grace Mackenzie, daughter of Sir William Mackenzie.*



# H.R.H. YVONNE: By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

## What Happened When the Comus Queen Visited a Former Lover

WHEN the clock on the mantel rang five times, McKinney laid down his pen, dropped his cigarette upon an ash tray, and pushed the notes upon which he had been working away from him. Already the February twilight shadowed the windows, and in the quiet room the chatter of the fire became a grateful thing. It burned wholeheartedly, that fire, picking out fantastic lights upon the shiny, rug-strewn floor, upon the walls, and upon the ivory head of a stick that leaned significantly against the desk at which McKinney sat.

Presently, when he stood up, the reason for this stick became apparent. Even though he bore heavily upon it, he limped, and his steps were obviously painful. Once seated before the fire, he leaned the stick carefully beside him and lay back, with both hands clasping the arms of his chair, looking fixedly into the flames. His fine, clean-featured face was quiet enough, but a deep furrow came gradually between the brows, and the mouth settled in tired lines.

He did not turn his head when a step sounded behind him in the doorway.

"Back again, already, mother?" he asked, pleasantly. "The Revolutionary Daughters must have been brief—eh?"

"It is not your mother," said a voice, all imperious inflections, and of an almost boyish depth.

At its first note the young man swung about in his chair, reaching for the stick, his eyes grown warm with delighted surprise.

"You, Yvonne?"

She was beside him in an instant.

"Don't get up! Do you hear? It's only me! And if you don't mind me—I shan't stay—not a second!"

HE surrendered at discretion, surveying her happily. She was wrapped in a long grey cloak and her arms were full of American Beauty roses. Over her hair was a scarf of some shimmering, moonlight stuff. A glint of jewels struck through it. She dropped her roses into his lap, and laughed.

"Hold them while I get these things off! I want you to see me. I'm just from the photographer's. No—no—no—no! Sit still, Justin!"

"Shan't I help you?" The rose-grace, heavy with a sweetness faintly stale, was in his nostrils; his eyes were wistful on her beauty.

"I can get them off myself," said Yvonne. She freed herself of the grey cloak, dropped it upon the floor with a magnificent gesture, and kicked it aside. The scarf followed like a shred of mist; then she regained her roses, laid them within the hollow of one arm, threw back her head, and faced him radiantly.

"Look!" she cried. "The Queen of Comus! *Me voici!*"

McKinney drew in his breath sharply, leaning back in the chair to look. She was very lovely. A trailing gown of white

satin, embroidered from shoulder to hem in silver, clung about her slim young body in exquisite, straight lines. From her shoulders fell the length of a wonderful velvet court train heavy with silver flowers, and about her throat, her arms, and her waist, glittered the jewels of the king. There was a little crown of the same white fire upon her dark hair, and out of all this splendor looked her long, dark eyes, and the young, warm redness of her mouth.

"Stand farther off," said McKinney. "There!" He added half under his breath a word she caught and flung back at him, with a delicious arrogance.

"I am beautiful! It's true."

"Though you say it that shouldn't."

"Why shouldn't I? I looked in the glass last night, and the king told me—and a few other men. Look, Justin!" She swooped down upon him again like an excited child. All her movements were swift and supple. "This from the king!" She displayed a brooch of pearls and diamonds and a tiny crown. "This and this—and this—and this—and this," touching the pins about her corsage with darting fingers, "from maskers. I was so popular. You've no idea!"

"I've the king's mantle at home, he gave it to me, and his scepter. My own scepter's out in the machine. It's too heavy. It's like a stick with a cabbage on top, a diamond cabbage. You see my roses are beginning to wilt. Aren't they long? I wanted you to see me, just as I looked last night. Justin! Justin! Aren't you going to tell me I'm a beautiful queen?"

He smiled at her curiously, leaning forward a little, with thin hands interlocked upon his knees. His wide, whimsical mouth twisted at one corner before he spoke.

"Didn't the king tell you so? And a few other men?"

"Ah! But I want *you* to—you're different!" She was standing off from him again, posing frankly, caressing her roses, the twilight striking a thousand little dancing flames from the jewels in her hair and on her breast.

"Look at me, Justin! My gown is perfect—"

"Very fine feathers," he admitted, lightly, stroking his chin abstractedly.

She stamped a satin-shod foot.

"You're too provoking! Look at me, Justin. The gown's not the thing. Don't I look good?"

At her sudden accession of wistfulness he smiled again.

"You look good to me, Yvonne."

"But good's not beautiful—"

"Even when it 'pretty does'?"

"I want you to say I'm beautiful."

"Upon my word, that's modesty!"

"Perfectly beautiful, like a queen of the blood!"

"Or out of a fairy tale?"

She nodded.

"Very well," he said indulgently. "You are 'perfectly beautiful!'"

Snow-white—and—rose-red! Much too beautiful to be let loose on feeble man. Turn around. That's a stunning mantle. Comes down to the end of your train, eh? All the way around! I want to get the whole effect—go slow! Very impressive—little white slippers and all. I like that flub-dub at the top of your frock."

"Chiffon," she flashed back at him, touching the soft flat fold delightedly.

"Very thrilling," said McKinney, gravely. "Altogether delectable! And how did you behave? Couldn't you walk across the floor now, as if you were going to the throne? Bow to the adoring multitudes, just as you did last night. Let's see what kind of a queen you made. Tell me all about it."

"I will! Now look! Like this you see!"

She stood slim and tall in her splendor. "I sat in the proscenium box with my maids. (There was Marthe, and Elizabeth, and Elinor, and Maisie.) The Opera House was crowded to the roof and everyone stared at us, and the orchestra played. After a while, the lights were lowered, and the curtain went up. There were the tableaux, Comus in Arcady. They were very beautiful. Then some of the floor committee came to our box, and they took us down between the 'call-outs' to the steps of the stage. A courier was waiting for each of my maids and the king's messenger was waiting for me!" All her Gallic ancestry spoke in the dramatic tension of her voice. "A blond knight, in rose and gold—with a mask that smiled."

"It's a peculiarity of masks," said McKinney, stroking his chin again. "So you went up the steps with the messenger of the king—"

YVONNE interrupted him breathlessly, clasping her roses tighter.

"Straight up the steps and across the stage—between lines of maskers that danced and applauded and shrieked out funny noises—to the throne. The king met me. Then two women came from the wings—in pink dominoes—and fastened the mantle on my shoulders and put the jewels on me, and the king gave me his arm and we walked around the long, wide stage before the maskers that clapped and clapped and the people in the horseshoe that clapped—" She gave a deft little kick to the heavy train so that it lay in graceful folds behind her. "Like this!" she explained raptly, and walked to the other end of the room with a stately tread.

As she came slowly back, she bent her head in answer to imaginary plaudits and gestured graciously with her empty hand. McKinney, watching with a slow smile upon his lips, seemed almost to hear the bravos that greeted her, almost to see the lights of the old French Opera House flaring down upon her happy beauty. When she stopped, just a little short of his chair, she sank in a sweeping courtesy.

"Will I do?" she asked, laughing but eager. "Will I do, Justin? I was so happy. It was like a fairy tale."

She rose lithely, and stood beside him. The room was already in shadow except for the fire-glow, and her white, jeweled figure lent an aspect of unreality to the quiet walls.

"Snow-white—and—rose-red! That's a good name for you. Yes, Yvonne, you'll do. I dare say your grandmother was proud, and the women were jealous, and the men were all mad about you. What more could you want?"

"I wanted *you* to be there," she said, frankly and sweetly as a child.

"You're a dear girl."

"I did so wish for it, Justin!"

"If wishes were horses," he reminded cheerfully. "Too bad they're not, eh?"

"I kept thinking," she insisted, "what you'd say—"

He drummed on the arm of his chair, still smiling, while he turned resolutely away from that question.

"How many men made love to you?"

"Oh, a good many!" said Yvonne, frankly. "It was really funny. I had a perfect time."

"Heartless young person!"

"I'm not," she objected with a madrigal of laughter. "It would have been heartless to take them seriously. Why don't you ask me to sit down?" She looked about her for a chair.

"Why, I wasn't sure you *could* sit down, in all that grandeur. You're such a picture. Besides," McKinney added as a prudent afterthought, "I didn't know you meant to stay. Mother's at the Revolutionary Daughters, or something equally engrossing."

Yvonne, who had possessed herself of a low seat and was dragging it very near her host, tossed an unabashed head.

"Did I ask for your mother? It was you I came to see. To show you how I looked." She sat down and dropped the roses across her lap. "What were we talking about? I've forgotten."

SHE was so near that her mantle brushed his sleeve. There was a small, soft curl lying upon the nape of her white neck that played havoc with McKinney's resolute impersonality. A grim appreciation twitched the muscles of his mouth.

"You're a delightfully unconventional young woman," he suggested, mildly significant, "to come a-visiting me without any chaperon."

"My maid's outside in the machine."

"If she hasn't by this time eloped with the chauffeur."

"If she has," Yvonne retorted quickly, "she'll be sorry. He's already married. Don't you want me to stay?"

"Want?" he repeated, politely. "Of course, I want it. But I was thinking of *you*—"

"Well, I want it, too—so that's settled," she derided, nodding her head in pleased affirmation. "Now, what were we talking about?"

"If you will stay—we were discussing the men who made love to you last night."

She smiled sweetly. "Since you insist, then. There were lots of them, but two in especial. Do you mind if I lean against the arm of your chair?"

"Not in the least," said McKinney, and drew away courteously to the other side.

Yvonne looked displeased. "I believe you're afraid of me."

"I am," he assured her with a flicker of grim humor. "About the two in especial, however?"

She flung back her head and looked up at him out of frank, lovely eyes.

"The king," she said, "asked me to marry him, and so did the captain of the Comus Krewé. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Haven't you heard? Logan Winchester and Comus."

"And the captain?"

"Edouard Carrière."

"Humph!"

"I know," Yvonne accepted sympathetically, "he's been married before. But I like widowers when they're not fat, nor bald."

"Undeniably," the confessor agreed, "to be fat or bald is nothing in a widower's favor."

"Edouard's tall and thin," Yvonne went on thoughtfully, "and his hair is really thick; but—I don't know, Justin—he will wear red ties."

McKinney felt his own tie thoughtfully; it was a rich wine color.

"Well, you're not a widower," said Yvonne. She petted her roses absently. Their fragrance, just touched with that elusive staleness which comes to roses after too much light and warmth, drifted all about her like an aura. McKinney frowned quietly.

"So you gave him his *congé*?"

"Just as nicely as I could. Yes, I suppose so."

"And the king?"

YVONNE sat upright, staring into the fire. Her jewels netted her in winking light.

"He was a beautiful king," she said, dreamily, "all white satin and silver. But, there were vine leaves in his hair, and his mask smiled. You know his voice? Curt, with a little husk to it, as if he didn't talk much. It's fascinating. There's nothing he's afraid to say, and yet he sounds shy. I was so happy, you see, at being queen I may have spilled over a little in his direction, and he didn't understand. Men are funny."

"Curiouser and curiouiser"—eh?"

"He asked me to marry him, between the fourth and fifth dances."

"Wouldn't that have been a trifle hasty?"

"You know what I mean," said Yvonne, nodding her head wisely, "and I told him I couldn't decide in such a hurry, that he must wait. I wanted to talk to you about it."

"You told him that?" McKinney lifted quizzical eyebrows.

"Oh, no—no—no—no! Of course not. I told him it wasn't fair to expect me to know my own mind at a ball."

"You've been thinking it over to-day, then? That's Ash Wednesday with a vengeance."

Yvonne shrugged expressively.

"I went to mass at the Cathedral this morning; I stood my little St. Joseph on his head; and I went to the photographer's. That was to divert my mind.

Then, while I was at the photographer's, I had an idea. I said to myself, 'I want Justin to see me in this. I won't get back into my street clothes. I'll go up there with this cloak around me. The machine's closed, nobody'll see, and when we get there, Julie can wait outside. Justin can see me. I can tell him everything and he'll know what I ought to do!' You see, sooner or later, I shall *have* to marry some one, and it's no use discussing it with grand-mère—she has just two qual-i-fi-ca-tions (eh?), family and money. She's very narrow, grand-mère is. Fat and bald, and red ties, and things like that, she calls 'little peculiarities, chère, that make nothing!'"

McKinney laughed. The reproduction of Madame du Bois' caressing tone was quite perfect.

"I think I see your point of view. You realize the necessity of matrimony, as a career, but you decline to excuse any more peculiarities than are absolutely inevitable."

"If I knew what you meant by that," said Yvonne, reproachfully, "I am sure my feelings would be hurt."

"It's just as well you're so dense, then," he teased. His eyes held something more than indulgent amusement, however, and he sighed impatiently, gripping the handle of the stick beside the chair. It was an ivory handle, carved in the likeness of a grinning face.

Presently he said in an impersonal, friendly tone:

"Won't you ring for lights, it's getting dark."

"I don't want the lights," objected Yvonne, imperiously. "It can't be more than half after five, and I like the fire. Besides, we haven't finished. I want you to decide for me—about Logan—about the king."

"You might flip a coin," he suggested.

She rebuked him with exaggerated sadness.

"It's something important—to me. How can you laugh about it? I'm depending on you, Justin. If I marry the wrong man, it won't be so amusing. You wouldn't laugh then."

"I shouldn't laugh under any circumstances."

She fell upon the admission at once.

"Why? Why wouldn't you laugh?"

"Matrimony," said McKinney, carefully, "is, I've been told, no laughing matter."

There was disappointment in the side-long glance she sent him.

"Then you think Logan would be a good person for me to marry?"

"Very safe."

"Ah, but that's so stupid!"

"Eminently wise."

"Justin! I'm not an old woman!"

"He has money enough, family enough, virtues enough, looks enough—he's a very good sort all round."

"Then you *do* think—"

"I think your grandmother would be delighted."

"It isn't my grandmother I'm thinking of though."

"There's no manner of doubt that *he'd* be happy."

Continued on Page 73.



# The Birth of the National Theatre

ON Friday evening, the 12th of November, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifteen, the Canadian National Theatre was opened at Ottawa.

A few hundred yards away a list of casualties from the front was bulletined at a newspaper office.

Incongruous?

No.

This war has made the Canadian National Theatre not only possible but imperative.

French literature seems to have sprung from the Revolution—English literature received new life after Waterloo. In the agony of the present conflict, Canada has given birth to a national consciousness.

Five years ago Canadians assumed they were British, smiled in patronizing superiority at the non-progressive-ness of England, accepted without a murmur the drama, literature and business ideals of the United States and were rapidly degenerating into a nondescript republic with money as its uncrowned despot and a patriotism that thinly coated a smug but virile egotism. Canada was prosperous. Canada was making money. She had not learned that in national life there is nothing so impoverishing as wealth.

Then—Europe's siesta came to a sudden and rude end. Great Britain was at war with Germany. Shaken, bewildered, stunned, Canadians heard the words and a great thrill electrified her people from Ocean to Ocean.

*Great Britain is at war with Germany!*

It was not England, it was not the British Isles—*Great Britain* was at war.

A mighty shout rose from the forests of Eastern Canada, and echoing on the Ontario lakes, sped over the Western prairies with throbbing clarity.

*"By the living God, we're British!"*

Canada had found herself.

AND what of the Canadian National Theatre in all this? Canada must seek national expression through the arts or her travail will have been in vain. Without artistic outlet she cannot grow. On the success or non-success of the Canadian National Theatre, largely depends the future of Canadian drama. It shall be for our artists of pen and brush to say whether or not they can rise to the heritage left them by the lads who fought back to back at St. Julien that Canada might live.

There is no question of it, the Canadian Government has done an extraordinary thing—whether through good humor, or

By ARTHUR BEVERLY BAXTER



A view of the National Theatre taken from the stage. In the foreground are Granville Barker, the famous producer who spoke at the opening, and Mrs. Barker.

deep insight, or political purposes, no one can tell, not even the Government itself—but it has made the most radical movement toward national art that has ever taken place in the Dominion.

It has handed over, lock, stock and barrel, a beautiful auditorium in the Victoria Memorial Museum, to the Drama League of Ottawa for the production and fostering of Canadian drama.

The Drama League is an organization which has its headquarters in the United States and exists for the purpose of helping worthy theatrical productions to secure patronage and to educate the public to the enjoyment of high-class art. A branch of the league exists in Ottawa and also in Toronto. So far the activities of the league in Canada have been confined to bulletining its members about various plays that have crossed its path.

But the Drama League of Ottawa has gone one step further. It has determined to soar beyond the limitations of an unsalaried press agent. It has decided to foster the infant Canadian drama, whenever the stork drops it into the "cradle," which is the title bestowed upon the Canadian National Theatre by its sponsors.

The league is fortunate in having

efficient and influential officers. The Hon. Martin Burrell, who, in his undramatic moments, is Minister of Agriculture, enjoys the distinction of being the Honorary President, and is one of the few honorary officers that the writer has met, who takes a really intelligent interest in his organization. He claims utter ignorance of things dramatic, but exhibits rather a knowing air when doing so, that leaves one to suspect vast treasure houses of theatrical lore beyond the veil of modesty.

I rise for an amendment—the first two syllables of Mr. Burrell's portfolio should be dropped—I move that in future he be known as the Minister of Culture.

The president is one of the Canadian writers who enjoys international distinction—Mrs. Madge Macbeth. She is a woman of energy and a woman of brains. Combined with these gifts she possesses a sense of humor, and a good deal of personal charm. A woman with these qualities is liable to do anything. Mrs. Macbeth decided to create the Canadian National Theatre, and to make the Ottawa Drama League a genuine force in the Dominion's artistic growth. She worked hard and unceasingly. If the theatre should succeed it will be a monument to the self-sacrificing toil of that lady.

For the opening of the Canadian National Theatre, the Drama League showed its good sense by securing Granville Barker, the famous British producer, who happened to be in New York, to perform the opening ceremonies.

Mr. Barker has a youthful vigorousness about him that is very attractive. He is tall, and good looking, but considering the wonderful things he has accomplished is the most unpretentious and unstagey man that one could well imagine, though he is by no means unimpressive.

He gives the impression that he is fond of walking. Somehow, one pictures him as doing ten good English miles along a good old English highway in the good old month of October, just as a preliminary to a good old English dinner. From an intimate association with some of the theatrical magnates and playsmiths of New York, I should say that Granville Barker is the very antithesis of Broadway's conception of an actor and producer. He did not wear any diamonds, nor even an artist's tie. Considering that he has been closely connected with Bernard Shaw in several of that gentleman's dramatized cynicisms (in fact Shaw satirized Barker in "Fanny's First Play") he has retained a fresh and

wholesome humor that is far more Chestertonian than Shavian. Nor did he exhibit the well bred languor that is affected by certain intellectuals of the Oscar Wilde school—he was well bred, but vigorously so. I don't know anything about Mr. Barker's antecedents, nor do I wish to inquire because I am sure that it would be discovered that his ancestors were Hibernian,—and Ireland already claims so many big literary minds that have graced the world of English literature.

All of which does not directly concern the inception or the opening of the Canadian National Theatre, except that Granville Barker was the opening.

**F**EW of the audience will ever forget the quiet and sincere plea that Mr. Barker made for a national artistic consciousness. Perhaps it seemed doubly impressive because he represented the best on the English stage, and a few of us knew that within a very few weeks he would be back in England, re-joining the colors. It was not the address of a theatre-soaked manager whose mind never soared beyond the confines of the box-office, nor was it the airy pander of some theory-soaked professor of dramatic art who sought to prove the drama a hectic and exotic plant beyond the gaze or understanding of the herd.

"The theatre is a pretty rotten affair. That is true, ladies and gentlemen."

It was a simple enough statement, but in these days of sloppy sentimentality, when the American theatrical journals are endeavoring to prove that burlesque chorus girls

are earnest, high-minded young women whose sole object is to do their part in the general uplift of the drama, and when they are constantly idealizing and heroising everybody and everything theatrical—the blunt admission of Mr. Barker's was more startling than the mere words can indicate.

"To-night," he went on, "there are literally millions of people on this continent, inside theatres. Most of them I should

say are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, at the age when they are most keenly susceptible, mentally, and at a time when their sexual emotions are most impressionable. And what of the plays which they are seeing? It is kindness to describe at least seventy-five per cent. of them as harmless and vulgar."

"The theatre," said Mr. Barker, "is the school of expression, the school of manners. The ancient Greeks made statues of magnificent manhood that all might see and emulate. Is it any wonder that we breed such human makeshifts?"

According to Granville Barker, we are all natural artists, though some of us are dull and inarticulate. We start to act as soon as we leave the cradle. The boy of six is found in a corner issuing commands to an imaginary regiment whilst his

younger sister is endeavoring to soothe a refractory grandchild. When a business man stepped into his motor to keep an important engagement with a fellow financier, he planned the scene as he drove along—what he would say, what the other man

would reply, the answer he would give, the argument the other would have—of course, sometimes the other man would spoil the scene by not taking up his cues properly, and sometimes he would act his companion off the stage. Speaking generally, it may be said that successful men are good actors.

"Acting is not pretending," said Mr. Barker, sounding a more serious note, "it is the interpretation of something that you have assimilated. We all dramatize our lives."

He made an urgent plea that the theatre should always remain an institution for the people and by the people. The least progressive period in the theatre's history was when it became an amusement of the aristocracy as in the time of Charles II., and ceased to



Canada has given the world a large number of stage stars. Four of the best known are shown above: May Irwin (top), Rose Stahl (left), Viola Allan (right) and Christie McDonald (foot).



be an artistic outlet for the masses. Mr. Barker has great faith in the public's ultimate choice being for the best.

"Some people," he said, "think that Hamlet is a poor play because it is popular. If you will have patience the good will always outlive the bad."

He gave a good natured warning to the Drama League, when he assured them that "you cannot spread art over a community like butter," and urged them not to confuse good drama with "high-brow." The greatest danger of movements to uplift the drama was snobbery.

It was not until near the end of his address that Mr. Barker made his first reference to the great world tragedy being enacted on the stage of Europe. He urged that when the war was over, it would devolve on the arts and imaginative sensitiveness of our people to seek in other nations and in ourselves that which was most Godlike and uplifting. As a nation we must seek for self expression, we must develop a beautiful sense of the imaginative so that we may distinguish between the false and the true.

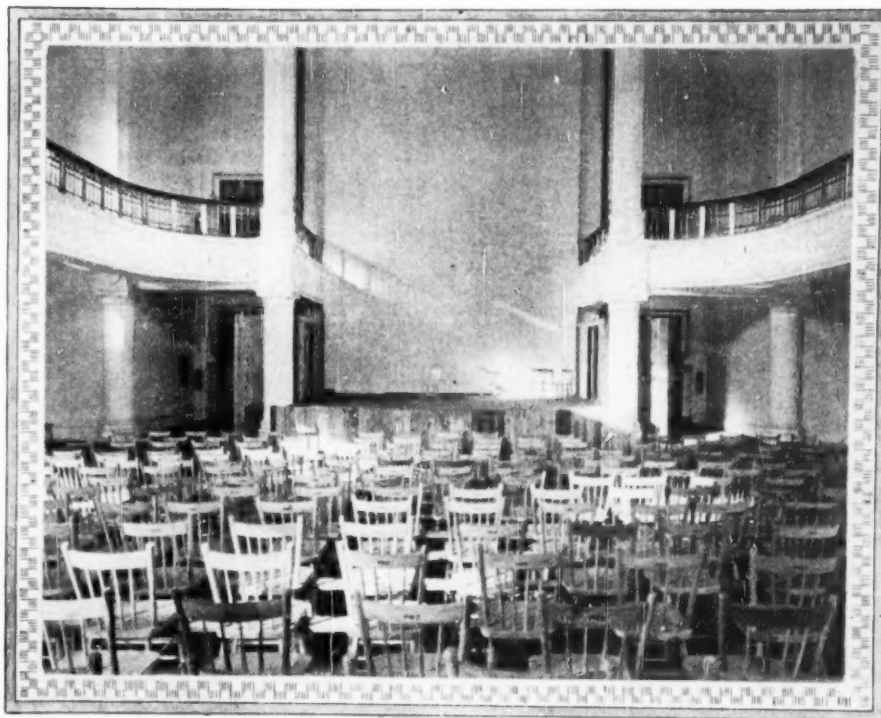
It was an inspired challenge to our patriotism, and it came from a man who recognizes his duties as a British citizen to such an extent that he is preparing to give his life if it should be required in the great war; but it came from a man whose vision still sees clearly the universal brotherhood of man, and who calls to the poetic arts to fuse the warring peoples to a divine, harmonious whole.

Mr. Barker looks upon the theatre as something more than a slaughter house wherein to kill an evening.

**T**HE question is:—How far will the Canadian National Theatre go towards the ideal set for it by Granville Barker?

It would perhaps be more kind to wish the enterprise God-speed and not criticize; but there are two or three factors which point as great difficulties in the path of the theatre's prosperity.

It is the League's intention to produce Canadian drama by amateurs, with amateur stage management. (The word amateur is not used in a patronizing sense, but in its true meaning of one who follows the theatre for the love of it, not for the remuneration.) Amateurs can produce



*A view of the theatre from the rear. The stage and the seating arrangements are purely temporary.*

plays like "She Stoops to Conquer," and operas like "Pinafore," because they have been played so long that their rendition has become standardized, but a new play! —That is infinitely more difficult. The most experienced stage manager in New York will admit that he cannot pass final judgment on a manuscript until he has seen it played. A new production is invariably tried on "the dog" before it is seen by the critics.

Granville Barker in private conversation with two or three of us, said that a national theatre is useless without twenty thousand dollars a year subsidy. Undoubtedly the Government should go one step further and, if they cannot see their way clear to a subsidy in these times, at least appoint a competent professional stage manager and coach—with a square jaw.

It would be a great deterrent to national drama if this enterprise should fail. And certainly if our mute inglorious Shakespeares who get their first chance in Ottawa, are to receive the maximum of co-operation, their plays should have the benefit of production by competent and salaried stage management.

Plays are invited from authors, anywhere in Canada. If possible those that are worthy of it will be produced, and those that are rejected will be criticized in a constructive manner. Not, by the way, like the great Keene, who once received a new play by an unknown author, read it, and sent the following epistle back with the manuscript:

"My Dear Sir:

I have read your play.

Oh, my dear sir!

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN KEENE."

Another drawback to the National Theatre is one that could easily be remedied before the final equipment is completed. The stage is neither high enough nor deep enough. Should the league ever want to produce opera even on a very small scale, it would find the present dimensions of the stage quite inadequate.

Who is to be the first Canadian playwright?

Arthur Stringer has been proclaiming the abundance of Canadian material for plays. Perhaps he will oblige us with a drama.

Stephen Leacock ought to be good for a senti-

mental comedy—and incidentally there is no book that portrays the Ontario small town better than the "Sunshine Sketches," written by that academic humorist. Leacock would probably make all his characters talk Leacock, though—a fault that he would have the honor of sharing with Bernard Shaw.

The best prospect for a real creator of drama (in our humble opinion) looks to be Robert Service. He has the strength and the vision. If he could acquire the stage technique, Service ought to do wonders.

But playwriting requires technique, a delicate, elusive mastery of action, suspense and dramatic values. It is not easy to acquire. We have many excellent Canadian authors; perhaps with the aid of the Canadian National Theatre some of them may become masters of the drama.

**T**HE Canadian National Theatre is a serious undertaking and should be the concern of every one, artist and artisan, poet and preacher, capitalist and politician.

Canada must seek artistic expression. It is the law of nations, and the law of individuals and the law of Nature.

From Reading Gaol, Oscar Wilde wrote to his friend Robert Ross:

"On the other side of the prison wall there are some poor black, soot-besmirched trees that are just breaking out into buds of an almost shrill green. I know quite well what they are going through. They are finding expression."

Canada is writing her "De Profundis" now.

Out of the depths has come the Canadian National Theatre.

# The Man In the Inverness Coat

By VICTOR LEESE

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

THE tide creamed over a sand-bar a quarter of a mile below the anchorage of the schooner *Helen*—a large yacht with auxiliary engines which had been the *Elsie* before Lieutenant (R.N. V.R.) William Foster got his step and stole her from the Germans—and swung southward up a broad estuary with an angry swirl inshore and a pother of choppy wavelets in the fairway. The bar, unusually pronounced after a season of slack water, marked the confluence of the Humber and the Trent.

"There goes the *Ægir*!"—Lieutenant Foster referred to a peculiar tidal wave that occasionally sweeps up the latter river—"And she's a daisy. I wonder how *Padgett, M.P.*, will like it!"

"*Padgett*?" mused Engineer Assistant Martin Dool. "I thought the gentleman was dead."

"I was quoting Kipling."

"Exactly! I was plagiarizing Mark Twain. Expound me this *Padgett* mystery."

"He is our passenger," was the reply; "who is going whither we do not know; and whose little trip, together with the stuff in the hold, is the real cause of men of our capacity being stuck on a job like this."

"Say on!" said Dool. "I assume from your reference to the *Ægir* that Farrell is bringing him down from Gainsborough. But who is he? And why does he come like a thief in the night?"

"I only know that he is a big man in the politico-diplomatic world—a kind of expert amateur—and that our friends, the enemy, would stick at nothing to get hold of him and our little cargo of samples. They are probably more anxious about the samples—there are a few original things in the gun line down below—but our side, I imagine, is more concerned for the man and his job."

"But, of course, the others will know nothing of either."

Foster snorted. "Then why couldn't I get a crew? See here! Every honest man in Hull, Grimsby and Goole has been assured that this boat will positively be sunk. I borrowed you, Farrell, the surgeon, the operator and twelve men from the service. Beyond that, I've got four British wastrels and one reduced Italian gentleman—the fellow for'ard with the ventilated trousers that I trust as far as I could toss a biscuit. The others, and the boatload that the mate is scratching up—well, I'd give a trifle to be rid of them, mate included."

Dool checked his reply.

"I think the angel's wings are rustling," he said. And presently the mate, a heavy-jowled Swede with cunning little eyes, sprang on deck and reported his crew complete.

FOSTER looked steadily at an engineer among the arrivals, and politely asked the others to open their kits for inspection. Then he went below.

"What do you think of your second?" he asked Dool, referring to the engineer who had just come aboard.

"He has a face like a Greek god. And I think he would be called a fine figure of a man. . . . But we are not a beautiful pair; and it prejudices me a little."

"Send him to me. And sit in the saloon with a gun handy."

\* \* \*

"Name, please!" challenged Foster, as the engineer entered his stateroom.

The other lifted his yellow-maned head, and stared as Foster had done on deck.

"Maximilien Mannheim—I have always borne it."

"For Brutus is an honorable man."

Foster's voice was lightly tinged with irony. "Is he still a Roman citizen?"

"My renunciation of British citizenship will be posted twelve hours after we sail."

"Can Brutus afford to juggle with his honor? Incidentally, Max, why give the game away before I ask you about it? You know what will happen if I turn you over to the Hull police?"

"The only thing I have not known from the beginning was that Lieutenant Foster is—you. As for giving anything away, I do not care to lie—to Caesar; and I can see things in his eyes that another man might miss."

"That is so. Where is the little brown Aia, Max?"

"I left my wife in Nukuhiva—under a palm. Also a thing that called itself a man. I did not bury him."

"There was no wrong in Aia. Let the story wait, Max. Take a seat and a smoke."

And Foster rummaged in a locker for glasses; for the blue eyes had lost their vision in a film of tears. For perhaps ten minutes Foster sucked at the pipe that had stood by him in many crises, while the minds of both drifted back to a time when their paths had lain together for a little space.

"What did you come here for, Max?"

"Some guns of new types: and probably Lord Fairley."

"Ah-hah! Where are they bound?"

"Archangel, under your orders. Any German port, under mine."

"For what reward?"

"The little that life had left: honor in my own land and power among men. All that Aia held me from."

"And now?"

The other shrugged: "My way can hardly lie across your body. Even if that were an easy way." He smiled. "The best you can do for me is to dump me in Norway."

"That goes. What about your fellow-conspirators?"

"I know nothing but that I was to have a majority of the crew. The fellow who

was to put them under my orders is a tall one with a scar from a duelling sword on his cheek."

"I had him marked. Will it satisfy your conscience

to tell him you have quit?"

"Entirely, if you will land him with me. You won't ask me to play the spy?"

"No; but the tall man and another were my meat anyway. I'll stretch a point, though, and just have 'em bottled up till the end of the war. Ho! Martin."

Dool flung open the door and stood with pistol ready.

"Drop the hardware, you fighting Irishman, and meet another brand plucked from the burning, Mr. Maximilien Mannheim. Engineer Assistant Dool, Max, your chief. Your appointment with your friend on deck is at half past nine, exactly."

The handsome engineer checked his watch by the chronometer.

"By that token," said Dool, "you have met Foster before."

SOON after dark the *Helen* broke out her anchor and dropped down the river in a light land breeze. Squarely off the mouth of the Trent, she luffed and lay with sails ashiver while a small launch slid alongside.

Mannheim, striding quickly forward, spoke briefly to a man at the jib-sheet. The seaman started, and replied in an undertone. Mannheim added a few more words.

"Mr. Mannheim," cried Dool, "will you step this way with me?"

As Mannheim turned to obey, the seaman clutched at his sleeve to restrain him; and another man, scenting trouble, took a half voluntary step toward them.

"What's all this?" cried Foster angrily. "Come here, you dock rat with the whip mark on your face! And you, *wurzhund*."

Lashing them with his venomous tongue, he fogged their minds with fury so that the necessity of passing on the information that one of them had received was forgotten till the river police in the launch had carried them beyond hail. There were doubtless cooler heads with sharp eyes on deck; but Foster was doing what he could.

A strange voice considerably ordering a seaman to relieve himself of two heavy Gladstone bags recalled him to attend to his neglected guest—the *Padgett, M.P.*, of his conversation with Dool: the Lord Fairley of the little world that dreams the dreams upon which the policies of nations are, wind and weather permitting, shaped: the man whose mission—to Russia, as it appeared—was important enough to detach Lieutenant William Foster from the ordinary service of the navy. The musical, high-pitched voice was curiously at variance with the ample figure, made more than ample by a voluminous Inverness coat. And the preternaturally solemn face, with its brown beard of formal cut, showing dimly under the peak of a cloth helmet with ear-flaps, accentuated





*An elephantine body, swathed in an Inverness coat, lumbered to the deck. For all its size and awkwardness the body stowed itself behind the shield of the quick-firer with remarkable celerity.*

ated the note of incongruity. No-one who saw Lord Fairley needed to be told that affairs of Empire did not prevent his living a life apart. The fact leapt to the eye. But the atmosphere—the very distinctive atmosphere—that he so liberally cast about him was sweetened by good humor. It was hard, in his presence, to believe that there was anything wrong with the world. Hence the phenomenal success of his occasional dabbling in diplomacy.

FOSTER curtly apologized for the tardiness of his welcome.

"Don't mention it," said the great man. "My name is Heath. Come and have a drink."

Decidedly, it had been a mistake to call him Padgett.

"Let her fill, Mr. Mate," ordered Foster. "You can take her out of the river under top-sails. If any light is shown or any unnecessary noise made, it will be inquired into after the funeral. Mr. Farrell, serve out rifles and ten rounds ball to Smith and Henshaw for deck patrol, and to two other men for your own watch. This way, if you please, Mr. Heath."

"They say," purred 'Mr. Heath,' in his light, pleasant voice, "that to prepare for trouble is to provoke it. It is one of the few genuinely Christian doctrines that remains in a material age. I look forward to a very pleasant voyage in your company. These, I fancy, are to be opened out of sight of land."

Foster, pocketing his orders, responded easily to the other's mood: "Why didn't you borrow a destroyer for your trip? Then you would be ready for ten times as much trouble; and life would be a delirious round of joy."

"Destroyers are not made for men of my habit." The diplomat glanced whimsically at his abundant waistcoat. "They keep me shaking like a jelly-fish. Moreover, I was told that you are one of the most fortunate men in the navy."

Foster flushed under his tan. He had received the highest compliment that the navy pays.

"I must wish you a pleasant night," he said. "I have business on deck."

"But I am not so easily disposed of. I am on a holiday; and I won't go to bed till I want to. On second thoughts, I will sleep on deck, if I may?"

"I'm afraid I can't allow that. But let the steward get you a snack; and then come up and watch me mount a few guns."

THE gun-mounting began just after midnight. It had been well prepared for; and at dawn four quick-firers poked their slender muzzles over the *Helen's* rail, and between the masts a grim twelve-pounder lay.

Foster, thinking pleasantly of the probable astonishment of the mate's watch when it should be roused out at four bells—the mate's watch included most of the questionable members of the crew—turned in for a couple of hours well-earned sleep. "Mr. Heath" had disappeared. Foster tried his stateroom door and concluded that his guest was in bed. But in this he erred.

His late exertions had made the heat

of the cabin unbearable. He carelessly closed the register and started the electric exhaust fan: the *Helen* was a well appointed boat. The Diesel engines below were spinning out a smooth eighteen knots, with Martin Dool in charge. Trouble from enemies without and traitors within was as thoroughly anticipated as might be. The passenger was a very pleasant fellow. All was well with the world.

Foster drew the blinds from his windows—the only two on the ship not sealed by dead-lights—so that the sun might presently fall on his eyes to wake him, and fell asleep. An hour later, most of the mate's watch came on deck without waiting to be called.

At ten minutes past six, Martin Dool came up from the engine-room to see why he was not relieved. The mate, coming from the saloon, informed him that his second was ill and being attended to by the surgeon. He asked Dool to continue on duty till the Old Man, who was dressing, could send him a relief.

Still Foster slept.

A little later, Dool sent one of the two greasers of the new watch to get him some coffee. He did not like the taste of the coffee, when it came. Instead of rousing him, it made him feel sleepy. He started to go on deck.

The greasers closed the door and laid hands on him. He shot them both dead without taking his pistol from his pocket. Then he screwed an angle plate to the teak deck and the door, and a steel bar across the top of the door. After that he meant to stop the engines; but his legs gave out. So he put a bullet through the feed tank and fell asleep. The engines stopped for want of fuel two hours afterward.

BETWEEN nine and ten in the morning, Foster was disturbed by the rattle of an alarm he had connected with the locked-up wireless instrument. He breathed with difficulty and suffered considerably from nausea. Casting about for a cause, he marked the time, the cant of the deck that spoke a press of canvas, the fact that his door was locked from without; and remembered the stuffiness of the room. A thin stream of air was rushing from the ill-closed register under the influence of the fan. He sniffed at it and choked. Then he stopped the fan, quietly unshipped the glass from a port-hole, and lay drinking in clear air till his head cleared.

There was smoke on the horizon, and, a few miles off, a German scout steaming north-east. Probably there would be a line of them. Someone tapped gently on the wall. The buzzer connected with the wireless dwindled to silence: that meant that the emergency accumulators had given out.

Foster took a brace and bit from a small chest, and drilled through the partition of "Mr. Heath's" stateroom. It was empty: the bed had not been occupied. A hole through the forward partition revealed the ship's surgeon, in his pyjamas, breathing in a rubber bag connected with a jute-covered cylinder. Foster spoke to him and

cut through the partition with a well-oiled saw.

"Somebody is trying to poison this ship," said the surgeon, without heat: "the air from the register is rotten with carbon di-oxide, and a trace of monoxide with it—just about the villainous mixture that you would get from a coke fire—and air as well, of course. Take a whiff of oxygen."

Foster applied his nose to the rubber bag and thanked the stars that had given him such a surgeon. Some men would have made a fuss, about being poisoned.

Ten minutes later he cut through to the engineers' cabin, and dragged the insensible form of Mannheim through the hole for treatment. Dool's bunk had not been occupied. The door of this cabin was slightly ajar. The air in the saloon was cool and moderately fresh.

FOSTER took a peg, and peeped through the double doors of the saloon. The shadow of a man with a rifle fell across the stair-head; and on the stairs sprawled a body from which much blood had flown.

With the aid of a heavy table-cloth, the door of the operator's cabin was kicked open without much noise. The air within was stifling.

"Whew!" said the surgeon, when Foster dragged in a second unconscious patient. "This one's about all in."

"If you can't fix him up in ten minutes he'll have to go," said Foster. "I hear someone else trying to kick a door in. I guess Dool is holding the fort in the engine-room. Up to a little light carpentry, yet, Max?"

Mannheim was hardly up to speaking; but he carried the precious cylinder of oxygen for the surgeon when Foster had cut through the bulkhead to the steward's pantry. The surgeon, dressed to his necktie, was loading automatic pistols and stuffing them in his pockets.

"Max," said Foster, surveying the engineer a little doubtfully, "this isn't exactly your funeral. I kind of overlooked it; but if you care to go back to your cabin—"

"And play safe on both sides!" said the other with a wan smile. "You are wrong, my friend. This is—at least—my funeral. The shadow is already on my eyelids."

He touched his brow with a gesture of dignity, looking full in Foster's face as if to make sure that he understood, and added simply: "The little half-loyalties have faded altogether. I am no longer either German or Britisher, but a man about to die. Permit me to go in decent company."

The human part of Foster rebelled against the moment's demand for immediate action. The captain in him welcomed so doughty a recruit.

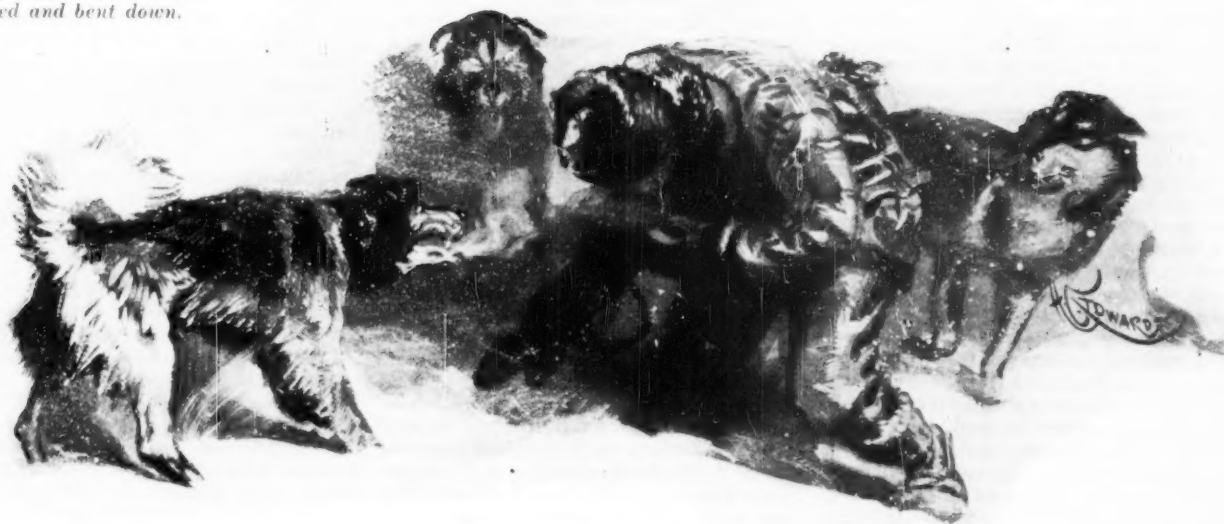
"After me!" commanded Foster. "The way the linen goes to the laundry!"

HE went down the chute after the manner of a cautious rodent, feet and hands on one side and humped back on the other. The surgeon dropped his cylinder in a pile of sheets and jumped after it. Mannheim came down like an avalanche and picked himself up as

Continued on Page 76.



The man moved slowly around the circle outside camping ground. Every little while he stopped and bent down.



# THE FROST GIRL: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

FOURTH INSTALMENT

## THE STORY—UP TO THE PRESENT

Allan Baird, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new railroad to Hudson's Bay, meets Hertha MacLure, a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl. He learns from his chief assistant, Hughie Munro, that the girl runs a trading post which was formerly managed by her father, and that she is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl" on account of her coldness to all the men who visit the post. Baird completes his survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto, where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line, from his chief, McGregor, a big railway magnate, who warns Baird that an opposition syndicate will attempt to prevent him from completing his survey, as they have, by wire-pulling at Ottawa, had a limit fixed on the time for filing the plans. Baird must complete his work and file his plans at Ottawa by April 1; which means a winter's strenuous work in the frozen north. In the meantime a missionary named Alfred Hardisty visits the trading post of the Frost Girl and expresses his intention of working among the Indians along lines which her father had always approved, leaving them to live as they had always done, but teaching them the gospel; and secures her interest in his work. Baird returns to the north. Four days out from Sabave, his base of supplies, nine of his dogs are poisoned over night. Baird goes to the post of the Frost Girl to secure supplies. She refuses absolutely to sell him anything. Baird then hurries back to get supplies up from Sabave, and, after a long delay, gets back to camp to find that his hungry men have gone to secure supplies by force from the Frost Girl. He protects the Post from his men and sends them back to camp. By this time Baird realizes that he is in love with the girl.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

ALLAN walked to the door of his tent and looked out. It was a bitterly cold morning. The sun was just showing above the trees, but its rays only mocked. The four dog-team drivers huddled about the big camp fire, spending their well-earned day of rest. In the snow beyond the dogs lay curled, sleeping away the time before their daily meal at dark.

The scene only chilled Allan the more. Could these little animals carry food and supplies for so large a crew over all those long, weary miles? Could these men, hugging the fire, drive them through? Could the men now working back in the forest contend successfully with what lay before them? Would it be possible to finish the survey and comply with the Government's requirements?

He had never doubted it before. It had been a game, a game with a victory at the end of it if he won; and he had never doubted but that he would win. Now the silent, insidious forces of the north had begun their work. The desert sun that scorches is visible. The waves that pile higher and higher beneath the tropic gale are plainly menacing. The mountain range that is to be crossed lies clear in the sunlight. In the north the cold, the desolation, the lifeless expanses, the constant, hidden threat, reach the mind through the soul. It is what one feels, not what one sees, that is ominous. It is the emptiness and silence, heavy as failure, the mocking chill of a bright sun, the moaning of spruce boughs, the deluding beauty of the drifts, each harmless in itself, that de-

press the soul, sap the strength, freeze the spirit.

To two peoples all these things have been a challenge rather than a barrier. All Canada proclaims it. Lac la Ronge and Lac Ile a la Crosse are at the headwaters of the Churchill. Fort a la Corne, Cumberland House and La Pas are in a line on the Saskatchewan. The waters of Lac Seul flow past Fort Alexander. Scotch and French, French and Scotch, not always hand-in-hand but generally within hail, they have been Canada. West and north from the St. Lawrence they have been pushing for many generations, and their trails are marked by the rivers and lakes and towns and Hudson's Bay Company posts that they have named and made possible.

To them the desolation has been a perpetual challenge. It has offered a dare, presented a risk; and they have taken it. The French and the Scotch were the pioneers in Canada's mammoth wilderness, the explorers, the voyageurs, the traders. No other races have been content so far from civilization, have been the first in so many distant places. The wilderness, the hardship, the constant struggle, struck deepest in two diverse natures, in two opposite temperaments. And it continues to do so.

ALLAN BAIRD was one of these, and, as he looked out of his tent and felt the oppression of the northland, he also felt its challenge. And, feeling it, he accepted it. His shoulders went back, he took a deep breath of the biting air. His eyes, sombre before, proclaimed the spirit that had seized him. He became the

strong, fearless, conquering male, and, as he squared himself for the struggle with the northland, for the primitive, brutish fight that must be waged constantly throughout the winter, his attitude toward Hertha MacLure became the same. He came of men who won by might, and she must bow to might. She had begun a fight with man's weapons, and she must be won by them. Brute strength only could win her, as it only could win to the bay and back by April first.

There was a wrench at Allan's heart, a feeling of pity, of tender compassion, for this girl who dared to oppose him and what he represented. But the primitive spirit was upon him. The wilderness fostered it, the very attitude of the girl herself had induced it. And Allan, the red blood singing exultantly from scalp to toes, stepped forth to begin the fray.

"You fellows keep a guard every night," he said as he stopped before the dog-team drivers. "Take turns and don't let anyone get to those dogs. Keep them tied as close to the fire as you can. There's an extra month's pay for the one who catches a dog poisoner. When you get back to the cache tell the man there never to leave the place for a minute.

He told Hughey to return to Sabawe with the dog train and buy more dogs.

"Get a couple of extra teams," he said. "We don't want to be caught again. And, if you see a few men who can be trusted, grab them. We've got to guard these caches night and day. One of these teams will stay here to-morrow. We need it to move camp down the river."

Allan spent the remainder of the day on the line with the surveying crew. Early the next morning he supervised the moving of camp while Hughey and three teams departed for Sabawe.

Straight past the MacLure post the dogs hauled the camp paraphernalia. Allan, breaking trail ahead, stopped the teams on the river ice and climbed the bank to Hertha's house. The spirit of the previous day was still upon him and, his head up, his eyes bright and challenging, he knocked at her door.

**B**UT the instant she opened it his courage sank, his confident mood vanished. She was as he had first seen her, that day when she cuddled the sick Indian child. Her eyes were deep blue, her hair tumbled in billows down her back, her shoulders showed round and firm beneath the wool shirt. Her expression was neither hostile nor friendly, but there was none of the grimness that so mysteriously robbed her of the beauty which Allan had first seen.

As he stood before her, confused, adoring, penitent, angry that he should have entertained the views of the moment before, he knew only that he loved her. He had come to accept her challenge, to let her understand that he was in the fight to stay. Now, as she looked at him, he could think only of what she really meant to him, of how he wished that he could protect rather than oppose her.

"I stopped, Miss MacLure," he stammered, "just to say good morning and to see that you have recovered from the scare the men gave you the other night."

"I was not frightened," she answered,

simply. "They came to steal, and I had to protect my property."

"I am very sorry it happened," he said.

She did not answer. He could not think of anything more to say. The unaccustomed embarrassment made his confusion the greater, and, hesitatingly, he turned away.

"I wish," he cried, impulsively, as he wheeled and extended a hand, "that we could be friends. I want to be your friend, but you won't have me."

The blue eyes clouded. Hertha caught her breath. Her right hand rose, then quickly fell again. She drew back as though afraid, and the beautiful curves of her lips straightened to the familiar grim line.

"I am sorry," she whispered, "but — good bye."

As she spoke she stepped back quickly and closed the door. Allan, bewildered, took one step toward it and then stopped. After an instant he turned and walked slowly down to the waiting dog teams. Silently he took his place in the lead. The dogs started, the toboggans creaked, the train was in motion.

## CHAPTER IX

### The Fight in the Dark

**F**OR a week the work progressed as satisfactory as Allan could wish. After his last meeting with Hertha he had thrown himself into his task with an energy that was communicated to the crew. The men had come to exalt their leader. The encounter before the door of the MacLure trading post had proved to be a bond that held them closely to him; and his sway over them was absolute.

Until his last conversation with Hertha, Allan, however, as was his nature, had looked upon the survey as a sporting affair, upon the opposition as a welcome risk that would make victory the greater. Something of this spirit had been infused into the men, and they had worked with the vim of lacrosse and the dash of hockey.

Since that time a change had come over him. He no longer worked with a jest on his lips. Suddenly Allan had grown up. The boyish nature had vanished in the few short steps from Hertha's door to the river, and a savage vindictiveness characterized every action. His eyes no longer smiled, his lips no longer jested, his heart no longer sang. And, as the lighter mood had instilled a conquering spirit in the men, his stern, serious bearing impelled upon them the urgency of the task, and the line moved steadily northward.

But if Allan drove his men he did not spare himself. For a week he was ahead of the survey, looking over the lay of the land, directing the route, making his work thorough as well as rapid. Often he limped into camp long after the others had finished supper. As often he left before they did in the morning.

And all the time he kept a sharp outlook for a repetition of the dog poisoning, for signs of the National people having gained a foothold within his camp. A week after the return of the dog teams to Sabawe he began to wait anxiously for

their arrival. A safe journey would prove to him that the poisoners could be foiled.

They came one noon, five teams in all, for Hughey had picked up two more. But they brought a story of two dogs that had become suddenly ill in a camp below Kabetogama and saved only by the administration of an antidote that Hughey had obtained in Sabawe.

"Where was that?" asked Allan, when Hughey told him of the attempted poisoning.

"Twenty-five miles the other side of the Frost Girl's."

"See any sign of anyone?"

"There wasn't a track going in or coming out, and we kept watch all night."

"When were the dogs taken sick?"

"Just after we got there."

**A**LLAN was thoughtful for a minute. They were now more than two hundred miles from the railroad, and every time camp was moved the difficulty of getting supplies to the crew became greater. As they went on toward the north the dogs would have farther and farther to haul, and another wholesale poisoning might mean complete disaster.

"We've got more than a ton and a half of grub here now, Hughey," Allan said suddenly. "Instead of going back to Sabawe in the morning, take the five teams and travel north for two days and a half and build a cache. Take one of the new men along to guard it, or, better, I'll give you an axeman, and leave the new man here. Then you can come back and move up the stuff in the cache below Kabetogama. You know the route ahead, and you can pick out a good place for the cache."

Allan went into his tent, returning after a few minutes with a note which he handed to Hughey.

"Give this to Matthews," he said. "I'm leaving him in charge of the crew, but you are boss of the dog teams."

The woodsman took the letter silently and watched Allan while he got some food from the cook and rolled it into his eider-down robe.

"You're going south, lad?" he asked when Allan, his pack on his back and his snowshoes lashed on top, started toward the trail.

"I'm going after those dog poisoners, Hughey," he answered, quietly. "I don't know how long it will be, not more than two or three days. But this sort of thing has got to stop, and I'm going to stop it."

"But how'll you catch them?"

"I don't have to go far to do that," Allan replied, but he looked away as he spoke.

"You can't prove anything," remonstrated Hughey.

"I don't have to!" retorted the engineer, now looking at the other angrily. "There's enough circumstantial evidence, and that's all I need."

**H**E turned at once and started on a jog down the trail, his snowshoes clattering on his back.

Allan slowed his pace after an hour and began to keep a sharp lookout both on



the trail and beside it for signs of anyone following the incoming dog teams. All afternoon he pressed on as fast as a close inspection would permit, and darkness found him fifteen miles from camp. When he could no longer see he stopped, took off his pack, and unlashed the snowshoes from it. He did not wish to pass over any of the trail except in daylight, and intended to sleep there until dawn before going on.

But, as he started to open his pack, he remembered that the last camp of the incoming dog teams was only a little way beyond. There would be bough beds ready there, and perhaps some firewood. He swung his pack back to his shoulders and, carrying his snowshoes in his hands, went down the trail.

Beneath the spruce, the darkness was intense, despite the snow on the ground. Clouds had covered the sky in the afternoon, and while it was still very cold, there were signs of warmer weather and another big snowstorm. Allan hurried on through the forest. His moccasins made no sound on the hard trail, and his snowshoes, in his hands, no longer clattered.

Suddenly, through the brush ahead, came the yelp of a dog. The young engineer stopped instantly. His own dog teams were all behind him. Hughey had not told him of any more to follow. There was only one other explanation.

Silently he slipped his pack to the ground, stuck his snowshoes into the snow, and began to creep forward. He had not gone fifty feet before he turned a bend to find himself on the edge of the camping spot. The black spots, he knew, were the beds where Hughey and the drivers had slept. The great, round blotch in the snow was where their fire had been.

AS Allan noted these things he saw another shadow beyond, a shadow which moved. A moment later it was near enough so that he could see it was a man. Allan crouched behind a spruce sapling and waited, watching closely.

The man moved slowly around the circle outside the camping grounds. Every little while he stopped and bent down. After a second he would rise and go on a few feet. Wonderingly, Allan watched. What could the man be doing?

And then, as he came nearer, Allan suddenly realized the meaning of the strange movements, suddenly knew how the last two dogs had been poisoned. This man was hiding pieces of poisoned meat in the places where the dogs had slept, in the circle just outside that of the men about the fire.

His plan was clearly evident. The camping spot would be used again. The dogs, tied in their usual places, would be ravenous before their meal was cooked. The men, busy making camp, would not notice them. The dogs, smelling meat, would dig it up and gulp it without the men knowing they had done so. And, an hour later, every dog would be dead.

And this man, Allan saw, was playing a safe game. Already the first snow flakes

were falling. In half an hour all traces of his having been there would be gone.

In the darkness Allan could not make out who his enemy was. He could only see it was a man, and, as the stranger came closer and closer, Allan crouched impatiently, ready for the spring which would launch him forth, with the thoughts of starving men as a spur.

At last the man rose to his feet directly in front of Allan, and less than six feet away. His back was turned, and, evidently, he was looking about to see if his task was finished.

IT was thus that Allan struck him, with his full weight squarely on the man's back. And the two went down to the hard snow together.

Allan was not the sort of hero who learned to wrestle and box in college, and, under an assumed name, defeated a professional offering to give \$500 to anyone whom he could not throw—the hackneyed hero of fiction. It was in surveying camps in the west, where he met big, rough, primitive men, where any hold, any blow, was legitimate, where the hard ground served as a mat, and the capitulation of one of the adversaries took the place of a stop watch, that he had learned the elements of the rough and tumble. It had been a Sunday diversion then, one in which he reveled because his own strength, coupled with brains, equalled the brawn of the hardest of the axemen and rodmen. Twice he had encountered men who knew something of the finer points of the game, drifting men

who told of their past only in little things. They had taught him much and, with his strength, he had been champion of more than one tented city.

It was upon this skill in the more primitive form of combat that Allan depended when he struck the poisoner's back. His right hand shot out in an attempt to get the hammerlock at the start, but instantly and inconceivably he found himself on the defensive. The shock of his attack seemed to have brought action rather than to have caused surprise and hesitancy, and, locked together, the two rolled across the frozen, level snow of the camp site into the ashes of the dead fire.

Before they had ceased rolling Allan was at work trying the various tricks he knew. One after another, with lightning changes, he tried this hold, then that. Each time he was balked, either by a quicker movement on the part of his foe or by sheer strength. The fight had not been on more than twenty seconds before he knew that he must do better than ever to win. He even saw there was a chance that he would lose; and to lose, he knew, meant to die.

Fired by his fury, his arms and legs twisted and hooked, darted in and out. He gained one hold, tightened his

*Panting, perspiring, swaying in his weakness, Allan stood over his adversary. The man did not move but lay face downward, his left arm crooked grotesquely over his back.*



arms, and then dropped it for another. Ten seconds of that sort of thing and he knew he had his man bewildered.

Allan's arms and legs flew faster and, when he saw his chance, he shoved himself away and sprang to his feet. The other was up almost as quickly; and, panting, yet tense and ready, they faced each other in the centre of the clearing.

The snow was falling thickly now, and the two saw each other indistinctly, like shadows. In the instant that they stood there, Allan planned his attack anew. His foe was almost a giant, a man of great strength and, for his size, of incredible quickness. The engineer knew that, to permit his opponent to get the right hold, meant the end. Those arms would crush him, despite all his tricks. Only in the man's lack of anything except natural ability and strength did he see his chance.

So, as he stood there, Allan began to take a hesitating step backward. As he had expected, the other started toward him immediately. But the engineer, with the added force of a swinging step forward, darted in, grasped his opponent about the waist and threw him heavily.

But the advantage was only momentary. The man, by main strength, freed himself before Allan could pin him down, and again they faced each other. This time Allan waited for the charge. When it came he darted in and to one side, but instantly he found himself in an embrace from which he could not escape. Slowly, surely, he was pressed back until he knew he must go down or have his back broken.

Suddenly his body wilted. His foe, straining forward, lost his balance, and instantly Allan thrust to one side with his right leg, whirled the man over and went down on top of him.

But again the engineer found himself unable to retain the advantage. They sprang clear and began to circle through the falling snow for an opening. Twice they closed, Allan expending a new trick in the hope of a quick victory. But always he failed. He was breathing heavily, his strength was less, and in every encounter he felt the hard muscles and undiminished vigor of the silent man who wheeled and wheeled before him.

IT came after ten minutes of fighting, the chance that Allan sought. The man charged. Allan evaded him, grasping his outflung right arm as they passed. Instantly he was at the man's back shoving the hand up along the spine. His opponent twisted and turned, but Allan only clung to him and lifted the hand higher. He heard a grunt, half of agony, half of exertion, but his foe's struggles only increased. Allan, with a despairing shove upward, pressed closer. The man only fought the harder. For an instant Allan feared that he would free himself and, with a final thrust that took his foe's hand to the back of his neck, he exerted all his strength.

Instantly there was a sharp crack, a quick cry of pain, and the man toppled to the snow. Panting, perspiring, swaying in his weakness, Allan stood over his adversary. The man did not move but lay face downward, his left arm crooked gro-

tesquely over his back. For a minute Allan looked down upon him. Then he turned and ran back across the clearing to the trail. He had conquered the poisoner. The man was unconscious, would remain so for some time. Now he must make his victory of value. With his pack lashings he could tie him and the next morning have him on a dog sled bound for the outside and jail.

He sped down the trail to where he had left his pack and snowshoes. As he stopped to pick them up, he straightened quickly when he heard a sharp command and again the yelping of a dog.

Without his pack Allan turned back to the camp site. As he ran he heard a voice, again the yelping of a dog, the creak of a toboggan on the snow. He ran faster, but, as he dashed into the opening in the spruce, he saw the dim outline of a figure on the trail beyond.

"Mush!" came a sharp voice, and then everything was still.

Allan ran on across to the trail, but no one was there. He dashed back to where he had left his foe on the ground. The place was deserted.

## CHAPTER X.

### The River

WEARILY the young engineer began to prepare a camp for the night. His first impulse had been to run after the dog team which had appeared so suddenly. But he knew he never could catch it, while, with the snow falling so thickly, the trail would soon be covered.

He had beaten the poisoner, broken his arm, but he was still where he had been before. He had not learned the man's identity, and he knew there was one confederate at least. All he could do would be to go on in the hope that another encounter might be more productive of results or that he might frustrate another attempt at poisoning.

After he had warmed his supper he traced a message on a piece of birch bark with charcoal for a pencil, warning the dog drivers of the poison. This he placed in a forked stick up the trail a hundred yards. Then, rolling in his robe, he lay down beside the fire. For a time he did not sleep. His failure following so closely upon his victory, the uncertainty and the danger of the future, his anger and his grim determination to win at any cost, kept his mind active for a time. But at last he dropped off to sleep and did not waken until nearly daylight.

The storm had raged all night and Allan opened his eyes to find the first blizzard of the winter roaring in the spruce above him. He was covered by a foot of snow and, when he tried to move, found that the battle of the night before had left him with sore muscles and bruised flesh. His legs and arms were stiff and painful, and he snuggled down in his robe, warm beneath the snow that covered him.

It was broad daylight, late in the forenoon, before he finally emerged and shook the snow from his robe. With his snowshoes he cleared a place for a fire and gathered wood. Leisurely he melted snow in his little tea kettle and heated the

frozen pieces of pork and bread he had brought.

Allan was wholly undecided as to what he would do. He had frustrated one attempt to poison his dogs and thereby starve his men, but the poisoners were still free for further attacks and his crew was no safer.

It had been Allan's original purpose, when he left camp, to go to Hertha MacLure and confront her with what he knew, with what he believed. As he huddled beside his campfire in the blizzard he looked upon this with less favor. Weary, bruised, his spirit depressed by the storm and his isolation in it, the more primitive attitude he had assumed toward her vanished. He no longer felt like the ruthless male who would win the girl's love by sheer force, who would compel her submission by proving his strength the greater, his prowess the more absolute.

Instead, a wave of tenderness swept over him. As always, he remembered Hertha as he had first seen her. The girl, who had refused him food for his crew, was vague, indistinct, unbelievable. He could think only of her beauty, of her gentleness with the sick Indian child, of the fine mind of which he had had only a glimpse as they talked of books on the portage.

But, as always, the conviction that she was in the pay of the National people, that she was their agent in trying to defeat his work, that it was her employe who had first poisoned the dogs, forced itself to the front. He had left the camp with the idea of accusing her of it, of trying to induce her to abandon so futile a project. Now, as he shivered beside his fire, he feared that he could make no impression upon her.

AT noon, however, the fighting spirit returned to the young engineer. He had spent two hours going over the situation, examining every phase of it. He had resolved it to a single problem. He was in love with this strange, beautiful girl whose life had been spent in a harsh, unrelenting struggle with the northland, whose viewpoint was necessarily distorted. He was entrusted with a great work, an important work, the success of which rested entirely upon his own unaided efforts, his ability to conquer despite any obstacle. The girl was one of the obstacles.

It was the old story of love and duty; and Allan was only young and human, very much alive. But he chose the side of duty, not only because a sense of duty was deeply imbedded, but because, he frankly admitted, he would gain nothing by abandoning his duty. He must win through to the Bay first. His cause with Hertha must come afterward.

Allan was not a deep student of human nature. His ideas of women were largely superficial, conventional. But something of the primitive which is in all men, which is brought nearer to the surface each hour spent in the wilderness, where primal acts and conditions induce primal thoughts, gave to Allan a vague feeling that he could win best in love by winning in his work.

Women and savages decide most things by intuition. As civilized man goes

*Continued on Page 80.*



Visitors to the House of Commons invariably ask if he isn't first cousin to Thomas à Kempis.



## The Raconteur of the Commons

WHO is this slow, sad thoughtful person, with wistful eyes, and the haggard air of a fasting saint? Thin as a spirit he is. His very look spells hair shirts and holy contemplations. His face is long and solemn like half past six; so long in fact, so worn and wasted by hidden fires that visitors to the House of Commons invariably ask if he isn't first cousin to Thomas à Kempis or somebody of that ilk. When they are told that he is Colonel Hugh Clarke, M.P. for Centre Bruce, official raconteur of the Canadian Parliament, the maddest, merriest fellow in the nine provinces, the drollest storyteller between the two oceans, they are surprised; as well they may be, for the Colonel has all the outward marks of a gloom settling over the community.

This mantle of gloom is worn by the Colonel as part of his outfit as the Scheherazade of the smoking-room. It makes an effective contrast to the flashing sallies with which he embroiders his conversation like the cloak which was spangled with stars. Colonel Hugh's manner, if I may say so, never fights with his matter. On the contrary, it lends it point and furnishes his mirth with a black velvet background against which it appears like the sun bursting through a cloud. The darkest hour, as the poet says, is just before the dawn—and that pretty nearly describes Hugh Clarke's way of springing a joke.

This writer pleads guilty to having spent a large number of Arabian and Walpurgis and other kinds of Nights with Colonel Hugh and he cannot remember a time when the long face, which the Colonel uses in his short stories, ever missed fire. The fun always hits you in the midriff. It is as unexpected as a laugh from the sexton or a cheerful remark from the late lamented Mr. Poe's justly celebrated Raven. Even after you know the Colonel and are no longer deceived by the tragic mask with which he covers his gaiety, you remain fascinated by his lugubrious manner which hints that the worst is yet to come unless he can make it better. Where-

# WHO, HOW AND WHY

By H. F. GADSBY

Illustrated by LOU SKUCE

upon he begins to tickle; and dull care is begone in a minute.

THEY say that next to Hugh Clarke the late Mark Twain had developed to the highest perfection this solemn, straight-faced method of telling a side-splitting story. But what was with Mark a trick of his trade, a piquant contrast deliberately assumed, is with Colonel Hugh a confessed habit. Not a life-long habit to be sure, but an old habit nevertheless, acquired under more or less painful circumstances. The Colonel wasn't born with this aspect of spiritual anguish. In his cradle he was as bright and gay as any other baby and smiled and cooed and gurgled with the best of them. But as soon as he reached years of indiscretion he taught in a country school and that very soon took the flutter out of him. It didn't exactly kill his joy of living but it put its mark upon him in the shape of a dour austerity worn during school hours as a symbol of authority and much approved by Bruce county trustees who figured that a stern air was as potent a chastener as a birch rod and didn't have to be renewed as often.

Thus it happened that Colonel Hugh acquired that look of suffering, that mien of earthbound angel, which makes a quip from him doubly rollicking. If you asked the Colonel how he manages to do it, that is to say how he can gaze sadly into the distance and never crack a smile when listeners all around are convulsed with merriment, he would probably tell you that whenever he is tempted to laugh he simply remembers that chalk smell of the dear old school-teaching days and with that in his nose he finds it easy to refrain.

AT all events the Colonel got out of school teaching as soon as he could and passed into journalism which is a freer walk of life but not necessarily more luxurious. However, as I say, it is a free life—as free as your subscribers will let you make it, but not a wild life as some people have painted it. If journalism was ever wild it was years ago before Scotch whiskey went up to fifteen cents. Suffice it to say that Colonel Hugh and the rest of us came into the world long after the period when people could beckon us and point to a spot whereon the wild time grows. There have been no such spots for the journalists of this generation. Life is real, life is earnest and Colonel Hugh's solemn air fits it well.

As I said before, the Colonel carried this solemn air over from the school-teaching profession into the editorial chair whence it was also not amiss because journalism is a very serious thing for the journalists—and rural journalism even more so. Although it is a sad thing to look forward to a long vista of years spent in teaching the thick-headed, rebellious young idea how to shoot, it is almost equally sad to look forward to a long vista of years spent in enlightening a public opinion which is more or less unwilling. The editor's life has its funereal aspects too, and I have always felt that Colonel Hugh showed a lot of good sense when he kept his garment of gloom and applied it to the publishing business which has many appalling responsibilities.

Space lacks to name all these responsibilities but I would just mention three newspaper handicaps—the proprietor, the subscribers and the subscriptions. From the first of these Colonel Hugh saved himself by owning his own newspaper, the Kincardine Review, and, being his own boss; but from the other two he could not save himself because they are the curse of editors everywhere. From fate no editor escapes but what made it perhaps worse in Colonel Hugh's case was that his fate overtook him in Bruce County, which is Scotch and thrifty and would like to see the newspaper anywhere in the world that's worth a dollar a year unless you throw an alarm clock or a Life of St. Paul into the bargain. Moreover, the Colonel was a humorist and being a humorist is the most serious thing under the sun, and deadly dangerous besides. It is even more serious than being an undertaker because an undertaker can rest between his little jobs but a humorist has to be at it all the time.



The dour austerity much approved by Bruce county trustees.

AS the years pass the Colonel doubtless finds it harder to quip and quirk and merri-lyly disport. He longs, as the bilious man longs for acid beverages, to sit down and write sawdust like the other fellows, to put his common sense—and there is always a fine quality of common sense at the back of sound humor—in a strictly common way and let his mind off easily as those do who deal in Plati-tudes. And particularly does he find it hard, we make bold to guess, to be gay in these sack-

cloth days when the Cassandras of the press are having their fling—such a fling as they never had before and never will have again—and chiding such as crack smiles for blasphemers. However, the world and his own light heart have cut out Colonel Hugh's work for him and like the squirrel in the cage he keeps turning his wheel bravely. The Kincardine Review may smile, as it were, under its breath since the war began, smile faintly and wistfully, in an alas-poor-youth sort of way. But Colonel Hugh looks forward to a good time when he can take the pedal off again and go the limit.

Another serious side of the Colonel's life work as a humorist was Bruce county which, besides cherishing the usual illusion that the average country editor prefers a bag of potatoes to a dollar in ready money, was double-reinforced Scotch and naturally needed a little education in the matter of humor. The older generation still had the Glasgow Herald in mind as a model newspaper that harbored never a joke in it from beginning to end and the younger generation had been brought up to do without the stuff and consequently did not miss it. The taste for humor is very much like the taste for Martini cocktails—it grows with the cherries it feeds on.

If the Colonel had been looking for a soft snap he would have cut the funny stuff out altogether as all his predecessors on the Kincardine Review had done. These wise fellows understood well what humor meant, the aching back, the fagged brain, the grinding toil of it even when one is in the mood. So they said *avaunt* to the spirit of organized and systematic mirth and, whenever they felt a joke coming on, they went fishing. But the Colonel wasn't built that way. It was not in him to deny his nature—he was a born para-grapher, catching the full sparkle of men and events and he simply had to print the bright things that thronged his head



Colonel Hugh contrived to weave a fable in which his opponent figured as wearing pyjamas—sinful, Babylonian garments.

regretted that policy—it not only makes him forget that he was ever a school teacher, but it has won him a national reputation. He is known from sea to sea as a minter of *jeux d'esprit*, a confectioner of *bons mots*, a connoisseur of brisk annals, a collector of Saturnian folk lore, an inventor of apposite anecdotes, a relater *par excellence* and the greatest that-reminds-me legislator and parliamentarian between Sydney and Prince Rupert. The Colonel gets credit not only for the ones he makes himself but also for the ones other fellows make—that is to say the timid fellows who either won't acknowledge their brain-children or want to send them out into the world with the impetus of a big name. In Sir John Macdonald's day it used to be, "Did you hear that one of Sir John's?" but what they say at Ottawa now is, "Hugh Clark was just telling me," whereat heads draw together and follows, as Homer puts it, numberless laughter.

THE editor of the Kincardine Review had a twelve-year fight of it to establish his sense of humor in Bruce county. At times "Hughie's

Jokes" were viewed with alarm both in the Orange Lodge and the elders' meeting and it was gravely debated whether they were quite "judicious." But as time went by and the other papers copied them and the laurels of his art came flowing in from all sides, Bruce county gave up view-ing his jokes with alarm and pointed to

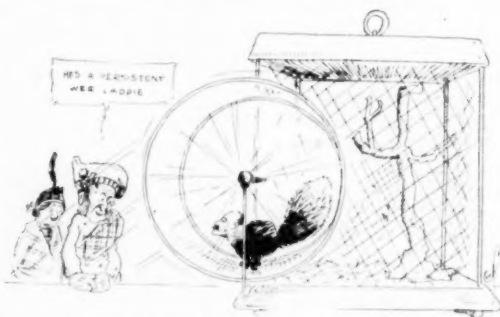
whether Bruce county liked them or not. If the demand wasn't there it was up to the Colonel to create it—which he straightway proceeded to do.

Paragraphing, as those who have pursued it know, is a great passion. It is like murder in more ways than one; incidentally in the victims it dismembers with its wise saws, but chiefly because it will out. At all events, Colonel Hugh had the ginger in him and he realized that the Kincardine Review was the shop to sell it. He has never

them with pride instead. Not perhaps, that they ever savored these jokes fully or rolled them on their tongues but they saw that the world found them good and they came to the conclusion that Hugh Clark must be a very cunning fellow indeed to command success with his jokes and little squibs. They took a Scotch view of it. They decided that Hughie's jokes were a useful product and they proceeded to capitalize Hughie. They developed a finer enthusiasm for Hughie's prowess as a wit and heaped all the honors they could on the man who had brought fame to Bruce county.

It was, as I said before, a twelve-year fight but Hugh Clark, who went into it a private, came out of it a colonel—not an honorary colonel but a real colonel, commander of the local battalion and the pride of the regiment. Colonel Hugh won his spurs as a story-teller. After he had visited the Militia Department once or twice and told them a few, the brigadier-generals in the West Block came around to the Bruce county opinion that the man who could joke like that was too useful to waste. They recognized his value as a side-splitter. All Colonel Humorist need do in the way of defence would be to spring one of his funny wheezes and the enemy would laugh itself to death. Colonel George Ham, of the C.P.R., was promoted rapidly for similar reasons.

ABOUT the year 1902 Centre Bruce thought so much of Colonel Hugh Clark that it sent him to the Legislature after a characteristic Hugh Clark campaign in which the county was flooded with sunshine and saucy sallies. His opponent was something of a joker too and they sank their reparteeth in each other so to speak. It was a close race and threatened to be a neck-and-neck finish if Colonel Hugh had not had a trick up his sleeve. Without exactly charging him with the offence, Colonel Hugh contrived to weave a little fable in which his opponent figured as wearing pyjamas, these being considered a sinful, Babylonian garment in those parts. Of course it killed his chances in Bruce county and Colonel Hugh won hands down.



Like the squirrel in the cage he keeps turning his wheel bravely.

In 1911 the Colonel was invited to take part in the political earthquake which shook Borden in and Laurier out. The Colonel was on the side of the stronger battalions and when the fight had thundered by he found himself

M.P. for Centre Bruce and one of the majority of forty-seven, which proud eminence he holds to this day. With his entrance into the larger field with the larger salary, the Federal arena as the newspapers call it, the Colonel comes into direct competition with Andy Broder, who is

Continued on Page 84.



# SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS

THE deputation had departed and the petition, which they had come to present, lay on the desk before the president.

By WILLIAM BYRON

Old Isaac Crabbe, head of the wealthy Crabbe Implement Co., frowned at the paper with surly ill-humor. It had only been by grudging and obvious effort that he had restrained himself from an outburst while the members of the deputation were in the room.

"I think it would be advisable to grant them this request," said Richards, his secretary, nervously. "They have, of course, no absolute right to this concession but after all it's a small matter. And by letting them have their way in this it might create a loyal feeling and help perhaps in—er, larger things. Sentiment, you know, sir."

"Sentiment!" growled Crabbe, with rampant disgust. "Huh! I guess we can discount that part of it, Richards. Business is business. There's no sentiment in business, Richards! No, I won't give in. I'm not going to have these fellows come right into my own office and cram anything like this down my throat!"

He took the petition, tore it through twice and dropped the remnants into his waste basket, which act was duly noted by his stenographer and became generally known throughout the factory before the works closed that night.

NO sentiment in business? Business and sentiment are closely interwoven! Sentiment plays a large part in the successful production and the profitable merchandising of goods. Where there is competition there sentiment will always play a conspicuous part; and any business man who subscribes to the opinion so flatly laid down by old Isaac Crabbe will find himself sooner or later on the smooth paved highway that leads to failure.

If men were machines, doing everything by role or rule, without any consideration of likes and dislikes, hopes and disappointments, enthusiasm and despondency, then business would run along a well-oiled groove and sentiment would be a minus quantity.

But men are not machines. Likes and dislikes enter into the purchase of goods and the problems of production. The heart comes into play almost as often as the head—yes, even in business.

You have probably never heard of Jimmy Wiggs, the bent, old veteran who has traveled for a grocery house over the same ground for twenty-eight years. Wiggs is not a scientific salesman and he probably doesn't really understand the meaning of the word efficiency. He is slow and not a little untidy about his dress and his methods of handling samples. He is garrulous at all times and tiresome at most. But rival houses have put their crack salesmen on the same route that Wiggs covers in efforts to get the business away from him.

And they haven't budged old Jimmy an inch! You see, the old fellow has been

covering that ground for twenty-eight years, as we remarked before, and he has always been square and above board. His customers like him. If logic governed their business transactions entirely, Wiggs wouldn't be selling a dollar's worth of goods to-day; but logic doesn't. All that stands between Wiggs and the loss of his job is—sentiment. But, if Wiggs spoke in the vocabulary of the smart salesmen who have been trying to get his business away from him, he would probably wag his head and say, "*Ich gebibble.*"

CONSIDER the newspaperman. He's the poorest paid and hardest worked fellow in the whole of civilization. He will work at all hours of the day and night and in all varieties of weather. He will steal rides on freight trains, work all manner of schemes to get into forbidden places, fight like a wildcat and lie like a money-lender—and all for his paper! There is but one grand objective in his whole scheme of things; to get a "beat." The real newspaper man is more elated when he sees a double-leaded "scoop" on the front page of his beloved old rag, and knows it for his own, than when he opens his weekly envelope and finds an extra dollar in it. The same effort and enthusiasm and brain power put into any other line of effort would make him rich and respected in short order. The newspaper man works for a sentiment.

That spirit is not confined by any means to journalism. It creeps into all lines of business. Men will throw themselves heart and soul into their particular work, through sheer love of it or a sense of loyalty to employer where others, just as well fitted for that work, will bring to their efforts nothing but an indifferent intention to do it only just as well as could, in a strictly business sense, be expected of them. Clever professional men in small towns sometimes refuse to seek wider fields through a sense of some loyalty.

The made-at-home argument is always a strong factor in determining buying choice. On the other hand let sentiment run against a branded line of goods, a store or a service corporation; and the result is loss of business and prestige in exact ratio to the depth of the hostile sentiment. Everywhere you look you find business operations materially affected, here accelerated, there limited, by sentimental considerations.

AND so one of the chief duties of a man in an executive position is to watch this side of things. If he is the head of a store, he must closely supervise the service end of the business to make sure that the public is being courteously and efficiently served; for on that the reputation of a store rests. He must see that his department heads are able to win the loyal co-operation of those under them.

If he is the head of a large factory he

must give much thought to the relationship between the company and the individual men who

make up the pay roll. Loyalty to the firm not only means a larger production; it means stability in the staff, and freedom from strikes and industrial troubles. Lack of loyalty, on the other hand, means constant changing and bickering, an ever present menace of strikes, and over and above all a production not raised by the yeast of enthusiasm.

One of the chief duties of a business man is to see that the men under him are satisfied and in accord with the policy of the organization. Only under such circumstances can enthusiasm and loyalty be engendered.

AN industrial organizer—we'll call him Sanderson—was saddled with an onerous job of promotion. The head of a large manufacturing concern located in Ontario had decided that it would be expedient to open a branch in the eastern part of Canada. The concern sold a large proportion of its output in the eastern provinces and at the same time drew the bulk of its raw material from that quarter of the Dominion. This meant that the raw material had to be hauled a couple of thousand miles, after which the finished product, destined for consumption in the maritime section, had to go back over the same long haul. Clearly a big saving would result if a branch factory were established in the East to handle the Eastern output. But the president, being a long-headed financier, decided to utilize the home sentiment of the section selected for the new plant to help finance the undertaking. In other words, he counted upon selling stock to local residents to help raise the necessary capital. And to Sanderson fell the task of selling the stock.

He traveled East with a fellow promoter who was going on a somewhat similar errand for another firm. It was decided between them that it would suit the interests of both best if Sanderson began at one end of the section to be canvassed and Earle, the other man, started at the opposite end.

Sanderson worked along slowly and found, after a couple of weeks of concentrated effort, that he was not making very satisfactory headway. He had signed up a few for small blocks of stock but his total had not yet reached the four-figure mark and, when he thought of the amount that had to be raised, he almost decided that it was hopeless. It was galling to Sanderson for he was a sixty-horsepower salesman and had never yet registered a failure.

As he neared the centre of his field of operations—a city of some size that we will call Bergen—he was continually faced with a question. Every man he approached on his proposition would immediately ask: "What about Sam Laurence? Is he going down for any of this?" Sam Laurence was the head of a private banking concern in Bergen and the financial authority of that part of the prov-

ince; apparently also a man of probity, for everyone seemed prepared to accept his recommendation without question.

Sanderson was a close student of conditions and men and he had almost from the first realized that the deep-seated loyalty of the Easterner to everything of the East was what would make it difficult for him, a promoter from the West, to successfully float the scheme. He now realized that everything would depend on Sam Laurence. If the banker could be induced to go down for a block of stock it would not be difficult to line up practically every other man of means in that part. But if Laurence proved obdurate Sanderson knew that he could pack his grips and flit back East again.

FOR several days after reaching Bergen, he did not go near the banking house of Laurence & Son but drifted around with tentative efforts to interest other prominent citizens; receiving in every case the same old admonition: "Get Sam Laurence on this first." He made use of every opportunity to secure information about Laurence and on several occasions watched the banker going to and from his office—a courtly old gentleman, in faultless attire, with silk hat adjusted at an angle that fell just a little short of being jaunty and a nosegay in his buttonhole. He was always dressed the same, even to the nosegay. A thorough gentleman of the old school, concluded Sanderson.

The promoter finally called at the bank and was granted an interview at once. He laid his proposition before Laurence briskly. Sanderson was a splendid talker and having a proposition that was attractive and sound from every standpoint and in which, moreover, he thoroughly believed himself, he outdid himself. Laurence listened attentively.

"I will think it over," said the banker, finally. "Come back in a couple of days and I will tell you my decision."

"Permit me to leave full details of the project," suggested Sanderson, producing some of the literature that he carried.

The banker accepted the printed matter and courteously bowed his visitor from the office.

Sanderson left with a heart like lead. With the instinct of a trained salesman he had divined the mental attitude of the banker; and he knew that it was not favorable.

"The old boy is going to throw me down," he growled to himself. "He's a queer type—the personification of honor and all that but slow and hard to convince. I know just how he'll reason this out even. Now I wonder," and Sanderson's mind went off at a tangent, "why he always wears that nosegay?"

TWO days later Sanderson called at the banking house of Laurence & Son to learn his fate. It was a rainy and disagreeable day, muddy under foot and as cheerless as a burned-out grate fire. The elements were thoroughly in accord with the promoter's mood, for Sanderson feared the worst. But his hope revived a little when he was ushered into the office of the banker where a fire

crackled cheerfully on the hearth and where he found Laurence courteous and immaculately dressed as ever and with the inevitable flowers in his buttonhole.

Sanderson came to a sudden decision before he had fairly ensconced himself in the comfortable chair offered him. He knew that Laurence was sensitive to a hair-trigger degree and that it was not safe to get off the track of straight business talk with him. But at the same time Sanderson was sure there was a broad romantic strain in the old gentleman which might respond; and on that hope he took the leap.

"Pardon what may seem an impertinence in a stranger, Mr. Laurence," he said, leaning forward. "But I've observed that you have a nosegay every day without fail and, being a lover of flowers myself, I can't help thinking that there is some sentiment behind it."

THE old banker looked out of the window of his office with a slow smile that had something of sadness in it. When he turned back again his whole bearing had subtly changed.

"Every day without fail," he said, quietly, "and I hope that I never live to see the day when I miss it. Sir, I have a daughter who picks the flowers and arranges them in my button-hole every morning before I leave. In summer they come from our garden and in winter from the little conservatory that she tends herself. My daughter, sir, is not strong. She was crippled when a little girl and—some day I'm afraid, it may be necessary to pick my nosegays myself."

For a moment there was a deep silence and then Sanderson turned the conversation. He began to speak of flowers and gardening. He knew the subject well and soon had Laurence deeply interested. They talked flowers for half an hour. At the end of that time Sanderson snapped open his watch and turned the face enquiringly toward the banker.

"I'm afraid I've taken up as much of your time as you can give to-day," he said. "And not a word about business!"

"Come in to-morrow," said Laurence cordially. "In the meantime I'll look over those papers of yours again."

Sanderson left the office convinced that Laurence had, on his first consideration of the proposition, decided not to take it up; but fairly content in the knowledge that a second consideration was assured.

Next day he dropped back and had little difficulty in getting Laurence to subscribe for a five thousand block. He found that the banker had felt from the first that the proposition was a sound one; but more or less sound propositions came to his attention often and he could not lend financial support to all of them. What was needed to bring him over was a more intimate interest and this was supplied by the friendliness engendered in the course of their conversation when for half an hour at a word about business had been said.

A judicious appreciation of the use of sentiment had enabled Sanderson to get the old banker down on his list of subscribers. But the part that sentiment played in this transaction did not end there. The eloquent presence of "S.

Laurence, \$5,000" on the list of stock subscribers, opened opportunities for business that had been closed to the promoter before. He landed prospect after prospect who could not have been secured in any other way. In a reasonably short time he had raised enough to warrant him in returning west and placing the results of his labor before the president. It was partly business acumen that induced man after man to come in on the proposition when they found that Laurence was down but there was something behind that again, something subtle and almost intangible. They liked to be found in the same company as Laurence, his presence on the list gave them a friendly feeling for the proposition. There you have it again—sentiment.

But that was not all.

Before returning east, Sanderson met Earle and found that the latter had made a complete failure of his mission and was at his wit's end. He had not placed ten per cent. of the stock needed to float his proposition.

"Tell me what's wrong," he said desperately. "I'm a good salesman, Sanderson, and I know the promotion game from start to finish. But I haven't been able to budge these damned Easterners. They're so slow and set in their ways—"

"Stop right there," said Sanderson. "I know what's wrong. Your state of mind is wrong. You actually believe these business men here are just what you say they are. You don't understand and appreciate their viewpoint. And the result is that you create antagonism. Pack up and go home, Earle. You haven't a ghost of a chance on this. Go home and get an open mind."

Earle was of the business-is-business type. He did not appreciate the large part that sentiment plays. He finally took Sanderson's advice and went back west.

INCIDENT after incident could be told to elaborate this point. Everywhere in business circles the trend of events is shaped by considerations into which sentiment enters. And this is the reason why the qualities of shrewdness, honesty and determination are not the only ones which are necessary to the man who would succeed in business. Discrimination, a deep sense of fairness, a certain amount of generosity and a goodly share of that greatest of business qualities, tact, are needed. Unless a business man's character is rounded out in this way he is almost certain to violate some of the many sentimental rules that hedge him about.

Service and sentiment are closely wrapped up together. Service is the keynote of business to-day. But sentiment, although disregarded by many, should be almost of equal importance in the eyes of the business man.

TO revert back to Isaac Crabbe. The Crabbe Implement Co. had never attempted to develop any ties of loyalty between the company and the huge army of employees nor to build up any connection with its customers. It paid the men the wages set by the local unions and saw to it that they earned their money. It gave

*Continued on Page 82.*



# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.*

## CONTENTS OF REVIEWS

Second Thoughts on the War .....	41	Interesting the Child Mind .....	55
The New Science—Salesmanship .....	42	What Britain Thinks of America .....	56
The Problems of Sea Power .....	44	Myths of the War .....	57
The South American Situation .....	45	The Menace of Russia .....	58
The War From an Airship .....	46	Defence Against the Zeppelin .....	62
Miracles in Motor Making .....	48	The Life of a Movie Star .....	64
Why Germany is Short of Food .....	49	Hints on Careful Driving .....	65
Speeding the Silver Bullets .....	51	Japan and the United States .....	68
Do You Believe in Ghosts? .....	52	Actual Conditions in Germany .....	85
The New French Premier .....	53	The War and the Pan-Germans .....	102
Why Peace Would Be Disastrous .....	54	The Intelligence of Woman .....	108

## Second Thoughts on the War

*John Galsworthy Deals With Broad Phases of the World Struggle*

**S**HORTLY after the start of the war, John Galsworthy contributed a series of "Thoughts on This War" to *Scribner's Magazine*. In the current issue he is back with "Second Thoughts on This War." Galsworthy is perhaps better fitted than any man living to-day to put the war in its broadest phases into words. He has a broad viewpoint and lacks the fiery partisan spirit that finds its way into all that his greatest rivals, Kipling, Bennett, and Wells, write. At the same time he has a grip on world conditions and a broad insight combined with his vivid power of word portrayal. It will be interesting to quote here and there from his "Second Thoughts":

Our enemy calls the war—"this English war"; we English as fervently believe it a Prussian war, having deep root in Prussian will and history, and at last thrust on a world desperately balancing at the edge of the abyss, by a sudden swoop of the Prussian war party.

"Pourtalès (German ambassador to Russia) called Sazonoff's attention in the most serious manner to the fact that nowadays measures of mobilization would be

a highly dangerous form of diplomatic pressure; for in that event the purely military consideration of the question by the General Staffs would find expression, and that if that button were once touched in Germany, the situation would get out of control." (Count Szapary, Austrian Ambassador to Russia. Austrian Book No. 28.)

Of a surety a few men, perhaps not a score in all, have had the power to strip from millions their meed of life on this wind-sweetened earth! For myths conceived in a few ambitious brains the whole world must pay with grief and agony! What can we do, when this war is over, to insure that we shall not again be stampeded by professional soldiers, and those—in whatever country—who dream paper dreams of territory, trade, and glory, caring nothing for the lives of the simple, knowing nothing of the beauty of the earth which is their heritage.

\* \* \*

Because pens lie unused, or are but feebly wielded over the war, they would have us believe that modern literature has been found wanting. "Look," they say, "how nobly the Greek and the Elizabethan pens rhymed the epic struggles of their ages. What a degenerate, nerveless creature is modern pen! See how it fails when

put to the touchstone of great events, and the thrilling realities of War!" I think this is nonsense. The greatest pens of the past were strangers to the glamor of war. Euripides made it the subject of a dirge; Shakespeare of casual treatment; Cervantes of his irony. They were in advance of the feeling of their day about war; but now their feeling has become that of mankind at large; and the modern pen, good, bad, or indifferent, follows—*longo intervallo*—their prevision of War's down-falling glory. In the words of a certain officer, War is now "damn dull, damn dirty, and damn dangerous." The people of Britain, and no doubt of the other countries—however bravely they may fight—are fighting not because they love it, not because it is natural to them, but because, alas! they must. This makes them the more heroic since the romance of War for them is past, belonging to cruder stages of the world.

In our consciousness to-day there is a violent divorce between our admiration for the fine deeds, the sacrifices and heroisms of this war, and our feeling about War itself. A shadowy sense of awful waste hangs over it all in the mind of the simplest soldier as in that of the subtlest penman. It may be real that we fight for our existence, and our conceptions of liberty and justice; but we feel all the time that we ought not to have to fight, that these things should be respected of the nations; that we have grown out of such savagery.

One day we read in our journals how an enemy Socialist or Pacifist has raised his voice against the mob passions and war spite of his country, and we think: "What an enlightened man!" and the next day, in the same journals, we read that So-and-So has done the same thing in our own country, and we think: "My God! He ought to be hung!" To-day we listen with enthusiasm to orations of our statesmen about the last drop of our blood, and the last pennies in our purses, and we think: "That is patriotism!" To-morrow we read utterance by enemy notables about arming the cats and dogs, and exclaim: "What truculent insanity!" We learn on Monday that some disguised fellow countryman has risked his life to secure information from the heart of the enemy's country, and we think: "That was real courage!" And on Tuesday our bile rises at discovering that an enemy has been arrested in our midst for espionage, and we think: "The dirty spy!" Our blood boils on Wednesday at hearing of the scurvy treatment of one of our selves resident in the enemy's country. And on Thursday we read of the wrecking by our mob of aliens' shops, and think: "Well, what could they expect, belonging to that nation!" When one of our regiments has defended itself with exceptional bravery, and inflicted great loss on the enemy, we justly call it—Heroism. When some enemy regiment has done the same, we use the word—Ferocity. The comic papers of the enemy guy us, and we think "How Childish!" Ours guy the enemy, and we cry: "Ah! that's good!" Our enemies use a hymn of hate, and we despise them for it. We do our hate in silence, and feel ourselves the better for the practice. Shall we not rather fight our fight, and win it, without these little ironies?

Our enemy now proclaims that his objective is the crushing of Britain's world-power in the interests of mankind.

Britain certainly has a greater Empire than Germany, a greater trade and command of the sea into the bargain—for, in their "consistent egoism," these islanders object to being starved.

Are we justified in retaining if we can what, in a by no means unstained past, we have acquired, or should we hand over our position, well and ill gotten, to this new claimant with his new culture, for the benefit of the world?

Man has a somewhat incurable habit of believing in himself, and we Britons hold the faith that our character, ideals, and experience fit us to control *our own lives and property* for the general good of mankind; but we have not yet said to Germany; and I trust we never may: "We so entirely differ from your main principles of procedure, from your autocratic State Socialism, and your iron Militarism, that even though you should strictly refrain from menacing and attacking other nations, we should still feel it necessary for the general good of mankind to take all the lives and property we can from you, and control them on our principles." The fortunate possessors of the greater Empire and the greater trade are not perhaps the most convincing advocates of the principle: "Live and let live." For all that, we find it impossible to admit the

right of any nation to an aggressive policy toward us; and we—"Ces animaux sont méchants; quand on les attaque ils se défendent." We are, of course, aware that Germany, after being petrified with surprise at our intervention now accuses us of having planned the war and deliberately attacked her. We all see just now rather as in a glass darkly. And yet, with an immense Empire, an immense trade, and nothing whatever to gain anywhere, with a crop of serious social and political troubles on hand, "a contemptible little

army," a tradition of abstention from European quarrels, a Free Trade policy, a democratic system of government, a Foreign Minister remarkable up to then for his services to Peace, and a "degenerate, wealth-rotted, huckstering" population, it still seems to us as improbable as it once seemed to Germany, that we hatched and set on foot such a wildcat enterprise.

\* \* \*

"A war of exhaustion." How often we use those words! They are current in all the belligerent countries, and in all they are unrealistically used, as yet. But they are, I fear, literally true. It is a war which will not end till one group or the other have no longer the men to hold their lines. The sway of the fighting is of no great moment; it does not much matter where precisely the killing, maiming, and capturing go on, so long as they do go on, with mathematical equality. A year or so hence when the total disablement is nearer twenty than ten millions, the meaning of the words will be a little clearer, and they will probably only then be used by the side whose united population is still more than twice that of the other side. Two years hence they will be seen to have meant exactly what they said. All the swinging from optimism to pessimism and back again, the cock-a-hoop of the Press one day, the dirge of the Press the next; the alarms and excursions about the failure of this or that—they are all storms in tea-cups. The wills of the nations fighting are equally engaged, they will not break; the energies will not break; the food will not fail; the money will be found somehow; but the human flesh will give out, in time—that is all; on which side it will give out first may be left to any child who can count up to two. No glory about this business—just ding-dong shambles.



—Kirby, in New York World.  
The Triumphant Gladiator.

## The New Science—Salesmanship

*What a Man Must do to Make a Success of Selling*

A NEW science has been discovered of recent years—salesmanship. Of course, men have been selling goods since civilization began and cleverness in sales methods has never been lacking. The genius of the Jewish race for selling shows that the elements of salesmanship have been inherent as a racial characteristic for centuries. But it is only of recent years that it has been brought up to the plane of science.

Edward Hines contributes an interesting article on the subject to *System* under the heading, "Is It Getting Harder To Sell?" He says:

From "tally boy" to salesman and from salesman to head of the Edward Hines Lumber Company, the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, and milling concerns in many sections, indicates the range of experience out of which Mr. Hines writes. He shows how salesmen of to-day and to-morrow are to be trained and supported by the house in order to

meet what he terms "razor-edged" competition.

I insist that specialization in salesmanship is indispensable to-day, not because I am quixotic and enjoy the selection of an arduous road, but for the cold matter-of-fact reason that in modern business there is not any other road. And the one road to successful selling that does exist, arduous as it is, is continually getting narrower and more full of pitchholes.

The man who starts a selling career in any major line of business with a sincere determination to make a success of his job will find his gray matter a much greater factor than his leg work. If he is going to exchange a standard commodity for cash, intelligently and at a living profit, he will have to think to do it.

I want to put THINK in capitals, for to-day mere industry and perseverance, admirable as they are, are quite as likely to lead their possessor to the poorhouse as to success, unless he puts his thinking machine in high gear and keeps it there all the time to keep pace with them.

For the man who is equipped to think, is willing to think, and is possessed of the initiative to back up his thinking by in-



telligent and strategic actions, the business world holds magnificent prizes—rewards in every way commensurate with the requirements necessary to attain them.

For the patient plugger who is content to let his house do his thinking for him, there is not any place in the selling field any more. Thirty-five years ago he could make good, but to-day his only job is behind a counter where customers make their own selections from price marks and direct him what to wrap up.

To-day is the day of standards, classifications, grades, brands and comparative analytical tests. To-morrow will bring with it still higher standards and more exacting tests—things that are synonyms for tremendously accelerated competition.

The old time "mixer," or the inexperienced boy, such as I was, has no chance to-day against the well-balanced expert who perchance has been through a technical school, and who knows stresses, strains and chemical constituents of his product to a certainty, and whose methods are in accord with definite sales psychology. I do not mean to intimate that to make a success a salesman to-day must have a college education; I intend simply to illustrate that there is little danger of his knowing too much. There is far greater danger of his not knowing enough.

In presenting the problems of modern selling, I naturally look to my own business for representative examples. The same problems under other technical guises are to be found throughout the great field of salesmanship. Fundamentals are, or should be, quite readily grasped.

The job that faces the aspirant in salesmanship is to acquire the technique of his goods and a facility in thinking that will enable him to work efficiently along the new lines which have been forced upon business overnight by scientific advancement and resulting razor-edged competition. My comments might as readily be adapted to the coal business, the stone business, the street paving business, or almost any other representative business, for all representative business demands thought, and lots of it, in its salesmanship.

For example, were I to hold an examination for the position of salesmanager of a big modern concern, I would consider it only reasonable that the applicant meet these requirements:

1. A practical knowledge of the raw materials which enter into the product, including a thorough understanding of the conditions of its origin.

2. A practical knowledge of how the product is manufactured, and of the possibilities of modifying or developing the methods of manufacture.

3. A clean cut, detailed knowledge of costs in all the stages of obtaining and transporting the raw material as well as in its manufacture, its storage, its transportation and its delivery to the buyer.

4. A thoroughly practical knowledge of the chemistry of the respective grades of the product, and the degrees of the adaptability of the respective grades for any use for which they are likely to be considered, as well as the advantages of supply under varying conditions.

5. A knowledge of the technique of the trades in which the product is employed.

6. A practical knowledge of all the substitutes for the product which may be on the market.

7. A knowledge of legal requirements affecting the product in the respective districts where selling operations are contemplated. (These might affect a food

product as easily as they might affect lumber.)

8. A good advertising instinct, enabling him to visualize for the customer logical advantages of the product which the customer is to visualize for himself.

9. A clean, magnetic personality, born of right living and a well-groomed body.
10. Tact.

To the requirements I have enumerated, add executive ability, plus enthusiasm, and the candidate has a real prospect before him of becoming a real sales manager.

In turn, he must require a high average of similar qualifications, or the spirit to develop them in the men under him who aspire to his job. It must be his constant endeavor to use his own knowledge born of experience in making strong the weak points of his promising salesmen until they qualify as efficient and capable understudies.

I realize that the qualifications I have outlined for the sales manager, and in a modified degree for the salesman who expects to become a sales manager, sound to the young man on the threshold of a selling career like a "large order."

It is a large order, not only designedly so, but necessarily so. It is based upon conditions of resistance in business to-day which did not exist yesterday, and it is presaged upon conditions which are certain to multiply in difficulty and with amazing rapidity within the coming twenty years. From now on a man with the qualifications of a roustabout, a mill hand, a technical graduate, a cost accountant and a traffic man will need all his knowledge to keep abreast of the times as a salesman. If a youngster thinks that my own early career offers a model upon which he can succeed he is doomed to failure until he changes his mind.

My kind of a salesman must not content himself with merely taking the word of dealers as to what they require. He must study their wants and the wants of their communities. Frequently in this way he will find himself able to evolve means by which he can reduce costs for his customers and increase profits for his house, without prejudice to the quality or suitability of the stock.

By personal interviews he can gain the experiences of those who are using substitutes for the line he is selling. Such data he should write out in detail daily and forward to his sales manager, who in turn should disseminate it to the other salesmen. In this way, the aggregate experience of the entire selling force becomes of value to each individual salesman and, properly used, increases his power of making sales. Each salesman thus gains manifold returns for the information he dispenses.

Small orders often may be built into large ones by intelligently showing the dealer the advantage of carrying a well-assorted stock. If the salesman can cite instances of other dealers who have added handsomely to their sales by having stocks on hand ready for call, so much the better for his argument. He must know the requirements of the dealer's customers, however, in order to avoid the deadly error of loading the dealer with an unsalable or slow stock.

The wise salesman will refrain from "knocking" his competitors. He will travel on schedule time as far as possible, and will keep customers notified of the time of his arrival. Very often they will defer a purchase until he arrives and will be embarrassed if he does not show up, or will be too busy to give him proper at-

tention. If delayed, he should notify the customer, giving an explanation. This cements friendship and confidence. Let customers and the home office know how to reach you by telegraph or telephone. Keep the house informed where you are and what you are doing.

Do not get discouraged when you find prospects in no mood to see you. Do not press them when they are busy. Just keep smiling and keep calling until you find the occasion when Mr. Prospect is in the right humor to talk to. By being unwisely insistent, you may antagonize him and lose him altogether.

Keep yourself well groomed at all times. A wholesome personality is a tremendous asset to any salesman. So small a thing as an unshaven face or a frayed collar may become an irreparable detriment to a man who sells.

Be courteous and considerate. Find and take an interest in your customers' hobbies. Get it out of your head that advice on courtesy is "old stuff" merely because it is repeated daily and hourly in the business world.

Successful salesmen often turn courtesy and attentiveness into money by establishing a degree of intimacy with their customers which results in invitations to visit their homes and ultimately results in steady buying, as much on a basis of fellowship and personal liking as on prices, grades, and the like. A customer secured on this basis is not likely to hand out his orders in a haphazard manner to the salesman of other houses who happen along. He will wait for you.

Finally, I want to say in all seriousness: Keep your troubles to yourself. Do not let your customer know you have any. Your customer has troubles of his own and is not interested in yours.

But if you can interest yourself in his troubles in such a way as to help him out of some of them, or at least point the way out, you will make a No. 1 customer of him. Make it your business to be interested in the other fellow and the other fellow will take an interest in you. And you will succeed.

## A Matter of Contrast

As a matter of contrast to the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Ancona*. It is interesting to recall an instance which occurred during the Civil War in the United States. On one occasion Colonel Thomas H. Carter of the second corps of the army of Northern Virginia was ordered by General Lee to mount three batteries of artillery on a bluff along the James river to prevent attempts that General Grant was making to throw troops across the river at that point. After the batteries had been located in a well concealed position a large passenger steamer came up the James river loaded down with northern troops. The guns were all trained on the approaching vessel and the command "Ready" was on the tip of the Commander's tongue when two women walked out on the upper deck of the steamer and began looking around the country. Colonel Carter ordered his men not to fire, saying: "We are fighting armed men, not women." It was afterwards ascertained that there were more than 300 commissioned officers on that steamer and that the two women were the only non-combatants aboard.

## The Problems of Sea Power

*An American View of the Naval Situation*

**A**N interesting point in connection with the "preparedness" controversy now raging in the United States, is the question of who Uncle Sam must prepare against. He does not need to prepare against Germany unless Germany defeats Britain; for, as long as the British fleet is supreme, the Kaiser cannot make war on America. The same holds good with reference to all other foreign powers—the British fleet protects America as well as the British Empire. And, on the other hand, what need is there for Uncle Sam to prepare himself against Britain, the only power in a position to attack? There is none.

This thought is advanced by Professor Roland G. Usher, author of "Pan-Germanism" and "Pan-Americanism" in the course of an article in the *New York Times Magazine*. He says:

Our present navy is rated in size about fourth, and in efficiency about tenth, and must be made large enough to imperil the largest navy and efficient enough to deal with the most efficient navy. This calls for something more than an increase in ships and personnel. It means an absolute overhauling of the whole situation, a new plan of action, and a new policy.

It is highly important, therefore, for us to ask ourselves whether it is necessary even to contemplate so tremendous a change. Our whole polity is based upon the assumption of the friendliness of England and upon the belief that England will not attack us and will on the contrary defend us. Let us be frank about it, now that we are really talking about first principles. We have not been in any position to defend ourselves against Germany and are not now. If we needed defence at all we have depended upon England for it.

Any one who will think for a moment will see that our navy is merely a supplementary force to the English fleet, and has been intended only to cope with such problems as the smaller navies of the world might create, if the English fleet were at the moment too busy with Germany or some other power to perform her usual work of controlling the Atlantic. It will also be obvious that we have counted upon the friendliness of England in building our fleet, because the English fleet has been large enough to have destroyed ours if England had wished to do so. These are facts and not fancies. Twenty men can always beat up five and the fact that the five are not beaten up proves that the twenty have no motive for doing so.

The English have realized that their position in Europe made their navy a defensive arm, and not an offensive force. England has not been able for a century to feed herself or to provide any considerable part of the raw materials upon which her factories depend. She has had to draw her food, her cotton, and her raw wool from outside, and the merchant marine which brings those to her and the force which protects the marine are primarily defensive factors in England's fabric. Upon their existence her very life depends. The reason for existence is defensive. They are intended to enable her

to live at home, and are not meant to make her powerful elsewhere.

To be sure, a nation powerful at home as England has been by controlling the seas has had influence elsewhere, and often controlling influence; but that has been the result of her domestic position, and not the object for which her navy has been built. Now, England has never possessed a standing army, and she has never wanted one, because she learned in the American Revolution that it cost more to maintain political dominion outside England than it was worth. The fleet alone could never conquer the land, and needed the co-operation not only of an army, but of a large army, if the operation was to be worth while.

The wars of the eighteenth century in America convinced her that political dominion was not worth what armies cost; that she was risking her defensive position by rousing other nations against her, and that the one greatest danger she could face would be a coalition of the rest of the



—Cassel, in *New York World*.  
*The Rivals.*

world against her on account of her use of her sea power for conquest and aggression. So long as she restricted its use to its own proper defensive purposes she would not come into dangerous conflict with the interests of other nations nor rouse their enmity. This became a fundamental of English policy, and is so to-day.

Upon it our polity is built. We have no merchant marine because we believe that the English will not impose unfair conditions upon us for the use of theirs. We have not attempted to create an army or navy to defend ourselves against the one nation able to reach us, because we have been convinced (and she has been at pains to show us) that it was contrary to her own interests to touch us.

Nor has England by any means confined herself during the last century to those acts dictated by selfishness and regard for her own interest. She has been fair, just, and even magnanimous to us for more than sixty years. Until the present war broke out, we had nothing to complain about.

Now, as I said in Pan-Americanism, so long as this condition prevails, so long as England remains mistress of the seas, the

United States has nothing to fear from her, and we need no preparedness against her. We need not defend ourselves against England because England does not wish to attack us. Having already said so much about England's selfish reasons for not attacking us, it is well to lay stress upon the present lack in the English people of any hostility towards the United States. The contrary is true; they are very anxious to be friends with us; they feel warmly toward us; they are eager to defend our interests so far as it can be done without literally endangering their own defensive position in Europe.

There is therefore very little chance that England will of herself, for any reasons of her own, change this policy, and very little probability that her situation in Europe will be so altered, even by a sweeping victory of the Allies, as to place us in any greater danger than we have been in throughout the nineteenth century. As a matter of fact, had England wished to conquer us she would have done it during the Revolution, or in the subsequent half century.

To-day the growth of the United States has made difficult and hazardous in the extreme an operation which would have been quite possible in 1780. Any one who doubts this may remove his last lingering suspicions by reading the letters of George Washington, who was thoroughly convinced of it.

If these facts are true, and there are few historians who will quarrel with them, we need no defense against England. So long as England remains England she will be our friend and will not assail us except in one eventuality—if we attack her.

If we fight England, the war will be of our own making. But, as I pointed out before, there will undoubtedly arise after the war, as there has arisen during the war, that precise tangle of interests out of which our previous wars with England grew. That is a fact to be remembered. What we have once felt it worth while to fight about is certainly not impossible as a cause of war again.

Suppose England should be defeated in the present war by Germany and the sea power change hands. This is almost incredible, but let us talk about it.

The German position in Europe is so different from that of England that those factors in England's position which made it inexpedient for her to use her sea power as an offensive weapon would not be as strong in Germany's case. She would probably have to be cautious; she would have to beware of creating a coalition against her by her abuse of the sea power; but she would be, once victorious, strong enough in Europe to risk the sea power in aggression. England's whole existence depends upon the sea power. Germany depends upon the sea power, if at all, purely for her present rate of profit, however much her future existence may be linked up with it.

There is, therefore, some possibility, if England is beaten, of our being forced to meet Germany. There are many things which might lead to trouble, whose likelihood, of course, all good Germans will promptly deny with much sincerity. This is in all probability the true eventuality which those people agitating for more extensive preparedness than the Administration proposes have in mind. They have seen the progress of the German armies; they are afraid that the Allies may be defeated. They are afraid a defeat may mean a change in the sea power which will bring with it a change of policy which



will endanger the United States, and they wish to get ready for it. If this is what they do mean, they should be more explicit in their campaign and lay down definitely the premises which they have in mind.

What real likelihood is there that England will lose control of the sea? I cannot believe that it is considerable enough to be made the basis of any scheme of American preparedness. The English have held control for three centuries, and have been a great many times much more in danger of losing their control than they are now.

To-day, therefore, when her fleet is not only the largest, but the most efficient, in all probability, she has ever had, when the superiority of her seamanship was never more marked, he is a pessimist, indeed, who can seriously consider the loss of her control of the sea as a probability.

England will cease to be England before she will surrender her defensive arm. Indeed, England cannot surrender it and remain England, and that the English nation is in any danger of being crushed and overwhelmed I cannot credit.

Indeed, the rest of the world cannot afford to see the sea power pass from English hands. England is the only nation so placed that she cannot afford to use the sea power for aggression.

After all, it is better to accept the difficulties in time of war than to face similar probabilities in time of peace. No international council could possibly be restrained from the offensive use of the sea power as thoroughly as England's vulnerable position restrains her. Let us, therefore, do what we can to hold up her hands and maintain her position in the firm belief that we are thereby advancing our own interests as definitely as possible.

## The South American Situation

*How the Business Has Weathered the War Storm*

CONDITIONS in South America have been deeply interesting to the residents of the north half of the continents since the war broke out. The war revealed South America as a great market—a market almost entirely neglected by the United States and Canada previously. A great deal of twaddle has been written about trade possibilities and for that reason interest in the subject is now to some extent beginning to wane. It is handled so well, however, by J. W. McConaughy in *Munsey's Magazine* that extracts from his article in so far as it deals with the Argentine and Brazil enable one to get a comprehensive grasp of conditions.

After a lengthy reference to early history, he says:

"Europe was in the throes of the Napoleonic wars, a matter which directly concerned them but little; so the provinces on the Rio de la Plata declared themselves independent of Spanish rule, and a long and fitful struggle began which finally ended in Spain's formal recognition of their independence in 1842.

Some years earlier a dispute with Brazil was settled by the establishment of Uruguay as a "buffer state." The remaining provinces constantly quarreled among themselves until, in 1853, a federal constitution was adopted and the Argentine Republic was born. The birth-throes and infant troubles of the new state were as painful as with most of the Latin-American republics; but in the closing decade of last century its finances and politics were set upon a more stable basis. European capital came in, and the ballot supplanted the bullet. Argentine now holds the proud record of never having defaulted, and she has a currency system that is almost too sound—as ours was before the Federal Reserve Act.

Immediately there followed a wonderful era of expansion. The country developed magically. Immigration and capital flowed in, and wheat and cattle and fresh meats poured out. Germany challenged England's supremacy in the trade field, and competition grew and grew, with France and other countries

chiming in. Foreign banks sprang up, and the battle for the rich trade was carried on day and night. Argentina was the belle of the ball, with two or three suitors hurling bouquets and diamonds at her every time she turned around. Everybody offered her champagne, and she drank without a thought of the resultant headache. Those were the halcyon days.

It was a new country, and a new country needs capital and credit. These were eagerly thrust upon Argentina. If a merchant wanted five thousand dollars for a year from an English bank, a German hustled out and persuaded him to accept ten thousand dollars for two years. If a man wanted to buy a farm, he could do it without a cent. He could mortgage it to the hilt, get everything he needed on credit, and even borrow personal expense money from the merchant with whom he traded.

It was, of course, a moral certainty that under these conditions a boom would boom merrily along, and prices for land and everything else would soar. There was no national regulation of banking. The banks, mostly backed by foreign capital, cooperated like bull-terriers fighting for a bone. A merchant whose total credit might be sound up to ten thousand dollars could borrow that sum thrice over from an English, a German, and a French bank, leaving his creditors to hold the bag for an extra twenty thousand dollars if he failed. He could—and often did—use the money in land speculation, depending on the crops to pull him through.

It all depended on the crops. The small farmer who went to work without a peso could pay off his obligations and clear his farm in a few years, if the crops grew as he hoped they would. Then the merchant could make good to the importer and take his profits on the consequent rise of land prices. The importer squared things with the bank, and everything was fine.

From 1902 to 1912 the prosperity of Argentina was a byword. The land was gorged. In 1913 its foreign trade reached a mighty total of more than nine hundred millions of dollars, exclusive of coin and bullion. The banks, with the exception of the powerful and well-managed Banco de la Nacion (Bank of the Nation), became less and less interested in ascertaining the purpose of a loan or the standing of the borrower. The people were drunk with

plenty, and land speculation was the national sport.

In 1913 the cold dawn of reckoning set in. The crops were poor. Wheat and beef are the great staples of the country, and the wheat crop failed. The bankruptcy figures jumped from thirty-five million dollars in 1912 to seventy-three million dollars.

The next year the crops were bad again, and Europe went blood-mad. There was no more European capital. Foreign credits were temporarily useless. Failures jumped to one hundred and eighty-three million dollars, and the leading French bank went under in August. Land prices dropped like a broken elevator, and the French bank had been heavily over-extended in lending merchants and others money or land speculation. Suburban additions which had been laid out and sold at boom prices on the instalment plan came back in a lump on the promoting companies. Prices had fallen so low that it was cheaper to lose the instalments paid on a city lot than to go through with the contract.

Those were the darkest hours. At low tide the Banco de la Nacion stepped in and gave credits to a number of great mercantile houses whose affairs had been of a purely business nature. This prevented an even more disastrous series of failures. A moratorium was declared; and then the war situation began to work out toward a wholesome solution.

Imports fell away to nothing, but exports continued. This gave merchants an opportunity to sell off their accumulated stocks, and also caused an inflow of gold. After the first month or two, collections on long-standing accounts steadily improved.

The liquidation of the land loans is still in a somewhat painful process of reluctant consummation. The government and the bigger business interests have wisely refused to come to the aid of the speculators. The new finance minister has been quoted as saying that there is no intention to "sacrifice the many for the benefit of the few." Even here, however, the outlook is much better than it was; for the crops this year have been excellent, and the price of beef is well up.

You will see from this that the future of Argentina is sound and sure, but that the development of trade with that nation most emphatically does not depend on "long and easy credits." The business sense of the country is coming around to more of a North American view of the credit system, wherein you state your position and prospects, and get your loan at a reasonable rate for a reasonable period. It is in this direction that five branches of a powerful New York bank are now at work in five great South American cities.

Two important reforms are now being discussed—possibly at this writing one of them is past the stage of discussion. They will go a long way to building for a future solid prosperity. The first is to establish a more elastic currency, so that the crops can be moved, and other recurring demands can be met, without producing a money shortage, such as occurred periodically in the United States under the old bank-note system. The second is the regulation of banking with a view to stabilizing the money-market and effecting an interchange of information, so that it will not be possible for a man to borrow two or three times as much as his credit justifies.

Coming to the problems of the other great South American nation, Brazil, Mr. McConaughy says:

In Brazil there is even more room than in Argentina, for the great Portuguese-speaking republic, with a population of less than twenty millions, has a total area greater than that of the United States by a quarter of a million square miles. Her history has been much more tempestuous and uncertain than that of her neighbor to the south, and her development has been accordingly retarded. Her greatest difficulty to-day; as in the past, is the complicated and unsound condition of public finance.

Along in 1898 a general effort to develop the resources of the country on a great scale set in. Port improvements and railroads were needed to handle the rubber and coffee exports, which are its chief sources of revenue, and for the general upbuilding of the vast land. To this end Brazil, with magnificent vision, plunged heels over head into debt; for transportation is the "without which nothing" of the modern community. Railroads and waterways are the staff on which all industry, agriculture, and commerce must necessarily lean.

For these huge enterprises foreign capital was needed. Brazil was undeveloped and consequently without capital of her own. She borrowed—almost entirely from Europe—immense sums. From 1898 to 1913 the republic's external debt grew from \$170,000,000 in round numbers, to about \$515,000,000.

Machinery, railroad supplies, manufactures of all sorts—everything that cannot be produced in a virgin land—were imported in great quantities. To meet the obligations of the growing debt, to pay off the annual bill for foreign goods, Brazil depended on the fruit of the soil. And this settled down, in a great measure, to two products—rubber and coffee, which were to Brazil what cotton has been to our Southern States.

Three-fourths of the world's annual supply of coffee comes from four states of Brazil. The world uses annually about eighteen million bags of one hundred and thirty-two pounds each. The single state of Sao Paulo produces ten million bags a year. Santos, the great shipping port sends coffee which, under various names, is served on breakfast-tables in every quarter of the globe.

This vast resource, backed by a large and profitable trade in rubber, held the balance in favor of Brazil year after year. In spite of political disturbances, the republic prospered. Railroads continued to spread. A protective tariff stimulated manufacturing. But the need for imports and foreign capital grew and grew with each extension of activity, and the balance of trade narrowed and narrowed, until finally, in 1913, there was a balance against Brazil—and the period of depression, long foreseen, set in.

This was not due to unsound banking and wild-cat speculation. Fair-minded observers state that despite the brisk competition of foreign banks, there was little loose and reckless credit-giving in Brazil. The first cause was a reflex of the depression in Europe that followed the first Balkan war. There was a stringency in the money market; capital was called in, and interest rates rose. Then, most serious of all, came a deadly drop in the prices of rubber and coffee.

In 1913, the quantity of coffee exported broke all records, but the value was \$33,000,000 less than the previous year. Bra-

zilian rubber—chiefly owing to the rapidly increasing production of plantation rubber in the East Indies—had been steadily declining for some time, and just when the coffee slump came it suddenly dropped about twenty-five per cent. The banks began reaching out for liquid assets and cutting off credit. The government—in its chronic condition—faced a deficit, which forced it to ask for a further foreign loan, all of which was bad.

Yet it is believed that Brazil would have weathered the storm if, right at the worst of the situation, Europe had not gone to war. That was the final stroke. The government's loan, which was well under way, was canceled overnight. Millions of

dollars of foreign credits became worthless in a few hours. Shipments of gold to Rio were stopped at European ports, and the Bank of Brazil, which needed the yellow metal, had to begin shipping the other way. The city of Bahia, the state of Alagoas, and other units of the republic, defaulted on their bonds.

The government adopted extraordinary measures, and set earnestly to work to save the situation. In a few months it developed that the banking situation was remarkably secure. There were no failures of any consequence, and only a few minor banks were believed to be in an uncertain situation.

## The War from an Airship

*Story of a Reconnaissance Over the Enemy Lines*

THE aeroplane has to a great extent revolutionized warfare, making surprise attacks, in daytime at least, almost an impossibility and the movements of an army a matter of general knowledge to the enemy.

Of the life of the airman at the front a most graphic description is given by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper in the *Windsor Magazine*. It is given in the form of a story of a reconnaissance over the enemy lines and reads in part:

You pass over the British lines, with the aeroplane at a high altitude, and the earth receding until it appears remote. For a vast distance, it seems, you can view the land on either hand; but off on the horizon-line, far away, your view is shrouded by a delicate mist.

Immediately below, though it is thousands of feet distant, the land lies revealed with an extraordinary detail. You see a road, which looks like a tiny white ribbon, winding away across the surface of the ground. A railway lies to your left, and its metals, glistening in the sun, appear like the finest of silver threads. Some distance in front, and to the right, is a river, and the water shines like the surface of a mirror. Farm-houses, with their outbuildings, dot the landscape here and there. These habitations, more than anything else, seem to convey to you a sense of your height and of your loneliness. That such seemingly tiny structures—looking like the toy houses in some child's box of games—should actually be the dwelling-places of human beings, seems to you impossible.

But now you are reminded that war is being waged on the earth below. Your pilot, pointing downward, calls your attention to a belt of wood, the tree-tops of which show darker than the surface of the land near them. At one corner of this wood, well screened from the enemy, a British battery is posted. You can see the guns from your viewpoint, neatly placed, and away behind them, in a depression of the land, the ammunition wagons are waiting. Little shapes, which it is hard to realize are full-grown, active men, are bustling round the guns, and, as you look, one of them is fired. You see very distinctly the quick, vicious spit of flame from its muzzle; and then your pilot, attracting your attention with a call, points away to a long ridge that must lie several miles ahead. You look, but for a moment

or so there is nothing to be seen; and then suddenly, appearing in the air almost like a conjuring trick, is a white-gray cloud of smoke. It hangs just over the ridge, spreading and widening, then it trails away on the wind.

"That's the shell bursting," calls your pilot, "the shell you have just seen fired. They're getting busy down below."

They are, certainly. All along the fringe of the wood, and from points also behind it, come vivid stabs of flame, while over the ridge, where the German trenches are placed, there is a constant line of smoke-puffs which tells of bursting shells.

And now the German guns, somewhere behind the ridge on which their infantry is posted, respond to the British fire. Only an occasional point of light, several miles away, tells you where they are in action; but nearer at hand, in the woods that lie below, German shells are bursting with strange effect. It seems to you as though some hurricane might be sweeping through the trees; yet, as a matter of fact, there is little wind. It is the destruction caused by the shells which suggests the effect of some furious gale. Trees, while you look downward, fall as though they had been struck by a wind-gust of abnormal strength. Gaps appear suddenly here and there, several trees that have stood together being snapped and torn asunder, while some of the shells, falling short of the wood, strike and throw up a great column of earth.

Away to your right, somewhere behind the woods, heavy clouds of smoke are rising into the clear air. You turn with a shouted inquiry to the pilot.

"Shells have set on fire some farm-buildings, I expect," he calls back. It is difficult, above the drone of the motor and the noise of the wind, to distinguish individual words; you have to catch the general sense of what your pilot says.

And now, watching this scene below, one remarkable fact is borne upon your mind—there is so little to be seen. Human agency appears to play so small a part in all this work of destruction. Beyond the few tiny shapes you saw just now, round one of the British guns, there is no figure that moves on this shell-swept countryside. Some long dark scars, cut across the earth near the fringe of the wood below, indicate the position of the advanced trenches of the British, while near the crown of the ridge opposite lie the positions the Germans are holding. But though you know there are many thousands of men within this comparatively small area, no sign of them is to be seen.



The infantry shelter in their trenches; the guns fire from cunningly hidden positions. All you can see is an occasional flash from the muzzle of a gun, the constant bursting of the smoke-clouds as the shells explode, and the ripping up of the trees in the woods.

You have flown on, rising steadily, and now you are looking down almost directly on the ridge where the German trenches lie. Suddenly your pilot, a trace of excitement in his face, points earthward. The trenches, which a moment before showed nothing to the eye, have now sprung to life. You are reminded, on the instant, of the sudden disturbance of an ant-heap. Tiny figures swarm into view, the whole ridge seems alive with them, and behind the trenches, under the shelter of the slope of the ridge, you can see them moving in columns.

"An attack coming off! Look!"

You hear your pilot's voice, but your eyes are riveted on the scene below. The ant-heap has been disturbed to some purpose. There is method, evidently, in the movement of these tiny shapes. Out from the trenches they swarm, forming neatly-defined columns; and as these columns pass down the slope of the ridge towards the trenches of the enemy, they spread out at the head and extend some distance right and left. The effect, when seen from your altitude, is decidedly curious. These columns do not appear like assemblages of men, each living unit distinct. They seem rather like some huge, creeping things that have awakened suddenly to life and are moving snake-like down the ridge; and, when the head of the monster appears to spread out as it advances, you are reminded irresistibly of some gigantic tadpole.

Down the slope the columns move. They are steady at first, and their progress seems irresistible, like that of some stream of water that is running downhill. But soon you note a hesitancy at the extended head of the columns. The smooth lines are broken, and they seem to change shape. Gaps appear here and there that are quickly filled, but the movement forward becomes fitful. And this you know is the effect of the British gunfire. A hail of lead, pitiless and never-ceasing, is sweeping across the open space that lies between the ridge and the British trenches near the wood.

Perceptibly slower now is the advance of the columns. The whole of the advanced line comes momentarily to a halt; then it is reinforced and thrust forward by the weight of the column behind. But the progress is slower, more irresolute, and soon there comes a halt that is longer than any of those before. The line wavers, but it surges forward again. Then it stops. Again comes the forward surge, but this time it spends itself almost immediately; and the next moment, with a rearward movement nothing can stay, the columns are pouring back towards their trenches.

"The fire they've been under was simply deadly; flesh and blood couldn't stand it," call your pilot.

You look down again. The retreating lines are pouring back into their trenches and flowing behind the shelter of the ridge. But marking the lines of their advance down the slope—like flotsam left on the beach when some big wave breaks and



ebbs—are rows and clusters of tiny motionless shapes. Some seem stretched in long lines, marking the farthestmost sweep of the human tide; others form little patches, here and there, against the green of the slope. But the horrors of war, when viewed from your altitude, seem strangely blurred and softened; and it is hard to realize that these insignificant dots scattered haphazard down the side of the slope, are the bodies of men who will not move again.

The German trenches are now behind, and your pilot, you observe is descending nearer earth, and is steering occasionally from side to side. He is on the look-out for the enemy's troops, for bodies of men marching to reinforce those who are already in the trenches. There are roads below. One or two of them show white and very clearly marked—main roads, evidently; others appear less distinct, and their course seems lost in places, and these are the lanes and branch roads. Away to your left is a cluster of roofs that denotes the presence of a village, while, rising above it, quick to catch the eye, is a church tower which, in the brokenness of its outline, you can see has suffered from artillery fire.

You pass high above a road, leaving the fighting-line farther behind. Ahead, this road turns sharply to the right and passes through a wood, its white track lost for a time to view. Your pilot is following the windings of this road; he thinks, evidently, that he may see troops upon it. And so you come above the wood.

Your ears have grown so accustomed now to the drone of the motor that you are scarcely conscious of it; the sound seems to mingle with the hum of the wind. And it is for this reason—the reason that your ears are able to select and register other noises above this constant, steady drone—that you detect suddenly, coming apparently from the earth below, a series of faint but quite clearly-heard sounds. It is a "pop-pop-pop"—very remote, but distinct, like the sound made by the crackling of wood when a fire is lighted. And hardly have you become aware of this sound, when you see that your pilot is

attracting your attention. He points quickly earthward; then you can feel by the motion of the aircraft that he is forcing it to rise.

Glancing down, you find you are looking directly upon the white strip of road as it enters the wood between a dense avenue of trees. A moment before, when you looked earthward, this road seemed completely deserted. But now, running out from beneath the trees on either hand, you observe a number of tiny figures, which show up black and distinct against the white of the road. They stand an instant motionless, then each little shape makes a movement that is unmistakable. The body is bent back, the arms rise, something is pointed skyward. Obviously they have raised rifles, so as to fire a volley. You comprehend these movements without emotion. The little figures seem too distant, too tiny and insignificant, to concern you in anything more than a casual way.

There comes again that "pop-pop-pop" like the crackling of wood. You look down. Clearly these little men are discharging their rifles, and it is equally obvious that they are firing at you.

The aircraft, meanwhile, is climbing at high speed.

And then, quite perceptibly, you feel a jar. It is slight, in itself not at all alarming. For some reason—you can hardly tell why—you look out along one of the main-planes. And when you do so, the reason becomes apparent for that sudden jar. Half-way along the lower plane, which presented a moment before a smooth, unbroken, tightly-stretched expanse of fabric, there are a number of jagged, untidy little holes—quite small, but very clearly seen. It is as though some mischievous person had come along with a pencil and driven deliberately a number of punctures in the wing. You look at these holes for a moment, uncomprehending. Aloft here, high above the earth, your mind seems somehow to work slowly and with labour; everything appears strange. Your thoughts are out of focus in some way, and need a constant adjustment. So you stare at these little holes, and, even as you stare, there is again that faint jar, several times repeated, that you felt before. Accompanying it, clearly apparent to your eyes—occurring, in fact, under your very gaze—there appear along the plane, only this time nearer the hull, several more of these tiny perforations. They come as though by magic. Nothing apparently causes them. One instant the fabric is clean, smooth, drum-tight, and the next you are looking at a ragged little hole not more than a couple of yards from you, with a tiny strip of fabric, at the rear edge of it, flapping back furiously in the rush of wind.

Then, as though some spring had been released, your minds works quickly. These are bullet-holes, of course—bullets fired by those insignificant little shapes in the road below; bullets that are rushing skyward, each a messenger of death, and stabbing the widespread planes of your machine. And they are drawing nearer to you, these punctures of the fabric—drawing nearer the hull.

Suddenly you hear an exclamation, and turn towards your pilot. He shrugs his shoulders when he sees that you are looking, and points towards the dashboard

just in front of him, on which his instruments are fixed.

"Bullet-hole," calls the pilot. "Too close to be pleasant. Went clean through one corner of the board and passed just in front of my face."

Again there comes that "pop-pop-pop" from the earth, but this time it is distinctly fainter, and there are no further jars or vibrations of your craft. Again it sounds, fainter still—scarcely audible, in fact. And now you hear your pilot's voice—

"They won't hit us again; we're climbing too fast. I never saw the beggars till they popped out of that wood."

Still you fly on, following the white road. You have begun to feel a strange drowsiness; your eyes are heavy, and you blink them constantly. Always drumming in your ears there is the steady, monotonous beat of the engine, and the equally monotonous song of the wind as it rushes past the wings, struts, and hull.

Suddenly, however, you are awakened to a new interest. The aircraft has swung to the right, its planes heeling perceptibly to the turn. This brings to your left the road below. Along its ribbon-like surface, and some distance ahead, your pilot is now pointing, and you guess, by the urgency of his gesture, that the discovery he has made must be one of importance. But when you locate the exact spot he is indicating, and look intently down, the spectacle that meets your eye conveys little to your mind. Above the surface of the road, extending away farther almost than you can see, hangs what appears to be a heavy white cloud of smoke. It does not seem to rise very high, lying thickly just above the surface of the road, and there does not seem to be enough wind—at any rate, near the ground—to cause it to drift. You look again, a thought coming into your mind, and you learn so that the pilot may hear your voice—

"A fire, isn't it? Grass or a hedge alight, perhaps, just by the side of the road."

By way of answer your pilot laughs; you can hear this laugh distinctly, and you feel a little hurt. Why should the fellow laugh? It must be a fire; there is the smoke. But now the aviator deigns to speak. Leaning so that you can see he is smiling—looking, in fact, very pleased with himself—he says—

"That's not smoke, though I'm not surprised at your making the mistake. It's a cloud of dust—thick, white, powdery dust, driven up off the surface of the dry road."

"But by what?" you ask.

The pilot's smile broadens.

"Troops," he answers. "By the feet of thousands of marching men, who're stifling down there in that dust-cloud, which they beat up themselves from the road and can't escape, while we're flying up above here in the pure air."

Again you look towards the long white cloud which shows so distinctly against the face of the land below. It has a new interest now, and you see something you had not observed before. The cloud is moving forward, creeping almost imperceptibly along the highway. When you peered down a little time before, the head of it was some distance from a red-roofed farm-house near the side of the road; but now it is level with this, and still creeping forward. Again you hear the airman's voice.

"We're in luck," he calls, "great luck! Below us, their eyes smarting in all that dust, is part of a German army corps. And away there to our right, along that other road"—he extends an arm—"is an-

other portion of the corps. They're advancing along parallel roads. And to their rear, almost out of sight, I can distinguish other dust-clouds, made by baggage trains and ammunition columns."

"Is this," you ask, "what we came to see?"

"It is," replies the airman cheerfully. "We've found enemy reinforcements; not all of them, perhaps, but a sufficiently large number for it to be worth while for us to fly straight back to headquarters and give them this information, and show the exact position of these troops, while the news is still fresh."

## Miracles in Motor Making

*Why Automobiles are Getting Cheaper all the Time*

**W**HY is it that automobile prices are falling so continuously and radically? How is it that motor plants can turn out more cars, with fewer men, charge less for them and make a larger profit? These questions are answered by Edward Mott Woolley in the course of an article in *McClure's Magazine*. He tells of "motor miracles" in graphic style as follows:

It is a composite romance, in which many automobile makers are playing roles to-day. The tales of Grimm and Andersen are no stranger than are these true stories of the factory, in which millions of dollars in expense vanish at the touch, and losses transform themselves grotesquely into profits. The weird things that are happening in the automobile plants offer seductive reading not only to people who drive cars, but to the tired business man who wonders how he is to meet rising costs. Of course in the automobile industry the immense demand for pleasure cars and commercial trucks makes it possible to put into effect methods that the small manufacturer could not follow *in toto*. Every man must decide for himself to what extent he can adapt the fundamentals of this new manufacturing.

The present article represents a first-hand study of many large automobile plants, including most conspicuously those in Detroit, the hub of the industry. In these factories I spent days, and sometimes nights, trying to solve the prestidigitators' arts at close range; and it is the purpose here to outline, in diction free from technique, the curious story of the automobile's descent in cost.

For the detail, we must use a microscope, as it were. It has been a microscopical romance, in which the magnifying glass of a new philosophy has shown up strange regions peopled by a million gnomes of the Waste underworld. Unseen by the owners of the factories, these swarming hobgoblins had grown fat out of the earnings.

Not only has the new philosophy of manufacturing thrown asphyxiating bombs into the camps of these destructive little devils, but it has cleared the way for a whole new army of figurative creatures whom we may call little wizards of production. In brief, the new philosophy does two things:

First, it cleans out waste in motion, time, space and material. Second, it invents mechanical ways of doing things anywhere from two to a hundred times faster. It has devised machines that really crowd a month into a day, and make one

The biplane wheels, her planes banked steeply, and you grip instinctively at the side of the hull. For a moment or so you are tilted at what appears—to you, at any rate—to be a very dangerous angle. The hull of the machine is all on one side, and you have the apprehension that, if you do not hold on tight, you may slip out and fall sheer towards a green field which, looking like a small colored pocket-handkerchief, happens to be immediately below. But then, with a smooth, swift movement, the aircraft straightens herself, and you are flying towards the British lines.

square foot of floor space equal many feet under the old régime.

The operation of the present philosophy is complicated as to detail, but simple enough as a whole. A machined motor casting, say, is ready to receive its fittings. Instead of going to an assembling bench it travels through the factory on a frame that runs on a track and is propelled slowly by mechanical power. At it travels, the motor picks up its parts. The men who put on these parts walk along with it for a few feet, each group delivering it to another group as it passes on into the next station. The speed varies from eight to fourteen feet a minute, or more, and each man does certain definite things to it as he moves along with it. All his motions are standardized. He doesn't walk around it at all, nor does he bend or twist or indulge in any movements unnecessarily. At each station the groups of assemblers find the parts waiting for them on benches or special trucks, and these parts themselves come largely by mechanical carries. Then at intervals, the growing motor comes to a group of inspectors, each of whom is a specialist and has designated parts to inspect. To oblige them, the motor turns over on its back almost automatically or submits itself meekly to mechanical testing apparatus.

These inspections have been made very rigid and frequent. It is largely in the inspections that the plant I cited has saved a million dollars a year from the junk heap. Formerly, many of the parts progressed far through the factory before imperfections were discovered. Thus, an axle forging may be slightly crooked, or scant in length. If this is discovered at the start, it can be straightened, or drawn a trifle, but after it has been drilled and tapped and that sort of thing the primary defect cannot be remedied and it goes to junk.

Like the motor, the body of the car is assembled while it travels, and so is the chassis. All are headed for the same ultimate factory exit, where they will meet, when the three are fully grown, and join forces.

The idea always is *motion* toward the shipping platform at a rate of speed that will bring the parts out on schedule time. During the time allowed for the journey through the shop, the parts must be made and completed. If a part arrives incomplete in any particular, it is easy to go back and fix the responsibility. Each group has been assigned a definite operation, you see. Or if any part is late for the final assembly, the trouble can be located quickly, and, if necessary, a whole new battery of inventions must be devised



to enable the necessary number of parts to be fed through the factory.

If, under this method, it is desired to increase production to meet the demands of the sales department, more men are put on and the speed of the conveyor is increased. If sales fall off, the conveyor is slowed down and men are laid off. It is possible to stretch the value of each square foot of floor space like a rubber band when business is crowding, and let it come back in dull times.

You may say that all this makes a machine of the workman, and perhaps it does; but at any rate it makes a far more efficient machine, adds enormously to the production of the factory, and gives him wages that he could not approach otherwise. The men who do this specialized work to-day are not the skilled mechanics capable of all-around work. This latter class still has large activities in the automobile factories, on work that calls for individual creative skill.

As this unheard-of speed in production began to develop, the old machine-tools in some of the departments could not eat up the work that came to them. If a farmer were to feed a thousand bushels of corn to a half a dozen pigs, he would choke them to death. So it came about that the engineers of the factories said to the owners:

"We must have planers and drills and other machine-tools that will keep up with the speed of our conveyors."

Then the owners, seeing the profit, put up the cash, and the engineers and machine-tool makers went to it. To-day you can see a drill that takes a set of cylinders and bores into it from four directions at once, though at first the makers of machine-tools said the thing couldn't be done. There are nineteen drills on top and a lot more on the sides and bottom. If you went from New York to Key West in five hours, you would be doing the sort of impossible thing that this four-way drill does right along.

These things you will find in many automobile plants that are turning out low-priced cars and high-priced ones. When you see such things, you have some understanding of the reason why automobiles are so cheap when most things are away up in the sky.

As you walk through the plants you see another kind of drill with sixty-seven cutters digging into sixty-seven holes at the same time. There are reamers that perform four operations at once on eighteen cylinder castings. As you stand and watch, along will come some heavy forging or casting fastened on a traveling rack that goes under one of these great machine-tools, and pauses. It doesn't have to be taken off the rack, for this itself is an accurate jig. It tips to one side to let the drills come down in the right place, and tips to the other side to receive some more drills. This done, it turns over, or tilts up on its head, or stands on its hind legs, while the mechanical surgeon saws, chips or slices away. Then it moves along to the next machine-tool, adjoining.

If you happen to be familiar with the old way of doing these operations, you can easily understand how five thousand men were dispensed with in one plant. One of these machines alone let out fourteen men. It cost several thousand dollars, but it increased production so tremendously that it paid for itself in a few weeks. In one plant the axles are machined six and a half times as fast as they were a year or two ago. In another plant the time required to machine a cylinder was eighty-three minutes, but this has been reduced to fifty minutes.

Most people who drive automobiles have occasion to know what the gears are; but you are not really acquainted with them until you see the long banks of gear-cutting machines that work with almost no attention and are so eager that when one of them finds itself nearing the end of a task it lights a red bulb and signals:

"I am almost out of a job. Please come quickly."

In another place you notice a power screwdriver that forces home sixteen screws in the time that you yourself might take to get your glasses astride your nose. One man formerly drove the sixteen screws separately. Near by is another machine that fastens sixteen nuts with one nice little whirl, and then takes sixteen more without a backache.

In those ancient days that lie back of 1912, the foundry men at one plant said they could not shake the sand out of the forms while hot; they left them to cool from four p.m. until next morning. But this would never do where other things were beginning to go like an automobile out of sight of a traffic inspector, so the engineers got up the apparatus and methods. The forms are now shaken out in fifty minutes from the time the mold is made. Here again we find the mechanical conveyors carrying the molds, which keep moving even while the molten metal is poured. And as to shoveling sand—certainly not! Belt conveyors, elevators and mechanical mixers attend to all that.

In those dark ages back around 1910, when only bankers could afford automobiles of high class, the factories used to assemble the cars unpainted. Then after the road trial, they would be washed and painted by hand. With all the painting and all the drying, it took two or three weeks.

Even two years ago the total drying time in one Detroit factory was forty-eight hours. But what was the use of all the scientific speed in the other departments if the cars were to pile up like that in the painting rooms? You see, as soon as one department really got going, the next department was snowed under so deeply that the engineers tore their hair out in chunks, so one of them told me,

until this next department could be gotten out of low speed. Finally, when they really got down to paint, the drying time was reduced from two days and two nights to two hours and forty minutes for all coats. The painting itself is now done by pneumatic spraying, and not with a brush. They will paint a wheel in a few seconds. Then the painted parts are kept moving slowly through the ovens on traveling fixtures, emerging automatically at the proper moment, dry and glossy. Next day they take a slide down a chute, or are suddenly grabbed by a hoist that yanks them up-stairs. In most of these factories you will see fresh-looking holes in the floors and ceilings. In those heydays for laborers when cars cost a year's income or more, you might have seen ten men carrying a chassis to an elevator, or half a dozen men trundling an auto body that lacked wheels. They usually took the longest way round. But now if a part is destined for below, Sir Isaac Newton and gravity take care of it. Sir Isaac works for almost nothing these days. In the last three years he has lopped millions of dollars off the price of cars. If, on the other hand, the part has to be hoisted through the hole in the ceiling, Isaac will still get a whack at it later on, because it will have to come down-stairs eventually. It will slide down.

Of course this all calls for strange lifting, lowering, turning and switching devices. You have to watch out for your head if you step off the path where you ought to be. You don't see anybody around, but things come swinging from nowhere, or jump at you from the floor. To complicate this situation a monorail car travels in curves on the ceiling, like a fly, and reaches down its spindling arms here and there to get things and yank them away. Every one of these devices eliminate from one to ten men. Each of them, too, represents an engineering study of the shortest distance between two places. These contrivances, most of them specially invented and built, put to shame the ordinary cumbersome way of handling things; and they set one to thinking about possibilities nearer home.

## Why Germany is Short of Food

*An Authoritative Review of Food Conditions in the Enemy Country*

**I**S Germany short of food? Reports in newspapers are continually appearing which hint at serious internal conditions and, although much of this can be discounted, it is impossible to brush it all aside as baseless. That there must be considerable truth in the newspaper talk is the conclusion one reaches after studying an article on "Germany's food supply," by W. J. Ashley in the *Quarterly Review* which is absolutely authoritative on all points. Mr. Ashley first deals with the cereal crops and meat production of Germany in past years and compares it with the official estimates of this year's crop. And his conclusion is:

Let us now turn to the future. During the second year of war Germany, in respect of bread, is going to be a little more comfortable, but not much. According to the official statements in the Reichstag in the middle of August, rye has yielded

'something less than a middling harvest.' But rye constitutes almost three-quarters of the home production of bread-corn. The wheat harvest was announced to be good, though the subsequent speakers were not enthusiastic. Having a shrewd suspicion of what was going to happen, the Government, when on July 23 it revised the maximum prices of corn for the coming year, was obliged to leave them at the old level, reducing them just a trifle in industrial regions and putting them up a trifle in the eastern provinces where the agrarians are strong. Rye prices were left 35 per cent. above their level in 1913; and rye bread, which fell somewhat, was still, at the date of my last information, the beginning of August, 40 per cent. above the pre-war year. But, relying on having the machinery of control already in working order, the Government has increased by one-eighth the allotment of flour to local authorities, so as to allow of supplementary bread-tickets being sold to laborers certified as engaged in heavy work.

There is now no prospect of assistance from Austria-Hungary. Early in the summer the newspapers of the Dual Monarchy vied with each other in cheerful reports of harvest prospects and talked of 'disposable surpluses.' In the middle of July the Hungarian Premier thought it necessary to warn the public against excessive estimates; according to his information 'the wheat harvest from the autumn sowing would be middling, from the spring sowing bad.' The official forecasts which have been issued every week or so have step by step reduced the figures. The actual figures of the last forecast are not yet obtainable in this country, but in all probability they bear out the rumor that, taking both halves of the monarchy together, 'wheat and rye are barely average crops.' The small improvement in the yield of wheat over 1914 has been taken advantage of to get rid of the compulsory admixture of maize which was very unpopular.

To return to Germany. The chief weakness of her agricultural situation lies now, as it has always lain, in the deficiency of fodder. And this year 'the expectation of an exceptionally large crop of hay has been falsified,' says a leading German paper; in fact, the supply is 'short and very dear.' As to oats, it is generally agreed that the crop has been 'an almost total failure'; and, in any case, most of the oats are requisitioned for the army. As to barley, reports run from 'good middling' down to 'a three-quarters crop'; the popular impression is of 'shortage.' The somewhat larger quantities of bran on the market, now that grain need not be milled quite so closely, bring but a slight relief. When the farmer seeks to fall back on foreign maize, he finds that, whereas he could buy it for 150 marks a ton in 1913, he is now asked from 500 to 600 marks a ton. This sufficiently explains the dead set made on the Rumanian Government recently by the newspapers. Even though Germany obligingly sent railway trucks to carry the maize home, the Rumanian Government ventured to charge a very heavy export duty (500 francs per wagon), and insisted that it should be paid in gold. Any more recent change in the policy of the Rumanian Government has apparently been in the direction of embargo.

The great decrease in the number of pigs and cattle during the spring of 1915 in consequence of the measures of the Government, coupled with the growing difficulty since in feeding those that were retained, sufficiently explains the remarkable shifting of the incidence of pressure which became visible in June and has become more marked ever since. At the very time when bread-stuffs and potatoes fell considerably in price, with the approach of the new harvest and the release of accumulated stores, animal and dairy products went up in just about the same proportion. At the end of August the retail prices of meat in Berlin had risen, above those at the same date a year before, 80 and 100 per cent. in the cases respectively of pork and bacon, and 43 per cent. in the case of beef. A comparison with London is rendered difficult by the fact that the habits of the people are not the same; the German eats relatively more pork, the Eng-

lishman more beef and mutton. Paying due regard to differences of this kind, the average rise in meat in London during that period works out at almost 33 per cent., to Berlin at almost 66 per cent.; in each case in working-class households. Butter and, strangely enough, even potatoes, according to the same official German returns, were each about 50 per cent. above what they had been a year before; in London the difference in each case was 20 per cent. 'Cows,' we are told by a high German authority, 'give not only less but poorer milk'; and there have been 'milk wars' all over the country between local authorities fixing maximum prices and the milk dealers and producers. So far the establishment of the new Imperial Fodder Office to take control of fodder supplies has made things no better; and the prophecy of Prof. Ballod, made so long ago as last June, that 'if the war lasted a year longer, Germany would probably be forced to reduce by one-half the consumption of meat and beer' looks like coming true.

How has the German nation borne itself during these first fourteen months of war? Have the universal patriotism, the spirit of self-sacrifice, in which their politicians proclaimed their superiority

been the cases of infringement of regulations by the bakers, that in a great city like Frankfurt the municipal court had to give up the whole of every Wednesday to such cases, until the Government conferred summary jurisdiction on the Public Prosecutors.

Not only has there been what a Conservative paper characterizes as "unbridled economic egoism" in all sorts of petty ways; the whole country has been torn by the sharp division of interests between the agricultural and industrial halves of the nation, represented by the Agricultural Council and the Municipal Congress; and the asperity of their mutual recriminations matches anything in the way of sectional antagonism that other countries have to be ashamed of. Pervading the industrial classes and represented by all the popular newspapers, there is the bitterest feeling of animosity and suspicion towards all kinds of producers or dealers in food. To them entirely is attributed the obstinate refusal of prices to fall to a comfortable level. The fears of monopoly, of the forestalling of the market, of the tricks of middlemen, which had some justification in the Middle Ages, have revived in all their medieval vigor, with the press to fan the flame.

There is, of course, plenty of selfishness at work; but beyond all doubt, the main cause of the rise of prices is the deficiency in supply. And it is the Government itself that is to blame for the popular exasperation. Taking its cue from the Eltzbacher pamphlet and similar advisers, it has announced, in the most positive way time after time, that the country has sufficient food for its needs. The obvious corollary for the man in the street, when prices began to be intolerable, was not that the blockade was making itself felt but that German villains were taking a wicked advantage of the public.

And here we pass to the last question: the competency of the Government. Before the war, I confess, I was a believer in the efficiency of the German bureaucracy and the practical utility of German economic and administrative science. But there are capable German critics of the Government who declare that it has been driven along, in spite of itself, by the force of circumstances; that it has never grasped a situation firmly with a well-thought-out policy, but lagged behind with belated measures and inadequate compromises. They assert that the bureaucracy has not only shown little knowledge of human nature; it has not even been reasonably well informed. And from such criticism it is difficult for a foreign observer to dissent.

As a result of the investigations of the explorer, R. J. Flaherty, it will be necessary to make new maps of Hudson Bay. He has conducted several expeditions to the Belcher Islands, which are shown on existing charts as two groups of small islands north of James Bay. He found that the largest island is over 100 miles long and that the total area of the chain is about 4,000 square miles. This will necessitate material alterations in our map.



The Carrier: "Der konsignment vos for you, Herr Johnathan—surplus stock from der supply dumped inter England."

to degenerate peoples like the English and French, displayed themselves conspicuously in everyday life? And, lastly, has their Government shown any peculiar keenness of insight, swiftness of judgment and ingenuity in the choice of means? I do not see how any one who has followed the course of events, as mirrored in the leading German papers and in the German parliamentary debates, can answer any of these questions in the affirmative. As to the people—the operation of the ordinary motives of personal self-interest has been just as evident as it could possibly have been in any other country. The measures of the Government have been constantly met by evasion and subterfuge of every description. Against its will it has been driven, time after time, from a policy of maximum prices to a policy of state monopoly, merely because the peasants would not bring their stuff to market. The quite unnecessary scare about potatoes in the early spring, with its unfortunate consequences, was brought about simply by the cunning of the peasants in concealing their stocks. Even the regulations about bread have been far from meeting with ungrudging obedience. So numerous have



## Speeding the Silver Bullets

*The Work That the New Chancellor Has Done*

ONE of the hardest tasks that any man has ever been called upon to handle was that which fell to the Hon. Reginald McKenna when Lloyd-George left the Chancellery of the Exchequer to assume the burden of munitions production. It is now universally conceded that in the production of "silver bullets," the new chancellor has done most remarkably well; but the real test is still ahead. Lewis R. Freeman tells the story of McKenna's masterly handling of the financial question in readable style in *The American Review of Reviews*. He says in part:

Britain's first financial measure, like her military, were calculated only to tide over the chaos which followed the outbreak of hostilities. The war would be over by Christmas, so most members of the government appeared to think; and definite plans for defraying its cost could be taken up in the piping times of peace to follow, when men and nations had regained their proper perspective. Increased taxes were imposed on tea, tobacco, spirits, and a few other things; but the main dependence was placed upon a loan of \$1,750,000,000 raised in the early winter.

Even by springtime the grim reality of the war, which was gripping the other belligerents by the throat, had been so little felt in England that the government was still in a temporizing mood when another budget was presented in May. Even Lloyd George, clear-sighted as he had proved himself to be in forecasting the need of munitions, was reluctant to grasp the nettle firmly by imposing fresh taxes. There was a chance of peace by fall, it was urged at this time, and it would be wisest to tide over the interval with another loan.

Almost immediately following the presentation of his May budget, Lloyd George was transferred to the new Ministry of Munitions; and the task not only of raising the new war loan but of finally facing the long-deferred taxation problem as well, fell to Mr. McKenna, who, in spite of a rather troublous tenure of the Home Secretaryship, was deemed the best man available for the vacated portfolio. How fortunate an appointment it was probably very few even of the new Chancellor's greatest admirers realized at the time.

The work of raising the new war loan—amounting though it did to more than \$3,000,000,000—was a simple one compared to the fixing of the new taxes. Britons of the present generation have been loaning or investing money all their lives, the most striking evidence of which perhaps is the fact that \$20,000,000,000 worth of foreign securities are estimated to be held by the canny inhabitants of the tight little island. It was not necessary to "stage" the loan by a long interval of public preparation as has always been done in Germany, and was, to a certain degree, done in the case of the flotation of the recent Anglo-French loan in the United States.

The mere announcement that during a couple of the early weeks of July unlimited subscriptions to a loan to bear the unprecedented interest of 4½ per cent. would be received was sufficient.

With a careless gesture the British moneyed interests,—mostly banks and insurance companies—coolly tossed \$2,900,000,000 into the war hat and went on about their business, while the general public—stimulated by a well-planned poster campaign—brought the total up to and beyond even figures by buying vouchers ranging in amounts from \$1.25 to \$25. "This beats the old Consols all hollow," everyone said, and intimated that there was plenty more money to be had when further need should arise. What up to that time was the greatest loan in history was floated with less effort and excitement than those accompanying the opening of the subscription list of a wild-cat company in an Oklahoma or California oil boom. It was a remarkable financial achievement.

### JOHN BULL FINALLY "TAKES HIS BIT"

But in spite of the ease with which it now seemed probable that the money to finance the war for an indefinite period could be raised, there was a growing feeling in England that the time had come to "pay." Something of the magnitude of the work ahead had at last begun to come home to the British people. Men no longer spoke of "the end of the war" as something the date for which could be definitely or even approximately fixed, but rather as an eventuation of the dim and distant future, like the millennium. A "war consciousness," and with it a commensurate "war responsibility," was developing. "We can't leave it all to be shouldered by posterity," men began saying. "We've got to take our own bit, and no time will be so favorable for taxation as the years of abnormal prosperity during and immediately following the war itself. Slap on your taxes. We're ready for them. Only distribute them fairly over all classes and we won't complain."

To allot equitably the burden of a greatly augmented taxation—that, in a word, was the apparently simple but really incalculably complex task which was set for Mr. McKenna.

To distribute the taxes fairly was a sufficiently difficult problem in itself; to persuade a jealous and highly self-conscious working class, which was already breaking or threatening to break into incipient strikes on the most trivial pretexts, that it was a fair distribution seemed almost too much to hope for. Moreover, the striking changes which had taken place in England during the fourteen months of the war made it imperative that the new taxes should endeavor to accomplish certain economic as well as financial ends. A brief explanation of what these changes were will help to an understanding of the problem which confronted the new Chancellor of the Exchequer.

One of the immediate effects of the war was a great improvement in the condition of the English workers of all classes. Unemployment—the insidious cancer that had been eating deeper and deeper toward the heart of the British social system for years—was put an end to almost in a night. There was an immense deal more work to do, and, with the recruiting of between two and three million soldiers, fewer hands to do it. The organ-grinder and the vender of useless trinkets disappeared from the streets. Boys and women took the place of men. Girls, those of boys and women. The almshouses poured

out all in possession of their working faculties; men and women of leisure turned their hands to "war work," and still the supply was short.

Then wages began advancing. Unskilled workers received two and three times as much as they had been able to command before the war; artisans from three to four times as much. The consequence of this was that the greater part of the workers of England were earning more, and, in spite of the considerably increased cost of living, had more to spend, than ever in their lives before. That they should spend, and spend freely, was naturally to be expected; nor was it entirely undesirable that a certain amount of their earnings should go into circulation again in the purchase of domestic products. Unfortunately the main drift of the new spending was not for better food and more comfortable quarters, badly as these were needed in most instances, but for luxuries, and foreign luxuries at that.

The chirp of the cuckoo clock began echoing in the tenements of Newcastle and Birmingham; the coster maid of Shore-ditch added another six inches to her inevitable ostrich plume; the cinema theatres—95 per cent. of whose films came from California—were packed to suffocation, and the whine of the American-made phonograph was heard from Land's End to John o' Groat. Also, there came to be seen in startlingly increasing numbers American motor-cycles and what the ultra-patriotic British is won't to call "the cheap Yankee automobile."

There was no complaint regarding the quality of these goods, but there was, and very justly, an outcry against the purchase of unnecessary foreign articles at a time when the curtailment of British manufacture for export conspired with the rapidly increasing purchases of munitions in America to create a tremendous trade balance against England. That this trouble was actual as well as apparent was evident from the trade returns covering the first year of the war, which showed that the importation of foreign luxuries was much greater than during the previous year of peace. The demand, therefore, was that the new taxes should, besides increasing the current revenue as much as possible, aim also to restrict the consumption of foreign luxuries at a time when the American exchange was daily sagging lower and lower as a consequence of the mounting trade balance against Great Britain.

With these ends in view Mr. McKenna, in the intervals of dispensing the money from the latest war loan at a rate which rose from \$15,000,000 a day in the early part of July to \$20,000,000 a day a couple of months later, figured and consulted, and figured and consulted, until the end of September, the country meanwhile bracing itself to take up the new burden as a stout-hearted pack-horse stiffens his knees against a further addition to an already heavy burden. "We've asked to be taxed," the people said; "and we're ready to put up with whatever is necessary. Only please hurry up and let us know the worst as soon as you can." The Chancellor announced that the budget would be ready to present to Parliament shortly after it assembled in the middle of September.

The scant 120 seats in the little visitors' gallery of the House of Commons were applied for many times over for the afternoon on which the budget was to be read, and as far as possible these were allotted to those most vitally interested in the measures in hand. Most of the great financial

and industrial kings of Britain fidgeted on the narrow benches, and the majority of these, with budget speeches of the past in mind, had made arrangements to have tea, and dinner, and even supper served them in the House. Several had prepared to stick it out on chocolate so as not to miss even a quarter of an hour of the fateful pronouncement.

"Question Time,"—the hour in which the humble M.P. is allowed to prove his devotion to his constituents by "heckling" the mighty cabinet minister—passed off perfunctorily, and about four o'clock a well-set-up, middle-sized man with a bald head, a clear eye and a distinctly pleasant face stood up by the long centre table and began to talk. Now he spoke of shillings and pence, and even farthings; again of millions, and hundreds of millions and—once or twice—of thousands of millions of pounds. Now he was explanatory, now expository, now calculative; never was he oratorical. His eloquence—for eloquence of a kind there was—found expression in figures of estimate rather than figures of speech. For seventy-five minutes he spoke—marshalling facts and figures and their corollaries—and then sat down. Thus did Mr. McKenna present the epochal war budget of the fall of 1915.

Former Chancellors of the Exchequer had always talked for an hour or two or three before getting down to business, and a number of distinguished bankers, not unnaturally anticipating an even longer period of "firstlies" and "secondlies" on this momentous occasion, did not arrive at the House of Commons until after Mr. McKenna had finished his speech. Those who were on hand changed from an attitude of perfunctory attention to one of active interest at the Chancellor's first words, and followed him closely to the end. Now the twitch of a "mutton chop" whisker—the invariable insignia of the old-school British banker—told of a jaw muscle that had been sharply flexed as the new income tax rate was read, or a pucker of perturbation appeared in a beetling brow as a manufacturer saw his swelling "war profits" cut in half at one fell swoop; but for the most part they "stood the gaff" like the game old patriots they were. Indeed, the expressions on the faces of these giants of British finance and industry after the reading of the budget reminded me very strongly of the advertising poster of a Western dentist, on which, under the grinning countenance of a pleased patient, was the legend, "It didn't hurt a bit. I'm coming back to Dr. — again."

The extent of the "taxability" of Great Britain—the proportion of its war expenses the country can pay out of current revenue—it is very difficult to approximate, largely because of the fact that this limit will be raised indefinitely as a complete realization of their responsibilities awakens in the British people a will to produce and save. Perhaps the most authoritative statement that has been made in this connection is that of Prof. W. R. Scott, the distinguished president of the British Association. "It is altogether probable," said Professor Scott in addressing a recent gathering of economists at Manchester, "that Great Britain could finance indefinitely a war costing not over one billion pounds a year. The governing condition of this, however, would be that the country put its back into it and worked a good deal harder than in time of peace. We could probably raise by taxation 400,000,000 pounds with the national income as it is just now. We could save, if we really set ourselves to it, an additional 400,000,000 pounds. But

supposing the country worked harder and saved more, and suppose besides private public economy were exercised, then we come within sight of bridging over the gap between 800,000,000 pounds and the 1,000,000,000 wanted. Therefore, the things to strive for are increased economy, both public and private, and increased production."

The raising of such a sum would, however, represent pretty nearly Britain's maximum effort, and of the régime of public and private economy which must prepare the way for it there is as yet only too little evidence. Nearly everyone, it is true—except those workers alluded to whose expenditures have increased with their wages since the outbreak of the war—is spending less than in peace times. But both public and private economies, for the most part, are more or less sporadic and misdirected, like that of the noble lady who wrote to a London paper to announce proudly that she had opened her savings campaign by striking all meats off the menu of her servants' hall. There is a good deal of legitimate complaint on the score of public extravagance. One sees no end of street and other work going on that could well wait until after the war. Perhaps the last straw of this kind was the recent regilding of that gingerbeard atrocity called the Albert Memorial, a pre-tentious but artistically unspeakable monument erected at the instance of the

late Queen Victoria in honor of the amiable but colorless German Prince whom she had taken as her Royal Consort.

The awakening "war consciousness," to which I have alluded as operating to make the British people ready to take up the burden of increased taxation, will also operate to make them eager and willing to follow a strong lead on the score of personal saving. But that lead they must have, and it must be introduced by a drastic campaign of public saving to set an example.

The foregoing will give some idea of the difficulties which have beset the new Chancellor of the Exchequer in performing the task which was thrust upon him of maintaining the bombardment of "the silver bullet." The fact that he is gaining in prestige with every week that passes is, perhaps, the best evidence of how well he is succeeding with it. It was Mr. Asquith, I believe, who said that the country which could throw the last hundred million pounds onto the war scale would be the victor. Judging from the effectiveness of his first tentative tosses, there seems good reason to believe that the mighty honor of raising and throwing the decisive sum into the teetering war balance will fall to the keen, quiet, resourceful McKenna, the man who has been content to let others do the talking while he gave expression to his energies in acts instead of words.

## Do You Believe in Ghosts?

*Weighing the Pros and Cons of Psychic Research*

**L**OTS of men of vigorous and profound mentality have believed in a spirit world and the possibility of establishing a connection with it; for which reason, questions psychic and telepathic are given a more or less serious consideration by the world in general. Bailey Millard contributes an interesting article on this much-debated topic in *Illustrated World*:

Did you ever see a ghost? If so, are you sure that you actually beheld the apparition, or are you willing to attribute it to some temporary mental aberration due to illness or to some other causes? Did the ghost appear shortly after the death of some distant friend or relative, and was that appearance the first intimation you had had of the person's death?

That such wraiths do appear in just this way is the popular belief. One friend of mine told me the other day that last year she was lying on a lounge in her room, when she heard the doorbell ring and the maid ushering in a visitor, who came upstairs accompanied by her husband. Preceding them up the stairs came her brother, who entered the room, smiled at her, and went out.

"Where did Will go?" she asked her husband.

"Will!" he repeated, looking at her blankly. "He isn't here. He's in Philadelphia. Be quiet, dear."

"Why, yes, he is—he's around somewhere," she insisted. "He was in this room a minute ago."

"I guess he was," concluded the husband. And then he told her that he had a telegram in his pocket announcing the serious illness of the absent brother. Within an hour he received another message telling of Will's death.

These things are happening all the while. Sometimes they are well authenticated by documentary proof, showing that they are not mere post-mortem yarns. A Baltimore woman was recently sitting in her room sewing, when she distinctly saw her niece fall over the balcony of her father's house in Washington and drop in a heap on the ground. A moment later, the niece appeared in the room and bade her aunt good-by.

So much impressed was the aunt by this vision, that she immediately wrote to her brother, the girl's father, in Washington, describing her vision.

The apparition proved true. The same evening, the writer of the letter received a telegram from her brother announcing the death of his daughter in the manner described. Now are these things to be set down as coincidence, real telepathic vision, or to what are they to be attributed?

The phenomena of apparitions of this sort have been studied by psychical societies and individual investigators on both sides of the Atlantic for many years. The most exhaustive investigation of this order was that made by the London Society for Psychical Research which undertook to round up everybody in the British Isles who had seen such apparitions and to get their testimony.

What were the conclusions of the society after hearing all these ghost stories? Simply this: "Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists that is not due to chance." Well, that is a negative conclusion, but it is something.

So much for ghosts as such, for they raise the next problem in the field of the occult—the problem of telepathy, or thought transference from one mind to another without means of communication.



The telepathic hypothesis is brought to bear upon these apparitions by scientific observers, and in many cases it has been concluded that visions have been produced in this manner. But about telepathy itself—upon what does it rest? Has it been clearly proved?

The London Society collected telepathic testimony from far and near. Some of the evidence given was from scientific men. John Muir, the American naturalist, afforded an example that was very convincing. He told me the story of it himself not long before his death last winter, and he said that it had convinced him that there was something in telepathy.

"One day," he related to me, "I was sitting up on the top of the North Dome of Yosemite, when there came to me a strong flash of intelligence concerning Professor J. D. Butler, my old Latin teacher at the University of Wisconsin. I had not heard from Butler for years, but I was now fully persuaded that he was just entering the valley below, which was the fact."

Butler was thinking of Muir, whom he hoped to find in the valley, and Muir's susceptible and highly receptive mind caught the message on that mountain top.

"I sprang up," said Muir, "and started down toward the hotel, four or five miles distant, but thought it impossible to get there until late, and not wishing to disturb my friend, I waited until morning, when I went down, found Butler's name on the register, and was told that he had gone up to Vernal Falls. I followed up the trail and met him on top of Liberty Cap."

When the London and American Societies experimented further on their own account, in diagrams, words, and figures to be drawn or guessed by a percipient, many failures resulted, but the successes were said to be beyond coincidental probability. The London Society therefore accepted the telepathic hypothesis. Many of the members of the American Society also accepted it, but Dr. J. H. Hyslop, its organizer and long-time secretary, declared that such a conclusion was unethical. The phenomenon, he held, was referable to spirits only, and he declared that there was no scientific evidence that thought had ever been conveyed directly from one human mind to another.

While it is true that most stage "mind-reading" is based chiefly upon deception either by code or confederate, what may be said of this story related to me by a young woman known among psychic folk as a very good percipient, who was asked to substitute for a mind-reader in a vaudeville performance in New York?

"I rehearsed the code," she told me, "and thought I had it well in mind. But after a dozen questions had been asked me by my employer who went about amid a packed audience, getting suggestions for me to answer, he suddenly wheeled about toward me and said:

"This gentleman wants you to play a certain piece of music that he has in mind. Can you do it?"

"Quickly and in a half-dazed way, I ran the question over in my mind and tried to apply code to it. It afforded no cue whatever. I couldn't possibly make it fit. So you can imagine my feelings when I got started for the piano, led by an assistant, for I was blind-folded. But as I took a few steps the first bars of 'Hearts and Flowers' came vividly to my mind. I sat down at the instrument and played the piece, and when the man who had asked for it said I was right and the audience applauded vigorously, I knew that I had

done a real bit of mind-reading. After that I had no trouble. The code worked perfectly throughout my work."

Then there is the matter of spirits. Dr. Hyslop of the American Society admits that the communications of spirit mediums contain much that is incoherent and even absurd; but he says, "Spirits explain types of phenomena, whether the proof be adequate or not."

But President Kellogg of the Metropolitan Society of New York solemnly declares: "I have searched for over twenty years for an honest medium, and I am still searching. The so-called phenomena produced by spirits I have proved to be merely the result of trickery. Hermann would have made one of the best mediums in the world. For years our society has offered five thousand dollars to any medium to whom a spirit will correctly convey the number of oranges we will place upon a table behind the medium's back. The Fox sisters, the mothers of spiritism, confessed that they were fakirs from childhood. Blavatsky confessed to her peculiar tricks in the 'occult.' Palladini, Pepper, and others have been fully exposed. As for Mrs. Piper, I do not consider her an honest medium, because she purposely makes her utterances so vague that they can be interpreted in a variety of ways. I say to all enquirers after the psychic, if you have any cobwebs of that sort in your brain, brush them out."

Then there is another division in the field of occultism. Suppose you wanted to dig a well but were uncertain where to find water. Would you dig in any convenient place, or would you call in a dowser or water wizard?

The London Society has gathered stacks of testimony to prove that certain persons have the power to find water by divining rods, generally green willow twigs, but sometimes made of metal. Veins of mineral have also been located in this

manner. These phenomena are vouched for by the presidents of geological societies as well as other scientists.

The power by which they are produced has not been explained, but the theory most generally favored is that of W. F. Barrett, who thinks that the phenomena may be ascribed to motor-automatism. The rod is bent by a reflex action excited by some stimulus upon the dowser's mind, which may be either "a subconscious suggestion or an actual impression, obscure in its nature, from an external object." But what still leaves large room for doubt as to this occult power of the dowser is the fact that his indications often are fallacious and no water or mineral is found. Science repudiates the idea that there is any connection or influence conceded, that in most cases the rod dips without intention or deception on the part of the dowser.

The study of the source of the divining power forms a large part of psychical research to-day. Up to the present moment, it is absolutely inexplicable. As to spiritistic phenomena, after all the exposures of chicanery and charlatanry, we may justly conclude that the burden of proof remains against them. But what are we to say when the cool, calculating investigator, as in the case of Dr. Hyslop, after years of research, turns from judge to counsel? This certainly seems a great triumph for spiritism.

And what of it all? What conclusion are we to draw from this confusion of results?

I pretend to no great authority on these matters, for frankly I am a layman in the realm of the occult. I do say this—much of it is fraud and chicanery; I will add that some of it is not. That smaller portion consists of phenomena not explicable as yet by "hard-headed common sense," and so it behooves the discreet man to reserve judgment. That is all we can say now—wait and see.

## The New French Premier

*An Intimate Sketch of Aristide Briand*

**A**N admirable sketch, or at least a series of views and opinions linked together in coherent order, of the new French Premier, Aristide Briand, appears in *Current Opinion*. As much depends on Briand from the allied point of view, it is doubly interesting to learn what manner of man he is.

No other living statesman has the genius of Aristide Briand in disclosing himself intimately to his countrymen; and that, thinks the *London News*, accounts for the swiftness of his rise, the facility of his unexampled success in life. Not so long ago he dwelt in a cheap flat on one of the back streets of Montmartre. To-day he is Premier once more. A dozen anecdotes bring the man before us, afford glimpses into his soul. Consider, says our British contemporary, that visit to the poor in the almshouse at Marseilles. Only Aristide Briand would have known how to comfort that aged dame with a sore palate. She had just lost the one thing in the world left her to love—a dog. In an agony of grief the old woman tried to kill herself. Briand knew just what to say. Her feeling for the animal was noble, he told her. It demonstrated that capacity for affection which the true woman ex-

pends upon a mouse or a tree when it finds no other object. M. Briand avowed his own passion for dogs, for all animals. He understood, therefore, Nevertheless, dogs cannot live long. Fifteen years will make the liveliest of them venerable. We must look forward with philosophy to the end. When death overtakes the pet, there is still surcease of sorrow. We can transfer our love to a pup. Whereupon M. Briand had the prefect send a pup to the sick old woman.

M. Briand is always doing something like this. No one was ever more human. Some character sketches attribute this to his peasant origin; but the *Matin* has looked into the matter and finds him a bourgeois. His father was comfortably situated after a career in business at Mantes and no difficulty was found in educating Aristide for the bar. He had from his early youth what the French call the flux of words. He thought of becoming a novelist, like Balzac, whose works he devoured when young. He had the literary gift without the literary temperament. He was a man of words but he was likewise a man of action. The combination is unusual in France, the Paris daily fears. It explains everything in the career of Briand, his rise from obscurity to prominence in "Tout-Paris."

Rare ability and exceptional opportunity, then, as the French newspapers explain this character, do not alone account for Briand. He acts always on the theory of "nothing venture, nothing gain." He will risk his whole career upon a single throw, as everyone noticed when he faced the trade unions in the course of the railway strike and terminated a great political crisis. It is essentially characteristic of him that he employs the most reckless chauffeurs. He has been in many a collision on the road. The French like that sort of thing. They see in it the boldness, the willingness to "cut things fine," which Briand professes quite openly. He is ready to expose his soul to an admiring world, as the *Figaro*, his one-time foe, has said of him.

Oratory alone has not made Briand politically, according to the Paris *Humanité*—the Socialist organ he did so much to establish only to find in it later his severest critic. Briand, as even the hostile *Gaulois* admits, is the most dazzling orator in France. He has more imagination than Viviani, another supreme master of the spoken word, and he displays more sincerity than Clemenceau, who is satiric. He has, besides, an inexpressibly graceful gesture. He never pounds the tribune. He walks towards it naturally, too, a thing poor Delcassé never could do. There is a great deal in this detail to the French deputies, and many a speech has been wrecked by some epigram manufactured by the malicious as a speaker proceeded from his seat to the fatal elevation. Briand takes the walk beautifully.

Although the speeches of Briand are tremendous in their delivery because his voice sends them home, they read like a poet's prose, and the *Débats* has said sarcastic things about them. Mr. Briand has told the deputies in the solemn manner he assumes at just the right time that he believes in God; but the French daily wonders how that can be. The clerical dailies insist that he is an atheist. He has certainly read Voltaire with gusto, and when he was a journalist his style was supposed to betray that fact too often. But he has always refrained from the mockery of Roman Catholic dogmas of which even some anticlericals in the chamber have been fond. He put through the administrative measures entailed by the separation of Church and State without once coming into collision with the Archbishop. Combes, fiercely anticlerical as Premier, never understood that. Briand was in a way a pupil of his and Combes regarded with suspicion the politeness of the rising statesman to monks and nuns. Combes wanted the police to break into the House of the Good Shepherd. Briand would not entertain the suggestion. Combes wanted the crucifixes taken out of the court-houses in a symbolically ceremonial fashion, with speeches and quotations relative to the emancipation of the human spirit from the bonds of superstition. Briand laughed in the face of his former chief and had the religious emblems taken down in the night without ado.

Briand has proved no less tactful with "high finance." He always took care to have the *Temps* denounce him at the right time. A born journalist as well as a born orator, he was at pains in every crisis of his career to do what the *Débats* and the *Gaulois* would find fault with. That was most important at a time when the radicals were denouncing his treason to that militant socialism he loved in his unregenerate days, when he was calling for a

distribution of the property of the rich among the poor and urging the toilers to rise in bloody insurrection. He did it in a roar, pointing an impressive finger heavenward. Nowadays he points at his opponent in debate without looking at that opponent. It is quite an expedient, admits the *Gaulois*, and has won over some doubtful deputies in a close division! Nobody in France "points the finger" so effectively as Briand, and all French statesmen want to point the finger effectively.

You will not find the name of Briand among the list of stockholders in enterprises that have to be investigated by "commissions." He keeps out of the investments known as "political," just as he keeps away from dinners, at which bishops are asked to speak. With rare dissimulation as one Paris paper says, with true repulcan simplicity as his Paris organ tells us, Briand has not adopted the luxurious mode of life with the rise in his fortunes. Clemenceau, one story runs, will not stay in a room while Briand is smoking there, the Premier's cigars being of the cheap and nasty kind. He fell into the habit of using bad tobacco when he was an editorial writer on the *Lanterne*. He is also prone to the use of a wretched, thin claret. He lacks all gastronomic artistry and can not, it is said, even dress a salad. He shows no trace of the indigestion rumored to torture Poincaré.

Briand is said by the correspondent of the London *Chronicle* to stand the years and the strain with glory. He is getting gray. The hair has grown thin. The plumpness of the figure which once adorned his height has been succeeded by emaciation. There is a suggestion of hollow cheek and even of red if not faded eye. But the voice is more exquisite than ever. There is the old unassumed elegance of aspect. The nails are well mani-

cured, as anyone could see when he held up his forefinger to the deputies. War has intensified the solemnity of the face, the depth of the tone. The hair just above the ear has seemed to whiten in spots. The lips are compressed and the lines of the jaw, once rounded out of prominence, have reasserted themselves. The war has done to this man what it has done to Poincaré himself, to the Kaiser even—extinguished a certain lightness and freshness, imparted a touch of the stern, lent that look of energy which proclaims how unsparingly all the reserves of strength are drawn upon for a supreme need. Only Clemenceau, among the great French statesmen has made an epigram since the war began—and the *Homme enchaîné* was suppressed for it. Briand has turned his eloquence in the direction of eulogy. His speeches over some of the fallen will live long as specimens of a type of eloquence to which the French have always been partial—the funeral oration. He looks a mournful figure in the black cloak he carries to these obsequies, but he makes them inspiring.

Briand is noted for his capacity to sleep anywhere, like Napoleon. It is another survival from his journalist days, when he wrote about "passionate crimes" for the more radical papers of Paris, and exposed the financial irregularities of deputies in the chamber. He still nibbles rather than eats, and looks over a newspaper while doing so. His luncheon is often brought in to him at the ministry from the neighboring restaurants. When Poincaré was Premier the dishes had to be covered. Briand is quite careless in such matters. The waiter returned once in two hours and found the food untasted. "I declare," said Briand, looking up with the greatest astonishment. "I thought I had eaten it."

## Why Peace Would be Disastrous

*An Answer to the "Peace at Any Price" Zealots*

AMERICAN writers have gone to some pains to set the "Peace at any price zealots" right. Perhaps the most concise and clearest exposition of the reasons why peace now would be disastrous to the world at large is found in the editorial columns of *World's Work*. Let us quote:

Mr. Ford's idea of stopping war is the simple one of persuading the belligerents to lay down their arms at present. As paradoxical as it may seem, this is one of the best ways of insuring wars for the future, for if the war stopped now the German Government, which started the war, could make out a fair case to prove that starting a war is a profitable business. Up to the present time the German people have had every reason to believe this. Prussia and Austria started a little war against Denmark in 1864. The Germans were ready and the Danes were not, so Prussia and Austria got two very valuable provinces at small cost. Two years later Prussia carried out a short, cheap and highly profitable military venture against Austria. Four years later Prussia engineered a similar undertaking against France. It was comparatively cheap and it, too, was highly profitable.

If the Teutonic allies could bring the present struggle to a successful close now before the expense of the undertaking

becomes prohibitive, they would furnish conclusive proof that planning and fighting wars is a profitable national industry.

Mr. Ford has unwittingly set out with the best motives in the world to do his little part to help the Germans in this undertaking.

Most of the rest of the civilized world is doing its best to demonstrate to the Germans that starting war is a losing business, and incidentally that it does not pay to indulge in emperors with inordinate ambition and a privileged military caste.

The case of civilization can be won only when the German people (and incidentally any others that may need convincing) are convinced that fighting for the world is not the way to get it. The cost of conducting this case is the most frightful account against mankind in all history, yet despite this it is better to finish the case at all hazards, now that it is begun, rather than give it up and have it tried anew at some future time.

But even if the case for civilization is proved and the Germans are convinced that making war (even if one does it better than any one else) is not profitable or wise, it does not follow that there will be no more wars. It means only that the particular menace of the Kaiser's belief in war and the German people's belief in the Kaiser is over. It might mean that the forces of democracy in other autocratic countries would be so strengthened



as to make preparations for aggression harder and, therefore, war less likely.

But even if the whole world were democratized, history seems to indicate that

there would still be wars, less calculated and cold-blooded perhaps, probably fewer and less far-reaching, but still almost certainly wars.

## Interesting the Child Mind

### *Methods of Finding Instructive Employment for Children*

MUCH careful study is now being given to the questions arising out of the training of children. An interesting article on ways of finding instructive employment for little hands and minds is contributed by Mrs. Louise Hogan to *Good Housekeeping Magazine*. It reads in part as follows:

Mothers, who were the earliest and should be the best teachers, long ago found out that the happiest child is the busy one. They discovered also that to keep him busy he must be interested in the thing he is doing. To interest him, he must be given something to do which he understands and thinks is worth while, and which he sees he can finish in a short time. Such work has an important place in education, especially in home education, for it influences the development of the child's thought, his emotional life, and his character. The child is naturally a worker and an investigator. If he is not taught constructive work and play, he will destroy ruthlessly, taking apart such things as interest him to find out "why the wheels go round." By utilizing this desire to investigate, we can educate him to find out, through constructive instead of destructive processes, the things he wants to know. It is in this that the mother needs co-operation from toy-makers and toy-sellers and from those who furnish educational materials for little fingers to use.

The inventive mother will do a great deal of her own constructive planning for the development of her nursery brood. She will visit the kindergarten-shops, the toy-shops, and all the places where the wonderful and much-heralded constructive materials and tools are shown to the purchasing public. But, more than this, she will select for herself such materials as she believes are suited to her own experiences, and then will work out her own plans in accordance with the individual development and requirements of her children.

Any mother may safely depend upon the work advocated by kindergartens, Montessori schools, and schools for individual instruction for the intelligent guidance of her children's minds and the occupation of their busy minds at home. Then there are books on the subject to be read—such as the one which Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley, of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, have written as a guide for the grade teacher, the mother and the settlement worker. It is called "Occupations for Little Fingers," and is dedicated to "the many little people who will find joy through expression."

The instinct to create is a divine instinct and will last as long as man. Froebel realized this and provided for the natural activity of the child. He turned this activity into channels that develop the head, the heart, and the hand through the intelligent use of the child's gifts, occupations, songs, and plays. So definitely has he set down his ideas that the mother who studies them can keep her child happily busy, while all

unconsciously he develops his faculties by working out his crude ideas through the use of kindergarten materials and learns to express himself with his hands. Children need no longer cry, "What shall I do?" if mothers will provide them with these entrancing occupations and allow them to increase at one and the same time their happiness and their capabilities.

The occupations best fitted for little children in the home, those which can be conducted with some success by a person untrained or self-trained in kindergarten work, are, according to Nora Smith, in "The Kindergarten in a Nutshell," sewing, drawing, painting, weaving, cutting, folding, peas-work, clay-modeling, bead-stringing and chain-making. Bead-stringing, chain-making, and clay-modeling, as well as the sand-pile, are suitable for the merest babies, but the beads used must be the large, wooden, kindergarten beads with big holes; a stout cord, wire, or shoe-string should be used for stringing them. Chain-making is merely the pasting together in link form of strips of colored paper. Clay-modeling is the most valuable art-material the kindergarten holds and is ideal work for little children. There is no strain on eyes or fingers, the clay is easily handled, is pleasant to the touch, responsive to the child's fancy, and is adapted to the making of many objects of infantile desire. Sandwork of all kinds is especially beneficial because it provides many opportunities for united action through which children learn to play in harmony. It is also quite as delightful for the baby who may do little but fill his pails and empty them again.

Paper-cutting and folding are kindergarten forms of handwork which may be used in delightful ways at home, and they are likely to be among the first things to interest the active child. The work is closely allied to drawing and cultivates powers of observation and expression, especially when the cutting is free-hand work. With young children it is preferable to use blunt scissors and inexpensive paper which both cuts and tears easily. Kindergarten papers come in all colors, shades and tones. Those cut four inches square cost twenty cents a hundred and can be obtained at all kindergarten-supply places. The blunt scissors usually sold for this purpose are too heavy for delicate work, and better results are obtained by the use of embroidery scissors which have first been blunted.

Folding and cutting out paper-dolls, accordions, hats, envelopes, and such playthings are all a part of kindergarten training which the mother may utilize in her home for the amusement and education of her children. A child may learn quickly and accurately, for example, to follow directions for making paper-dolls. The materials required are strips of paper, one yard long by four inches wide. The paper must be folded so that the two short edges will lie together. This will make the strip half a yard in length, but of two thicknesses. Fold again, making four thicknesses, and continue until the strip is folded to a width of about one and a half

inches. Then cut out roughly the figure of a doll, bird, or any object of interest. If you can not do it free hand, sketch it first with a pencil and then cut it out. Do not, however, cut through the folds on either side of the sketch at the centre or the figures will not be joined when opened. Large and small dolls may be cut in this way to represent father and children, and animals, also, which are sure to delight the little ones.

Mothers who are not apt at inventing paper cut-outs should provide themselves with a book of directions, for paper-cutting is an easy way to teach children to amuse themselves on rainy days and in the early evenings, when they are to remain in the house until bedtime. It is far better for them than to hear exciting tales of fairy ogres and giant-killers—with the certain result of bad dreams and restless sleep.

Dr. Montessori says that the natural way for little ones to learn about things is to touch them, and she found that the finger-tips of little children are extremely sensitive. She claims that, granted proper training, there is no reason why this valuable faculty, only retained by most adults in the event of blindness, should be lost so completely in later life. If children learn more quickly and with less fatigue through their fingers than through their eyes, why not take advantage of this faculty? This education of the sense of touch can be begun by very simple and strongly contrasting sensations, and proceed with very slightly differing sensations, following the child's ability to differentiate. A child trained in this way becomes so deft in handling things that one four years old may be trusted with glassware, dishes, and other breakable objects, because the little hands and fingers have been trained to be reliable, delicate, and discriminating by touching things of varying surfaces, shapes, and so forth. Watch a four-year-old with the third gift of the kindergarten which satisfies his craving to take things to pieces.

Froebel understood the natural curiosity of children, which, as Fenelon says, "goes in the van of instruction." The child wishes to discover the inside of a thing, being urged to this by an innate impulse. The unmaking is as important as the making to the child. Having no legitimate outlet for his creative instinct, he will pull his plaything to pieces to see what is inside, what it is made of, and how it is put together; but to his chagrin he finds it not so easy to combine its parts again. In the third gift—which is the divided cube—he can gratify this desire to take apart, yet at the same time possess the joy of creating as well, by putting together again as he found it. The eight little blocks forming this gift can quickly be united into their original form, and also into many other pleasing little forms, each one complete in itself. We can readily understand why Froebel calls this gift "the children's delight."

All young children should be provided with things for building, for it is their greatest and most universal delight to construct for themselves a building of some sort. These commonplace little blocks of wood lend themselves to a hundred practical lessons.

A mother may consider herself well equipped for the beginnings of nursery education and amusement, if she has a general knowledge of the uses and influences of the first three gifts of the kindergarten. By the use of the first gift (six worsted balls of different colors) the child can not help gaining an idea of

color, form, and material; and by play with the balls, motion, direction and position. With the second (wooden sphere, cube, and cylinder) form is even more strongly shown because of the contrasts in these shapes. By the third (the divided cube) the child's curiosity is satisfied, and both his instincts to take apart and to put together again are given free play—and all these valuable lessons are accomplished through play.

The mother should bear constantly in mind that the object of the work is not the product of the child's hands, but the effect upon his mind and character; not the drawing, or painting, or clay-model itself, but the patience, craftsmanship, and originality the child acquires by making them. Each occupation founded upon these principles is sure to encourage one or the other of these valuable attributes in some degree, even if the objects made are thrown into the trash-basket. However, Professor V. M. Hillyer says, in "Child Training," that such objects should not be destroyed immediately, because the child would be grieved and discouraged.

He adds, "Whether the four-year-old is some day to be a carpenter or an architect, a chauffeur or an engineer, a plumber or a printer, a surgeon or a painter, a mechanic or a pianist, or to follow any of a hundred other pursuits, these manual lessons prepare him, starting him with the fundamentals."

We must analyze the child's play-interests, extract the essence and eliminate the parts which are harmful or worthless. We must also remember that free-play must really be free-play—that is, the children must exert their own faculties and independence and the mother interfere as little as possible, taking merely the part of adviser. The children should do with as little assistance as possible whatever they attempt. It is much easier to help the child than to stand by and let him help himself, for with a touch here and a stroke here the mother can solve his difficulty. But she should not do it; if she does, the child loses his pride in his accomplishments and is not able to say, as he always wants to say, "I did it all myself."

United States will be the first and indispensable parties.

Sir Hiram Maxim

It is in the power of the United States to observe the strictest neutrality as far as Germany is concerned. It would not in any way infringe international law, if the Americans refused to supply Germany with any of the necessities of life. The British nation would certainly be much gratified if their kinsmen, the Americans, should take a hand in the game and assist in suppressing the "mad bull of Europe."

England would certainly be greatly benefited if America should go to war with Germany. Sir Roper Parkington, M.P., in a recent speech said: "If the Americans should join the Allies, the war would soon be ended."

The great wealth and population of the United States and its distance from the warlike nations of Europe, renders it absolutely impossible for any European nation to invade the country, and in the event of war with Germany, the overwhelming British navy as well as the French navy would be sure to join the Americans. If England and America are wise enough to join hands they can very easily prevent future wars.

The Monroe Doctrine was all right while the Americans were a small and weak nation, but they have now become practically the greatest nation on earth, and as a world nation they must perform the duties of a world nation, the same as England has done.

Israel Zangwill

I see no difficulty in America maintaining her neutrality unless directly attacked by one of the belligerents. America has no immediate power of placing large numbers of troops on the European battle-grounds, and her navy would not diminish the reluctance of the German fleet to come out and fight, while the loss or diminution of her export war-material would be a serious drawback to the value of her cooperation.

For these reasons England feels no righteous indignation at her holding back.

Moreover, without the mediation and assistance of America's ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and missionary ships, there would be hardly an oasis of civilization left in Europe; while, unless America continues neutral, Germany will have no "gallery" to play to; the last restraint on her scientific savagery will be swept away.

In the improbable event of Germany proving the dicator of peace, I still see no danger to America, unless a challenge to the Monroe Doctrine in Brazil or elsewhere be considered one.

But the Monroe Doctrine would lose its last vestige of meaning if America intervened in a European war.

G. K. Chesterton

On the last question, however—the future of America in face of a German triumph—I can speak, if not with authority, at least with certainty. There is simply no doubt in the world that a German power founded on the breaking of France and England would have ultimately to break America, too, before its work was secure. In the whole perspective of history Prussia has had but one purpose—the destruction of democracy and the substitution of what she considers scientific discipline and the gradation of ranks. She has openly professed that Junkers come first among Prussians, Prussians

## What Britain Thinks of America

*The Views of Leaders of Thought in Britain*

**W**HAT view do the English leaders of thought take of the policy of the United States in regard to the war? This question, which doubtless has been in the mind of every American, led to *Everybody's Magazine* addressing a series of questions to a selected list of English celebrities. Extracts from the replies published are appended:

H. G. Wells

I do not think that there is any considerable section of opinion in Britain or any allied country that now either expects or desires the United States to have a voice in the final settlement of this war. At the outset we believed that the United States would stand with us in the defense of civilization and if need be act with us. Nobody now expects the United States to act, whatever outrages may occur. Nobody believes now that President Wilson's last message was a "virtual ultimatum." The letters and messages that come to Europe from America attract less and less attention. Britain had expected from the United States the neutrality of the just balance; she gets the neutrality of deliberate ineffectiveness.

Death has touched nearly every home in Britain; not one of us but can name sons or brothers or close friends among the dead. We have already lost more men than Germany did throughout the whole war of 1870-71. We are fighting on steadfastly, we are fighting now with our whole national being; if need be, we will fight for years, facing infinite stresses and impoverishment, to a bitter but certain victory. It will be a victory that will leave small scope for American arbitration. We fight not merely for our threatened selves; we fight for the liberty and peace of the whole world. We fight, and you Americans know we fight, for you.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Every Briton would like to see the United States upon our side, because we

are fighting the battle of liberty against aggressive militarism, and we should wish to have men of our blood at our side in so noble a contest, which will decide the future trend of the world's history.

So far as material things go, I am not clear what military or naval advantage could come to the Allies through the accession of the United States to their cause. We already hold the seas, and there are ample men for the land campaign.

I believe the American soldier to be second to none in the world, but before an adequate expeditionary force could be prepared and sent, the crisis of the war will probably be over.

Financially, the United States would, of course, be a great ally, but we believe that we have enough money to see the matter through.

George Bernard Shaw

I had rather not answer your questions just now; and if the other wise men are discreet they will say the same. In a situation like the present a clear statement of the interests involved is useful to all the belligerents in proportion to the intelligence with which they take advantage of it. Now there is no proof that the Germans have better brains than the English; but they are evidently much more disposed to use their brains. Under these circumstances I refrain from placing my views at the disposal of the Germans. They would see my points; whereas the English, with whose fortunes my own are bound up, would not even attend to them.

I may, however, remark that America is not neutral. She is taking a very active part in the war by supplying us with ammunition and weapons and other munitions. Neutrality is nonsense. "Crushing Germany" is also nonsense. Our present work is nothing so foolishly impracticable; we are demonstrating that the famous Prussian military machine will break its teeth on us; and I trust we shall be prepared to repeat the demonstration as often as Prussia likes to try to eat us.

The future lies with an alliance to which Britain, Germany, France, and the



among Germans, Germans among men. She hopes to arrange all humanity in this hierarchy, and it would be useless and very dangerous to establish it in the smaller continent while an equality of innumerable races still flourished in the larger one.

A rich and disdainful democracy across

the Atlantic is something which the German Empire simply could not afford to tolerate. If Germany gets as far as that, it would be vain to discuss whether America would fight, because America certainly will; and in that fight, please God, she would have Burgoyne beside her as well as Lafayette.

## Myths of the War

*Curious Stories That the Public Have Accepted*

EVERYONE has heard and read of the myths which have cropped out since the war started and despite the handicap of very great improbability in every case, have been almost universally believed for a time. Aleister Crowley contributes an interesting article on the subject to *Vanity Fair* under the title "Three Great Hoaxes of the War." He first deals with the Russian army myth as follows:

It was quite useless to point out to the English people that Archangel is served by a single line of rail, and that to ship even 10,000 troops would have strained the resources of the line for an entire summer. It was useless to ask why, having got all these troops on transports, the English did not sail them quietly down to the place where they were wanted, but went to the enormous and senseless trouble of disembarking them in England and embarking them again.

It was useless to make calculations; to show that as an English railway coach holds fifty men, and ten coaches make a pretty long train, it would have needed 3,000 trains to "flash by, with drawn blinds" for the men alone, and that the disguising of the horses, artillery, champagne and other necessary appurtenances of a Grand Ducal Russian army must have been a task worthy of Sherlock Holmes at his best.

One was always countered by the reply: "But Admiral X, or Captain Y, or Lord Z, or my Uncle Harry (as the case might be) saw them with his own eyes." The best of the joke was that the papers never printed a word of it, though the story was the sole topic of discussion for weeks. The idea was to keep the whole thing a secret from the Germans! Ultimately, long after the yarn had been exploded—even among the semi-educated—the *Evening News* featured it as a "Strange Rumor" and one that might well be believed.

So much for legend: now for prophecy! The clairvoyants, astrologers and psychics in England were of course besieged from the beginning. Everyone who was reputed to be able to "look into the seeds of time and see which grain will grow and which will not" was immediately paid to do so.

But the clairvoyants were confronted with this difficulty: Current prophecy must always be conceded as rather a matter of faith. But if there could be found a prophecy, many years old, which had foretold the details of the war, foretold them accurately, then it would be safe to assume that the prophet who had foretold the beginning might foretell the end. This demand soon created the supply; several prophecies were discovered—Madame de Thèbes and others—but they were all lacking in satisfactory details

and antiquity, until the great and glorious find—the find of the Abbot Johannes.

The Sar Péladan, a moderately good littérateur and a really fine critic (you can read all about him in Nordau's "Degeneration"), has, in his time, contributed much to the gaiety of the French people. Years ago, someone remarked to him in a café that his name was rather like that of the Assyrian, Beladan. Péladan jumped at the idea and said that he was Beladan, in a new incarnation; after that he gave himself the title of Sar. He even conferred similar glories on his associates; hence his friends, who became Mèrodach-Jauneau, Belshazzar-Dupont, and so on! Also he had announced himself to be a Rosicrucian—anything romantic and mysterious helps to work a clever trick—and published a book on the doctrines of that august Fraternity called "Le Vice Suprême," rather as if a learned Presbyterian divine were to preach on "Why We Believe in the Mass."

The worthy Péladan was therefore not taken very seriously by his contemporaries in France; but England now-a-days will stand for anything, even cubists and futurists and vorticists. So the English lent a willing ear to the masterpiece of Péladan. It appeared that the Sar—so he said—in going through some old papers of his father's, some ten years previously, had found a Latin prophecy of the Abbot Johannes. (There were two or three of these Abbots about 1600, but none of them were particularly prophetic!) Péladan had made a translation, but did not, of course, produce the original for the inspection of experts. The prophecy is in the best allegorical style; all about a cock, and a lion, and an eagle, and a bear. The Kaiser is described unmistakably, owing to his withered arm, and the details of the war, down to the battle of the Marne, are given with an accuracy which reflects extraordinary credit on the seership of Johannes. After this point, however, he becomes a little indefinite and less careful of detail.

The story "got over" and went the rounds of the press, and was swallowed by everybody. It did not last very long, though, for that part of the prophecy dealing with events subsequent to the Marne, though vague, was not vague enough to prevent even the most faithful believers from perceiving that it was totally wrong!

But all this palls before the superb story of "The Bowmen." There is nothing to beat it in all the annals of mythology.

There is a writer in England who is not very well known over here, but who is certainly among the first half-dozen living English authors. He is saturated with the love of mediaevalism and sacramentalism. His name is Arthur Machen. Falling upon evil times, he has had to write for the *Evening News*. In the course of this unhappy occupation, he read the

famous *Weekly Dispatch* account of the retreat from Mons, which account was true, and caused the prosecution of the publishers. This was on Sunday morning, and he went to church later, and thought of the battle instead of the sermon. By and by he wrote a story on it called "The Bowmen." In a few words, this was his yarn:

Five hundred British soldiers, the remains of a regiment, were covering the retreat from Mons. Disorganized and desperate, they saw annihilation approaching them in the shape of ten thousand pursuing cavalry. One of the men, who had been educated in Latin and the like, in the stress of emotion, found his mind wander back to a vegetarian restaurant in London where the plates had on them a design of St. George and the motto "Adsit Angelis Sanctus Georgius." With involuntary piety he uttered this motto. A shudder passed through him; the noise of battle was soothed to a murmur in his ears; instead, he heard a great roar as of thousands of soldiers shouting the ancient battle-cries that rang out at Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt! He also saw before him a long line of shining shapes, "drawing their yew bows to their ears, and stroking their ell-long shafts against the Germans."

It was then observed by all that the enemy was being swept away, not in single units but in battalions. In fact, they were slain to a man; and the British rear guard strolled off quietly in the wake of their army.

It is to be noted that the author very artistically refrained from trying to lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative by stating that the burying-parties found arrows in the dead Germans. He thought it too much mustard!

Well, he printed the story on September 29, 1914, and thought that that would be the end of it. But no! A few days later the *Occult Review* and *Light* wrote to ask for his "authorities!" He replied that the old musty English ale at the "Spotted Dog" in Bouverie Street might know; if not, nobody did.

In a month or so, several parish magazines asked leave to reprint it; and would he write a preface giving the name of the soldier, and so on? He replied, "Reprint away; but as for the soldier, his name is Thomas Atkins of the Horse-Marines." The editor of one magazine replied (it was April, 1915, by now): "Pardon me, sir, if I appear to contradict you; but I know positively that the facts of the story are true; all you have done is to throw it into a literary form."

In May, Mr. A. P. Sinnett (the man who first wrote of the Blavatsky teacup fables) had an article in the *Occult Review* saying: "Those who could see said that they saw 'a row of shining beings' between the two armies."

Now Machen did say "a long row of shining shapes." In this phase one may find the *raison d'être* of the last stage of the myth. Angels are still popular in England; fairies are dead, and saints are held a trifle Popish; St. George is only a name except to mediaevalists like Mr. Machen. So he drops out of the story. "The Bowmen" became "The Angels of Mons" and the story fairly took the bit between its teeth, and bolted. It was quoted in *Truth*, in *The New Church Weekly*, in *John Bull*,

in *The Daily Chronicle*, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and in every case it was treated as a serious story.

Bishop Welldon, Bishop Taylor Smith (the Chaplain-General), Dr. Horton, Sir J. C. Rickett—all of them serious divines in England—preached about it. Canon Hensley Henson said he didn't believe it, but we must remember that he has quite

often been near trouble for holding heterodox opinions!

*The Evening News* has been bombarded with letters on the subject; even the Psychological Research Society has got into one of its usual muddles over it. In a word, despite Machen's repeated explanations and denials, the silly fancy is taken everywhere for established fact.

## The Menace of Russia

*Is the Land of the Czar a House Divided on Peace Question?*

THE real significance of the rumors so rife some time ago of a separate peace between Russia and Germany is now being realized. It is quite possible that such a peace was nearer the point of culmination than the outside world has been able to know. This condition was due, not to discouragement or lack of heart on the part of the Russians, but to the insidious work of German sympathizers in Russia. The country of the Czar, in fact, is filled with a half-loyal class who have looked to Berlin even more than to Petrograd. Gregory Mason tells about it in the *Outlook*:

"When the Germans win, papa cries; and when the Russians win, mamma cries."

This remark, imputed to the Czarevitch, the heir apparent to the Russian throne, may or may not have been made by him. That is a question of no importance in the face of the fact that hundreds of thousands of Russians believe that he made it and in view of the greater fact that millions of them know that there exists the state of affairs which such a remark would indicate. The Russian royal house, the entire Russian Court, in fact, is a house divided against itself.

In an interview with Sergius Sazonoff, published in the *Outlook* last week, I told how the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs said to me:

"The attempts from without and from within to bring Russia to a separate peace with Germany have been stronger than the world dreams." Sazonoff thereby confirmed what I heard from the lips of officers, waiters, nobles, cab-drivers, merchants, merchants' wives, society ladies, and chambermaids from the time I entered Russia through freezing Archangel until I left it through frozen Finland. The peril of the treachery of German sympathizers in Russia is a peril which every real Russian sees clearly and is striving mightily to circumvent. Russia would have been led into a traitorous peace with Germany long ago but for the unceasing vigilance and unimpeachable honesty of millions of such true Russians, from the soldiers in the ranks to men like Paul Miluyukov, leader of the Constitutional Democratic party, Sazonoff, and the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch. It may seem strange to bracket men like Miluyukov and the Grand Duke, but they have one important trait in common: both are Russian to the bone. Both have unflinchingly fought this internal danger, which, as Sazonoff said, "has by no means ceased," and which is a principal reason why Russia is still the weak link in the chain of the Allies.

Thus far, whatever has been said

against him, the Czar has not been accused of grave complicity in the plotting against his own Empire, and the principal charges of the people against him are that he is weak or stupid, that his only ambitions are for himself and the Romanof dynasty, and that he is an easy tool for others with more malevolent designs. But the people believe, and say with a frankness unprecedented in Russia, that their Empress, who was a Princess of Hesse, and who has been in alleged secret correspondence with her brother, the Duke of Hesse, since the beginning of the war, loves Germany with more than the love of a sister. She and the unsavory Rasputin, a figure somewhat akin to the sorcerers found at mediæval courts, and a character more uniquely disreputable and more grotesquely diabolical than any to be found at any other Court to-day, are placed by popular talk at the head of the *camarilla*, the cabal of evil counselors who love Germany not wisely but too well, and who would make their Russia a kind of annex to the Kaiser's realm if they had their way. The title of *Baron* is a German title, of course, and most of the Russian barons and many of the Russian counts have German names, while many of them, like Count Fredericks, the Minister of the Court, are rumored to be secretly pro-German. From this group and from similar groups at Court, in the army, in the navy, in society, among the nobles and big landowners, there has come some downright treachery and a good deal of half-hearted support of the war, which representatives of the Russian autocracy have at times said quite openly was a war against the Power that has been the main prop and bulwark of that autocracy in the past. This opinion has been voiced in the reactionary press, and it is not difficult even for a foreigner who has gained the confidence of a few upper-class Russians to hear this opinion privately expressed. A Russian officer of no little importance, with a distinguished record for bravery and of undoubted loyalty so far as his acts were concerned, yet expressed to me the opinion "that it will be best for civilization if the Germans win, because the efficient civilization of Germany is the highest civilization existing to-day; and it will be best for the Russians if the Germans win, because in that case Russia will be confined to its natural limits and developed intensively."

"Then why are you fighting against Germany?"

"Oh, fate put me where I am, in the boots of a Russian officer, and the shortest cut to position, fame, fortune perhaps, to the things that all men want, lies for me through the road of devotion to duty. But why the poor ignorant peasants fight I do not understand. For them there is no fame or fortune; only hard blows, death

in a muddy hole, or, at best, a few kopeks and no thanks for their pains."

The "poor ignorant peasants," however—not so ignorant, after all—are fighting largely because they realize that this war is not suicide for Russia, as so many of the Germanophile nobility believe, but is a war of independence for the real Russia, the Russia of the Slavs, the Russia of Gogol and Tolstoy. It is largely that knowledge which makes the war so popular with the people.

As a matter of fact, both elements are right in their view-point. During the fifteen years just previous to this war, and particularly during the decade since the Russo-Japanese War, Germany had been tightening her hold on Russia and had been slowly crushing out the breath of Russian nationality. Her commercial treaty with Russia, negotiated when the latter country had the war with Japan on her hands, gave her a death grip on the resources of the Czar's country. This treaty, by the way, was to expire in 1916, and Germany's knowledge that Russia would be loth to reaffirm it may have been a contributory cause of the war. When Germany declared war on Russia, her trade with the latter country was greater than the trade of any four other countries combined. Russian furs, Russian minerals, Russian wheat, largely reached the outside world through Germany. German was the language of business in Russia; Russian business men considered their own language too plebeian, "too much *muzhik*," for their use. Largely as a result of the attitude of their ante-bellum German business associates, they have come to consider it their duty to learn foreign languages, not the duty of foreigners to learn Russian. So to some Russian business men and to many Russian bureaucrats a war with the Power whose sons smelted Russia's iron for her, dressed her furs for her, and paternally superintended much of her trade while discouraging all mutinies against the high-handed rule of the Czar as "bad for business," seemed, indeed, like national suicide. And so to the mass of the real Russians, from *muzhiks* to nobles, who want their Russia for themselves and want her to stand before the world on her own feet, this is a war of independence.

This accounts for much of the popularity of the towering Grand Duke Nicholas, still one of the most popular men in Russia, whose picture hangs in every other shop window on the Nevski Prospect and in every café in the country three months after its handsome original has been banished to the obscurity of the Caucasus. There are ten portraits of the great Grand Duke in Moscow and Petrograd to one of the Czar; and the blond King of the Belgians runs the Duke a bad second for pictorial publicity.

"Whatever he is, he is a Russian first of all," they say about the Grand Duke; and even the radicals, the members and supporters of the Progressive Bloc, and others even more extreme, who are opposed to all autocracies, say they would prefer a thoroughly Russian one headed by him to the present one tainted with Germanism. "The only honest man in Russia," was the way a cab-driver characterized the Grand Duke to me; and the people are still telling how at the beginning of war the Grand Duke said to the Czar, "I'll take care of the Germans from Germany if you'll take care of the Germans in Petrograd."

"And it's because the Czar didn't handle the Germans in Petrograd that our army



had to fall back before the other Germans from the Carpathians to Dwinsk," the man on the street will tell you, and he will go on to narrate that story about treachery in the purchase of ammunition. Several hundred thousand shells were ordered from Japan, it is said, and an equal number from the United States. The astute Japanese noticed that the specifications called for a shell of different size from what they knew to be the calibre of the Russian guns. They ignored the specifications, made the shells according to their own knowledge, and the shells fitted the guns. The American manufacturers, however, filled the order exactly as it was given, and the shells made by them did not fit! This story has wide credence, like many similar stories of treachery in high quarters, and like the tale of the Polish merchant who, being haled before the Czar and noticing the large number of evident Germans in his Majesty's retinue, congratulated his ruler on having taken so many prisoners of rank!

Some of the stories of this sort in circulation may be false or exaggerated, but it is significant that the Russian people believe them; and with all this smoke there is certainly a good deal of fire. There are literally thousands of persons in Petrograd who would like to welcome Hindenburg and Mackensen to their city. Not only the Germanophile nobility, but many Poles, Jews, and Finns, and members of other groups which have their private grievances against their Government, have been keeping little war maps in private and exultingly pushing up the colored pins as the Teutonic battle line advanced through their country.

A Russian citizen with whom I had only a slight acquaintance approached me in all the openness of the lobby of Petrograd's gayest hotel and, hooking me by the buttonhole after glancing about furtively for possible auditors, whispered jubilantly:

"I've just heard from unimpeachable sources that the Germans have taken ten miles of Russian trenches, and that Minsk will now be easy for them. A few weeks more and you'll see them coming up the Nevski Prospect."

He was hurt and surprised when I failed to exhibit joy at such a prospect.

United as the mass of the Russian people are so far as the prosecution of the war against Germany is concerned, there is much discontent with the present Government among them, and only a slight additional irritation would suffice to bring on a revolution, or at least rioting and other outbreaks which Germany would call a revolution. I will deal with this subject in a subsequent article, but in connection with the subject of treachery and pro-German plotting in Russia it is noteworthy that the belief is common there that many of the inconveniences which may be unavoidable in the strain of war, or which may be due merely to inefficiency, are deliberately planned by German sympathizers in the Government to irritate the people to the point of revolting—an event that would be greatly to the advantage of the Kaiser. This is said of the shortage of sugar in Moscow and Petrograd, while there is plenty of it in southern Russia—a shortage that is the basis for a regulation forbidding the sale of sugar by dealers except in very small quantities, which makes it necessary for the people to stand for hours through wind, rain, and snow while they wait for their allotted quantities of the precious sweet. It is also hinted that there was a treacherous plot responsible for the sud-



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den disappearance of silver coin, with the issuance thereafter of paper money of the appearance of postage stamps without the gum—an annoying currency, as it is easy to lose and as it disintegrates after a few weeks in circulation. One very flagrant case of provocation was being perpetrated while I was in Moscow. Nine captured Austrian officers were living there in complete freedom with the knowledge of the police, a measure coolly calculated to anger the people to the point of explosion. One of them, an Austrian Pole of noble birth, had been recommended by the rascally Moscow Prefect of Police to the use of the American Consulate as an aid in the business of protecting Austrian and German interests in Russia, which have been entrusted to the American diplomatic and consular services since the outbreak of war. Under guise of transmitting legitimate messages to Germany and Austria in regard to Teutonic prisoners of war through the consular despatches, he was discovered to be sending his Government most important information of the resources of Russia and at the same time plotting to bring the excellent American Consul-General, Mr. J. H. Snodgrass, into bad odor with the Russian Government and cause his removal, evidently actuated by the utterly mistaken belief that Mr. Snodgrass was too good a friend of Russia to deal justly with German subjects there. The man's schemes were discovered, and when I left Moscow the Governor-General of that province was putting wheels in motion to secure a Siberian vacation for the Austrian nobleman.

In their treacherous efforts to eliminate Russia as a factor in the war, Germany's agents and sympathizers in the Czar's Empire have had the assistance of a very efficient staff of German press agents in neutral countries, and in particular of a most able corps of news distorters in Stockholm. The aim of these men has been to exaggerate every report of internal disorder in Russia, to fabricate other "news" of this sort, and to confuse the outside world as to Russia's true position by making the Russian Government appear alternately reactionary and liberal. Thus the gravity of the strikes in Petrograd munitions factories last summer was greatly exaggerated in despatches which these energetic Munchausens managed to foist upon many neutral newspapers, the meeting of the zemstvos in Moscow a few months ago was falsely represented as being openly revolutionary in spirit, while false reports were circulated in the United States that the Duma had asked for universal suffrage and many other sweeping reforms which it never demanded. And, so far as I could learn, the Czar's famous appeal to the Jews at the beginning of the war, in which he promised rewards for their loyalty, was made up out of whole cloth, or at least was a grossly exaggerated account of something the Czar may have said. This was deliberately planned with a view to the reaction that the Jews would feel when the traditional policy of the Government toward them was continued in spite of this alleged promise of the "Little Father."

With all the treachery, open and lurking, which has hampered Russia in this war, it is doubtful if there is a coherent, organized propaganda for peace with Germany among subjects of the Czar. Many traitors there are and much treachery, but, fortunately for Russia, thus far their efforts have not been well coordinated.



Patriotic citizens are constantly alleging the existence of an organized movement for a separate peace, but the evidence does not warrant their accusations. A large group of individuals there undoubtedly is, however, who are German in their sympathies and who are doing all they can to stop what they consider a war between Russia and her best friend. This group is composed principally of three classes of Russians: first, those of German extraction, who are still loyal to the land from which they originally sprung; second, bureaucrats, who feel that their positions and salaries are in more danger from the impetus to liberalism that a victory of the Allies may bring about in Russia than from a triumph of Germany with the impetus to reaction that it would probably bring; and, third, those in general who prefer an absolutist form of government and know that the only capable defender of the absolutist idea as exemplified by England and France, is Germany. Such persons must be given the credit for being sincere. They point out for you the contrast between the spectacle of Germany "gloriously efficient" and democratic America and England torn by internal dissent, and they say, with bland assurance: "You see the difference between an autocracy and a democracy; we prefer the former." And, since they have a well-considered argument with some evidence to support it and are thoroughly convinced, it is futile to reason with them.

Fortunately, the number of such persons grows fewer as the war continues. Some of them, who were too bold, have been summarily eliminated, and the others are becoming less bold as the angry resistance of the true Russian stiffens before the danger to their country. The thought of what England and Japan could and would do to a treacherous ally has probably stayed the hand of more than one conspirator; and, in particular, the spectacle of Japan standing like a policeman with drawn club at Russia's back has done much to keep her straight. But principally, for Russia's continued allegiance to their cause, the Allies can thank the Russian people in the mass.

Recognizing how closely the struggle of the French and British democracies against Teutonic absolutism is related to their own struggle for freedom, the Russian people are giving their support to the cause of the Allies with a virtual unanimity which is sublime.

### Substitutes

Since the British blockade tightened around German coasts there has been a great deal of talk in Teuton papers of substitutes for materials which they now find it impossible to secure. But it now develops that it was mostly talk and that the substitutes found have not been very satisfactory in practically all cases. For instance, there is "lignin" which is intended as a substitute for absorbent cotton and is made of fine cellulose; but it is now found that it cannot compete with cotton as a dressing for wounds. Substitutes used for copper in certain electrical devices have been found to shorten the life of the article very materially. Most of the methods of substitution discussed, such as, for instance, the extracting of food properties from sawdust, have been found to be quite impracticable.

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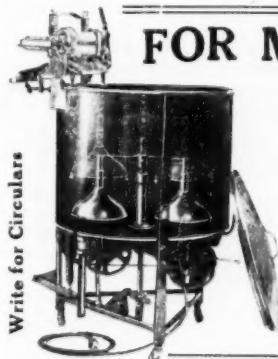
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## Defence Against the Zeppelin

Methods Discussed of Defending Cities From Attack

THE Zeppelin problem is one that is worrying London a lot—as well it might. These murderous midnight prowlers which come suddenly and drop bombs on the congested heart of England are a great menace. How can the Zeppelin be "scotched," as has been done with the submarine in the North Seas? C. G. Grey, editor of the "The Aeroplane," attempts to answer this question in the *London Magazine*. He says, in part:

The reply to a Dreadnought battleship is a super-Dreadnought—proper safeguards being taken against submarines, and pending the development of the super-submarine, which is bound to come in due course. Similarly, the reply to a Zeppelin is a super-Zeppelin. If the money had been available some years ago, those naval officers who were concerned in the *Mayfly* experiments, notably Captain Sueter (now a Commodore and a C.B.) and Lieutenant Boothby (now a Commander), might by now have produced an airship superior to any existing Zeppelin. It would have to be faster and capable of rising higher, and it would have to be able to carry a heavier gun. If it could do that it need not be bigger, for it would not have to carry bombs if intended only for defensive purposes. Or if it were intended to bomb the Zeppelin by reaching a position above it, thanks to superior speed and climbing power, it need not carry any guns and only a few bombs of comparatively small size.

Such a defending ship would, of course, chase an enemy over open country, or over the sea, before bringing it down, for a blazing Zeppelin full of bombs and petrol would do more harm if brought down in a town than its bombs would do if it were let alone. Any Zeppelin over London must have something like four hundred gallons of petrol on board to make sure of getting home again, and one can imagine the blaze that two hundred of the familiar tins of petrol would make if let loose down a street or sprinkled over a block of buildings.

Some few months before the war it was announced in the House of Commons by Mr. Churchill that the Navy had a number of airships on order. What those airships were is not known, nor has it been announced whether their construction was stopped when war broke out or whether it is still going on. For all we know some of them may be on the point of appearing now, or may be actually "running trials" in some out-of-the-way spot. Anyhow, we may rest assured that the officers of the Airship Section of the Royal Naval Air Service know just what Zeppelins can do, and that some day or other the super-Zeppelin will appear. Then the Germans will receive another of those nasty jars such as they had when they found that the Navy had got the better of their submarines with simple things like fishing nets and trawlers and so on (vide officially permitted reprints from American papers), or such as they had when they discovered that our artillery was superior to theirs at Neuve-Chapelle and at Loos.

Meantime, pending the arrival of the super-Zeppelin, much can be done with guns and searchlights and aerial mines. Paris, as I mentioned, depends on its guns.

Round Paris there is a double ring of gun-positions and searchlights. The beam of every light overlaps the beam of the next, so that there is a complete circle of light through which any approaching aircraft has to pass before it can reach Paris. And the gunners know to a nicety the ranges and angles within those beams. Apparently the Germans know all about those preparations for their reception, for no German airship has made any attempt to pass the charmed circle since it was established.

There may be something in Lord Sydenham's recent suggestion that Zeppelins come to London because doing damage to London gives more satisfaction in Germany than damaging Paris would give; but I fancy that the ring defence has still more to do with it.

Apropos the use of guns against airships, we have quite rightly implicit faith in the skill of our naval gunners, for when, as in a recent naval action, big guns "legged hitting," at a range of some fourteen miles on a target 300 ft. long, one naturally regards a Zeppelin 500 ft. long and 45 ft. deep as a fairly easy target at a range of four or five miles, and a height of perhaps 1,000 to 1,500 yards.

But there is something to be said for the point of view of an artillery officer who argued with me recently that a field-gunner is likely to make better practice against an airship than a naval gunner. His point is that a naval gunner is only used to firing at things on his own level, and does not have to bother about where his shell goes upwards before it drops on its target. The field gunner is, however, trained in firing at things on hillsides or mountains far above him, and gunners from Indian mule-batteries, who have handled mountain guns in the Himalayas and among the passes and peaks of the Afghan frontier, are accustomed to firing at angles nearly as great as those necessitated in action against airships. Therefore, he says, artillerymen would be better for such work than navy men.

However, we have been told in the House of Commons that gunners of the Anti-Aircraft Corps are now being trained in France, getting their practice against German aeroplanes, so we may look for much better shooting in future.

A little over a year ago I suggested in my own paper that a special anti-airship system of lighting should be adopted in London. The idea was to take a map of London and rule it off into squares of half a mile per side. At the corner of each square a searchlight would be placed, throwing a wide beam which at a height of, say, 3,000 feet would overlap the beams of the neighboring searchlights, thus making a complete carpet of light over London.

If an airship came over this carpet it would be immediately visible from below, but the crew would be so dazzled by the lights that they would be unable to locate their position at all. The lights would be carried on motor-wagons so that their position could be varied at the will of the authorities. They would take their power from the existing lighting supplies of local district councils, and the reflection of the lights from the sky would light up the streets better than they have ever been lit, so that all the money now wasted on painted and petticoated street-lamps could be



saved. The lamps would simply be turned out.

It may be objected that such a system would act as a beacon for enemy airships. The reply is that it is impossible to disguise the position of London anyhow. Even with the lighting reduced as it is, one can see the glare in the sky over London fifteen or twenty miles away, and if all the lights were off, the river would still betray it, for on an ordinarily clear night out in the country where there are no lights anywhere I know it is possible to distinguish roads, and fields, and woods, and streams quite clearly from a height of 5,000 feet.

And, as Lord Sydenham said, the darker London is made the easier signalling becomes. But with a dazzling carpet of light over London signalling would become impossible, because the signals would be invisible behind the searchlight beams.

When there is a fog on the ground it is impossible for guns and searchlights to operate; but it is also impossible for airship crews to locate any particular mark for their bombs. Nevertheless, they can, of course, tumble the bombs haphazard into the fog, and chance whether they are over Hyde Park or Hoxton. Fog seldom reaches higher than a few hundred feet, and sometimes, as most Londoners know, there is a black fog in the City, with bright starlight over the surrounding high ground. Therefore, an enemy airship may navigate by the stars while herself above the fog, and so get somewhere near her objective without being seen by the watchers on the ground.

In such case, failing the super-Zeppelin, the only defence is a proper system of air-mines, analogous in their action to mines at sea.


Very early in the war a friend of mine submitted to the authorities a complete scheme for contact-mines attached to balloons, and fitted with an ingenious arrangement which prevents them from becoming explosive till they are a certain height in the air and disarms them when they are hauled down again, or if they descend owing to a leaky balloon. Such a scheme is perfectly workable at small expense. Each mine would cost less than a sea-mine and would be quicker to make. The mine-field could be shifted night by night. And if the Germans got to know of its existence, but not of its exact position, so much the better, for, like a mine-field at sea, it would be more of a deterrent against intrusion than an actual destructive agent.

Why the notion was not tried I have not yet discovered. Perhaps at that time we did not know so much about the possibilities of what are called "kite balloons" in strong winds as we do now, and the authorities were afraid of hanging high-explosives to ordinary captive balloons.

Finally, it may be of interest to my readers if I give some indication of the kind of weather in which airship raids may or may not be expected—for, after all, our beautifully uncertain British climate has provided the most effective anti-airship operation we have been able to put up so far.

If there is a west wind you can bet long odds that there will be no raid, for the Germans are cut off from telegraphic communication with the West, and so cannot tell what kind of weather is coming up behind the wind from that quarter.

On the other hand, they command practically a thousand miles of territory from west to east, from the North Sea into Russia, and can tell for more than twelve



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The grains are flaky bonbons—food

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Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, has 4½-inch dial, rings you up with one steady five-minute call or ten half-minute calls at thirty second intervals. Wind him every night, give him reasonable treatment, and he'll last years.

baby Ben is just as near Big Ben in quarter size as anything could be. Stands 3½ inches tall and does every stunt his big brother does.

Big Ben or baby Ben, \$2.50; in Canada, \$3.00. You'll find them at your dealer's. If he does not stock them a money order to the factory will bring either to you postpaid.

Western Clock Co.

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hours ahead whether any change of weather is coming from that direction. Also, they have the call on information about the weather from the Arctic Circle to the Bosphorus, and so can tell whether any change is cutting in from north or south into their easterly weather. Consequently their raids are almost always made with an east or north-east wind.

Nevertheless, if there is a strong wind from the east there is not likely to be a raid, for airships are awkward things to handle on the ground at starting or alighting if there is anything stronger than a breeze. And as the best speed of a Zeppelin is not over seventy miles an hour, no air-ship is likely to come over with a fifty-mile wind, for its progress home against the wind would only be at the rate of twenty miles an hour, so that it would take all of six hours to get across the North Sea, in which case it would almost certainly be caught in daylight either by our ships or aeroplanes.

In fact, if there is anything like a stiff wind in any direction a raid is almost impossible, and it is only possible in a calm or with a slight east wind. Even then it is improbable, for the number of raids have been very few compared with the number of nights which have been favorable for raids.

As the winter goes on the weather, as a rule, becomes less and less favorable and more and more windy. In calm, wintry weather there is danger of snow at high altitudes, and snow means weighting an airship till she sinks under it. So, though the long nights give airships a better chance of coming and going unseen by our "swarm of hornets," the weather is against them.

With the approach of spring, no doubt many more German airships will have been built, and their capability for doing damage will have been vastly increased, also the east winds will be in their favor. It is therefore up to the naval authorities to see to it that before that time we have our adequate gun and searchlight defences for all our big towns, and that, as soon as may be, we have our super-Zeppelins to pursue the enemy over open country and out at sea.

The Government cannot plead that it has not had fair warning of what to expect, nor that it has not had lessons from which to learn. Its course is perfectly simple. Let us hope that the proper course will be followed.

## The Life of a Movie Star

At Least as It Is Seen by a Humorist

**E**VERYONE has a developed taste for fun, more or less; and the movies seem to supply the food that satisfies the public taste. It must be confessed that the Chaplin craze does not raise one's opinion of the tastes of the human race. A clever parody on the knock-about idea is given in *Puck* in the way of the probable events in the home of a moving-picture actor, if one is to judge of what he does when at work. Here is the way it goes:

7.00 o'clock.—Wakes and falls out of bed when combination alarm-clock and garden-hose goes off.



7.10 o'clock.—Shaves; lathering himself deftly with rharlotte russe.

7.15 o'clock.—Morning exercise; puts on boxing-gloves and knocks down wife; knocks down child; knocks down serving-maid. Runs along hall to door and slides down-stairs on piano.

7.16 o'clock.—Returns by way of fire-escape, dragging piano.

7.17 to 7.30 o'clock.—Devoted to dressing and falling down. Puts on trousers and falls down. Puts on shirt and falls down. Puts on collar and tie before mirror and falls over backward on floor. Rubs off shoes with hair-brush. Fixes hair with shoe-brush. Puts on coat and falls down.

7.31 o'clock.—Starts for dining-room and meets serving-maid with tray of breakfast dishes. Kicks tray; both fall down.

7.32 o'clock.—Enters dining-room and kisses wife and child. Kisses serving-maid who pushes him through china-closet. Chases serving-maid around breakfast table. Is chased, in turn, by wife. Also by child. Trips on rug and falls down.

7.35 o'clock.—Breakfast. Tears off half loaf of bread and stuffs it in mouth with both hands. Spears seven buckwheat cakes with fork and douses them with maple-syrup. Washes face with largest buckwheat cake. Ogles serving-maid and eats napkin by mistake. Spills coffee. Upsets table.

7.36 o'clock.—Chased around room by wife, by child, by serving-maid. Climbs on plate-rack. Plate-rack falls. Everybody falls. Climbs on chandelier. Chandelier falls. Everybody falls.

7.37 o'clock.—Jumps into dumb-waiter and starts to lower himself. Wife and serving-maid try to pull him back. Rope breaks. Everybody falls.

7.39 o'clock.—Wife throws overcoat, hat, cane, and a kiss to him down the dumb-waiter shaft. He proceeds through coal-hole to street, thence to his day's work at the Swatagraph Studios.

## Hints on Careful Driving

*How to Get the Best Results From a Car*

**D**RIVING a motor car, to get the best results, is a matter both of skill and judgment. It is one thing to be able to handle a car with dash and cool nerve; it is another thing to be able to drive well and at the same time conserve one's car. Some excellent hints on careful driving are given by H. S. Whiting in the course of an article in *Scientific American*. He says in part:

Almost any person of average intelligence can learn to drive a car—that is, he can steer it, increase its speed, slow it down, and stop it fairly well. No particular gift is required to master the various controls; in fact, the large increase in motor car accidents may be due to this very ease with which a modern motor car may be made to obey its masters.

But, simple as may be the essentials of driving, the control of a car in its most perfect form—that which will save the mechanism, reduce the danger of accidents to a minimum, and which will result in a smooth, steady flow of power without jolt or jar—is only to be obtained after a

# What Is Auto-Intoxication--- And How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest—

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Langour, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted

in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they therefore "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself, could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligations, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 246, 257 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in MacLean's Magazine.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent. of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what it has to say on the subject.

thorough study of the car and an experience based on a practical knowledge of its mechanism.

There may be two kinds of driving: that which saves the car and its mechanism, and that, which, by its very conservatism, reduces the possibilities of mishaps to a minimum. The two should go hand in hand. The driver who is careful of his mechanism should be equally careful of human life. But such is not always the case; the driver who applies his brakes suddenly from very excess of caution may make matters far worse by causing the car to skid, when careful driving would have brought it to a stop with less danger to the occupants and less wear and tear on the mechanism.

It is well for every driver to remember that the gasoline engine is a high-speed machine; it can develop its maximum power only at a rate of speed varying from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred revolutions per minute, and to expect it to duplicate the performance of a steam engine or electric motor is absurd and indicates gross ignorance on the part of the driver. It is to overcome this inherent defect in a gasoline motor that the various speeds or gear ratios are provided. By means of these, the engine speed may be maintained at a fairly constant rate for various speeds of travel of the car. Obviously, therefore, these speeds, or gear ratios, were intended to be used whenever

the load to be overcome by the rear wheels reaches a point at which the motor begins to labor. But the remarkable performances of some of the modern cars on high gear have caused many amateur drivers to believe that their cars also should be capable of similar performance, with the result that there seems to be an antagonism toward gear changing that is, at best, a harmful superstition from the viewpoint of the motor, gears, rear axle and other parts subjected to the greatest strain.

When the newly-initiated driver operates a car, he feels that the first point to remember is the operation of the brakes, so that it may be brought to a stop quickly. It may seem to be a simple matter to follow the instructions of his teacher and "push with both feet, and grab the emergency brake lever," and doubtless some of the expected results will be accomplished. But, as in all other departments of motor car driving, there is a right and a wrong way to operate the controls and to time the relative actions with each other.

In bringing the car to a stop in this manner, the amateur driver is not only inducing undue wear on the brake linings, but is losing a most valuable ally. The motor itself when allowed to slow down of its own accord, as it will do when the foot is removed from the accelerator and is placed on the brake, will serve as a drag on the car that, without the creation of undue friction, will materially assist in

bringing the vehicle to a stop. Therefore, the expert driver will not push out his clutch until the car has been brought down to the speed at which it would be driven with the motor running in its throttled condition. With the majority of cars such a speed will be in the neighborhood of five or six miles an hour. Below this speed continued application of the brake without release of the clutch would stall the motor and would represent the dead line at which the driver would demonstrate his inexperience rather than his expertness.

The effect of the motor when used as a brake must not be lost sight of when conditions are such that a skid is liable to occur at any moment through inexperienced handling of the car. The majority of skids occur when the rear wheels are locked, due to the sudden application of the brake. Naturally, the rear wheels lock more easily on a slippery surface when the traction is greatly reduced than is the case on a hard and dry surface, but the wheels cannot lock if the clutch is engaged and the motor is still revolving. Consequently this method of stopping the car without releasing the clutch will reduce its speed quickly, but without allowing the dangerous lock to take place.

But, if the use of the motor as a brake to prevent skidding is advisable on a level, it is more so when coasting down a hill, the road of which is liable to be slippery. A hill of moderate incline will need only the braking effect of the motor in high gear to hold the car speed down to the proper limit, without applying the brake severely. If the hill is somewhat steeper, however, the motor will serve as a more effective brake if the second gear is engaged for as the power at the rear wheels is increased through the medium of a lower gear, so is the resistance offered by the motor at the rear wheels increased in the same proportion. Few hills there are which, with the transmission in lowest gear, will cause the car to coast faster than seven or eight miles an hour even without the application of the service or emergency brake. On long hills, the use of the motor as a brake in this manner will not only give the driver perfect control of his car, but will prevent dangerous skids on short turns and will save the linings of both emergency and service brakes.

Regardless of the astonishing performances of multi-cylinder motors on high gear, the transmission will always be a part of the gasoline propelled automobile; although shifting may be reduced, it can never be eliminated. The clutch is the connecting link between the motor revolving at any given speed and the transmission, which may, at times, be inert. When this is the case, or when the difference in speed between the motor and transmission is great, the clutch should be engaged gently. But by so manipulating the throttle and the gears that the car speed and engine speed always bear the proper relation to each other, shifts may be made almost without releasing the clutch, or at least so quietly and gently that the occupants of the car would scarcely know that a gear entered into its construction. To drive in this manner, however, the operator must bear in mind that the motor turns rapidly for slow speeds of car travel on low gear; that the speed of the motor is somewhat lower for the same speed of the car in second gear; and that on high or direct drive the car travels faster for the same number of revolutions of the motor. The difficulty

## 1915

The world lay white 'neath moon's pale light  
And the stars shone bright and clear:  
With head bowed low and heart of woe  
Passed, sad and slow, the year.  
"God gave me birth to teach this earth  
T'ward higher worth to climb.  
"This must ye show that earth below  
More near did grow sublime."

The end drew near. With stricken fear  
The passing year then cried:  
"And I carry plain the brand of Cain—  
Time's foulest stain can't hide!  
I've sown the seed of hate's cruel creed:  
I leave the meed of strife  
To coming years. My span now rears  
A world where tears are rife!"

Then as the tower tolled midnight's hour,  
The year did cower in flight.  
But the red stains made where his feet had strayed,  
Shall never fade from sight.

—Ida Randolph Spragge.



that many motorists encounter, when shifting from a high to a lower speed, is due to the fact that the momentum of the car from the previous high gear driving is so great that the rear axle is turning faster than the gear about to be meshed, which is driven by the motor. A change to second gear should never be made when the car itself is travelling faster than ten or twelve miles an hour, and even under these conditions the motor should be speeded up somewhat before the change may be made without the danger of stripping the gears. Similarly, a change to low gear should never be made when the car is travelling faster than four or five miles an hour. And even the driver who believes that at the end of a long coast, when he has disconnected the motor by throwing the transmission in neutral, he can again start it by throwing into high, will find that such a practice is attended with the danger of broken gear teeth, for the transmission itself under these conditions is not revolving at sufficient speed to accommodate itself readily to the speed at which the car is coasting. If a starter is employed, the motor may be run and speeded up slightly to the required point to correspond to the speed of the car at the time that the transmission is again engaged.

One of the most difficult points connected with the proper operation of a car is the proper setting of the spark for different conditions of operation. Some cars are provided with a set spark which permits of no variation, while others are equipped with a device which causes the time of the spark to change in accordance with the speed of the car. The last named, or automatic type, however, is also provided with a control by means of which the driver may exercise some authority over the time at which the charge is ignited. The spark should be kept in its advanced position whenever the motor is driven fast, provided the rear wheels are not overloaded. As soon as the motor begins to labor, however, due to the existence of a grade or mud, the spark should be retarded to the point at which the motor runs smoothest. It is especially necessary to retard the spark when climbing a hill on high gear if the momentum of the car at the beginning is not sufficient to enable the motor to maintain its speed. The spark should also be retarded before accelerating the car if it is to run slowly on high gear, for the increase in speed represents an added load on the motor, which cannot be cared for if ignition occurs too early in the stroke.

It was pointed out in a preceding paragraph that the worst skids occurred when the rear wheels are locked. The brakes of a modern car are so well designed that the wheels may be locked by the sudden application of both the service and emergency brakes, even though the road surface be hard and dry. On any road surface, however, if the emergency stop is necessary, it is well to apply both brakes simultaneously and then to release them slightly in order that the continued tension will not cause the wheels to slide. The temporary release of the brakes and their subsequent application will serve to keep the wheels revolving with the aid of the motor so that the car may be brought to a stop on even the slipperiest surface without great danger of skidding.

The man who can operate his car principally with the steering wheel and throttle, using the brakes and clutch only for casual conditions, such as a sudden stop, shifting gears, and the like, is the man



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## Japan and the United States

*Why Strife Between the Two Countries Is Unlikely*

YOU hear it on every hand—the possibility of friction, leading to war, between Japan and the United States. It is hard to see why there should be such conviction on this point. There is no issue between the two nations that cannot be settled by a sensible approach on the part of both nations; except the problem of Japanese exclusion and that need not become an issue unless Japan forces it. The idea that the two nations are rivals to the point of impending strife is very effectively shattered by Baron Eiichi Shibusawa in an article in the *Outlook*. His arguments are based on trade conditions and they are good ones. Look at it from his standpoint:


The story of our foreign trade through the war period throws upon the financial condition of Japan perhaps the most interesting light. War, of course, reduced both our exports and imports in the latter half of 1914. In the closing half of the year we exported \$139,500,000 worth of goods, against \$173,900,000 worth for the corresponding period in 1913. The imports show a still more decisive contrast. Those of the latter half of 1914 stand at \$106,500,000, while those of 1913 for the corresponding period are \$162,000,000. In other words, our exports show a decrease of nearly \$34,500,000 and the imports of nearly \$55,750,000.

The trade returns for the first half of 1915 show an interesting change—especially in our exports. They amount in value to \$150,450,000. The figure for the corresponding period in 1914 was \$156,000,000. Therefore they are only about \$5,500,000 less than in 1914—quite an improvement on the \$34,500,000 decline noted in the latter half of 1914. On the other hand, the imports in the first half of 1915 amounted to only \$144,370,000. Compare this with \$191,350,000, which was the figure for the corresponding period in 1914. There is the difference of nearly \$47,000,000. All of which means that in the first half of 1915 there was an excess of exports over imports amounting to \$6,000,000. The eloquence of these figures is not appreciated by our American friends, but if they would be good enough to take the trouble of looking carefully over the foreign trade returns for Japan for the years following the Russo-Japanese War, they would see at once that the above-stated favorable balance of trade means much to Japan. For since 1906 there have been only two years in which we have sold to our foreign custom-



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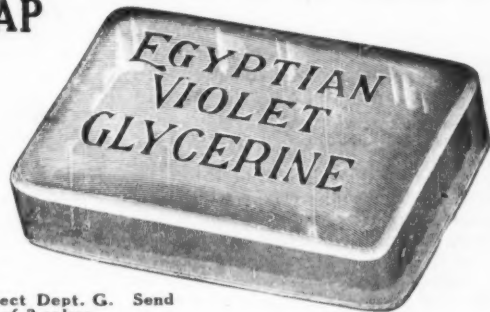
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Are you going to help? You can be of very substantial assistance to us. Say to your friends and acquaintances: "Why don't you read MacLean's? It's becoming a national magazine. It has the very best Canadian writers now. It has more to commend it than the mere fact that it is made-in-Canada from cover to cover. **It is worth while. You'll enjoy it.**"

Say something to that effect whenever you get a chance. It will come back to you in the form of a bigger and greater magazine.

We are fighting hard ourselves to get MacLean's as well known as we feel it should be. We are gradually breaking down the impression that exists in many minds that a Canadian publication cannot be built up to the high standard of the best publications from without. But **YOU** can do more than we can. The steady expression of approval on the part of the individual reader is the irresistible force that carries a magazine quickest to general recognition. Pass on the good word.

THE PUBLISHERS.

ers more than we bought from them; in 1906 there was nearly \$2,500,000 of excess exports, and again in 1909 nearly \$9,500,000. In other years the excess of our imports over exports amounted anywhere from a little more than \$2,250,000 in 1914 to nearly \$48,500,000 in 1913.

The people of Japan are exceedingly sensitive on this point. And for the following reasons: Ours is a debtor nation. Unlike England, we do not collect millions in interest from our foreign investments to balance the unfavorable trade figures. Russia is a debtor nation like ours, but Japan differs from Russia radically in that she has none of Russia's vast agricultural products for export to balance the tremendous yearly payment she has to make on account of her foreign loans. The yearly outflow of our gold is a constant reminder of this fact.

Therefore this favorable trade balance in the first half of 1915 came to us with a pleasing countenance, all the more striking because it was somewhat unexpected at first. Every one understands, of course, that this turn of affairs is not a permanent thing; that it is the result of the abnormal conditions created by the war. Still it has taught us that war is not altogether unkindly to the financial and economic interests of our country. Compared to what the United States is reaping from the enormous war orders placed here, our gain is pitifully small. Incidentally this is another one of those many things which show us with a stern emphasis what an enormous disparity there is in the productive capacity of the two peoples—the American and the Japanese. And here is America, which counts its trade balance by the billion, and yet which, judging from the expressions in some of its newspapers, seems to be afraid that Japan might monopolize the trade of Manchuria! Why, the entire import trade of Manchuria amounts to something like \$30,000,000 a year, which is less than the steel and iron export of the United States in the one month of June, 1915!

Much has been written on the commercial competition of the Japanese against the Far Eastern trade of the United States. There actually seem to be a number of American people who believe or fear that the Japanese will drive the United States out of the Asian market.

I know of nothing more eloquent in a matter of this sort than the blunt and colorless array of simple facts.

In 1913 we sold to China cotton yarn, cotton fabrics and other cotton manufactures to the value of over \$42,000,000, and out total export trade with China amounted that year to less than \$92,000,000. In other words, the cotton manufactures are by far the most important item in our trade with China.

But we do not produce raw cotton at home. We are dependent on the United States, India, and China for our raw material. In 1913, for example, we imported from the United States raw cotton valued at over \$32,000,000. We have tried—are trying to-day—to grow cotton in Chosen (Korea) and some of our people are enthusiastic over the Formosan product, which they claim is equal to the American upland cotton. But it is a far cry to the golden day when Chosen and Formosa can feed our cotton-mills with all the raw material they need. At present their supply is utterly inadequate. The meaning of this should be clear to America. It means that the more Japan sells her cotton goods to China, the more dependent she becomes on America and India.

In covering the needs of China for cotton yarns, and cotton fabrics Japan has many advantages over the manufacturers of the United States. Geographical position, the shortness and cheapness of freightage, and the understanding of men and things Chinese on the part of the Japanese manufacturers and salesmen—all these things, of course. But, apart from them, Japanese manufacturers are not too busy to study carefully the taste, whims, and particular local needs of Chinese customers, while Americans are too busy, or at least seem to be. Unlike the American, the Japanese manufacturer has not so many lucrative fields to exploit. He is not suffering from the embarrassment of rich markets in selling his cotton goods. The American does not consider the extremely limited purchasing power of the Chinese customer. The Japanese takes that factor very seriously to heart. Therefore he imports the cheap short-staple India cotton and mixes it with the expensive long-staple American cotton and produces the grade of cotton yarn and fabrics which comes within the range of the Chinese purse.

How many American manufacturers who have complained of the sharp trade methods—as they call them—of the Japanese trader have taken the trouble of looking into this matter and tried to manufacture goods which would be more suitable for the Chinese demand, do you think? There may be a number of these wise American companies, but we have not heard of them. Perhaps they are too wise to complain, and that is the reason why we know so little of their existence. It is not Japanese discrimination in Manchuria, for example, but American indifference or American unwillingness to meet the Chinese requirements and the limitation of Chinese purses, which has caused the decline in the cotton-goods trade of America in China. And as long as there is a demand for cheaper grades of cotton yarns and fabrics in China the Japanese products manufactured from the mixture of the higher-grade cotton with the India cotton is bound to win. This is as inevitable as the very law of demand and supply. Japanese discrimination has nothing to do with it. There is, in fact, no such thing as Japanese discrimination. It is human nature for the representatives of American firms or their agents in China to hunt for some cause when their sales of cotton goods diminish. And nothing is easier to find than a ghost, label it "Japanese discrimination," and lay the blame upon it.

There is one item in our exports which ranks even above the cotton manufactures—silk. Silk is the king among Japanese exports. And who do you suppose is the chief customer of our king silk? In 1913 the United States bought from us \$62,500,000 worth of raw silk; she was, as she had been for years, our best customer. The next was France, with her purchase amounting to \$16,000,000 in value—a little over one-fourth of the American purchase. As a matter of fact, the United States has been Japan's best customer in all other export goods for a quarter of a century and more, year in and year out—except in 1905, when China bought from us about \$2,250,000 worth of goods more than America. Silk is an expensive article of luxury; it appeals only to a market whose purse is lined with gold, like that of the United States. It is not a necessity of life. Cotton is. We are therefore dependent on America and India for an article we are obliged to have—more es-

pecially in our continental Asian trade, which is the future basis of industrial Japan. America can get along very comfortably without our silk. We cannot get along at all without the American and India cotton. Here, then, is the situation in a rather pitiless but exceedingly true light. What does it profit the Japanese—in the light of elemental logic and of the logic in elementals—to work up anything so insane and inane as commercial friction with the United States? The whole thing should be preposterous in Japanese eyes. And it most certainly is. We are foolish in many things, but we have just enough sense to see this.

Then there are iron and steel. They are the basic industry in this country. And there is where Japan is particularly weak at present. We have a few iron mines in Chosen (Korea), but our iron works are largely dependent on the Taisei Iron Works for their iron ore. When Japan rebuilt the South Manchurian Railway, she did not manufacture her own rails; she did not build locomotives and cars. It was too expensive to do so. Where did we go for them? To the very country so many of whose writers and newspapers are telling the world that Japan is driving the American trade out of Manchuria. We went to the United States and bought them. Japan paid \$3,000,000 for girders and rails, and for locomotives and cars \$7,000,000. When one figures it out, he will find that the amount is nearly twice as much as the total importing trade of Manchuria for one year. These figures show one thing clearly: All that is needed in bringing about a friendly relation between America and Japan is a little more light on the subject.

This handicap in the iron and steel industry in Japan gives you the reason why Japan to-day is not reaping handsomely on the war orders which Russia is perfectly willing and even eager to place with us. And in this vital and very extensive branch of industry Japan will not be in the running with America for many a long year, if ever. It does not take a prophet to see the future for steel and steel manufactures in the awakening markets of the Far East. And in this America can mark the whole Far East as her own, if only she can down German and other European competition.

As for the fashionable talk of the American-Japanese war, it is simply unthinkable. Before it can possibly come either America or Japan—or, indeed, both of them—must turn into a nation of utter idiots. More than that—of raving lunatics. It is nonsense—stupid, despicable nonsense. It is more: it is criminal, traitorous stupidity.

It appears that the incandescent electric lamp has been harnessed in such a manner as to enable music to be produced as required. This end is achieved by means of what is known as the audion, or wireless lamp, which plays such a prominent part in wireless telephony. When an ordinary telephone receiver is introduced into the circuit, the alternating current imparts such a vibration to the diaphragm as to induce the latter to emit a certain musical tone. By varying the intensity of the current supplied to the lamp, the inventor claims that it is possible to vary the tones within such wide limits and so delicately as to render possible the production of a musical composition.



## The Arts and the War

Continued from page 20.

short, swift work the Huns would have made of what art structures and monuments are to be found in Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. They had an idea that the whole world was wrongly organized. Prussia had the right idea, to begin it all over again.

We call it insanity. That is a mild name. It was more like the idea of the Cubist god created by the German mind, in whose name all art that had been was to be wiped out and a new ugly art created.

IT is a good thing that West Europe did not go crazy as the Germans did and in a fit of panic abandon their shrines. In every case the people did all they could to save the art treasures. In Paris the Louvre was fortified in the roof against Zeppelin attacks. In Antwerp the works of great masters were taken out of the cathedrals and carted to underground places of safety; though we may surmise that already most of them have found their way to Berlin or have been cached securely by the Germans for use when they come to reconstruct Antwerp after the war. It is a race instinct to preserve art even at the cost of human life. People are always coming into the world, and must expect to suffer and to enjoy life and pass out again. The great works of art have been a long while building up; and when they are built they are for the joy of succeeding generations. A beautiful city lives on after millions of its inhabitants have died. It is the cemetery of its people. All that its people ever were is expressed in the buildings, the monuments, the pictures, the music and the literature which they produced. It is as much an instinct for a people to save such things as it is for a man to rush into a burning home at the risk of his own life to try and put out the fire.

In this country we are far removed from the great works of art that war has been so busily destroying. But the artists of Canada know the art of Europe. They have seen it. They have studied it. Much of the art of Europe has been re-expressed here by Canadian artists, architects, sculptors and writers. To an artist or an architect here, a Rubens or a Gothic cathedral means as much as Shakespeare means to a writer. Art carries back. It is the one visible and audible link through all the ages. And the chain must be unbroken.

EVEN in Canada art has been affected by the war. One of the first effects was the diminished demand for pictures. Painters might paint their heads off, but few people were for a while much interested in how the painters might be interpreting this country when war was smashing the art centres of west Europe. Very

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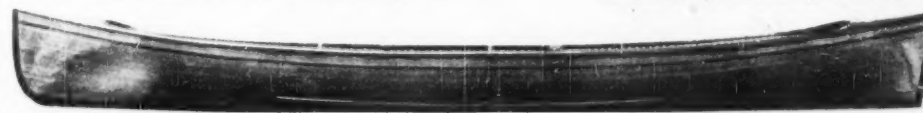


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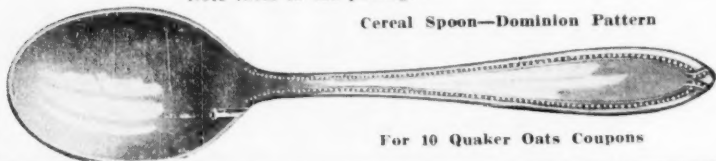
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shortly after the war Canadian artists organized a movement to raise money for the Patriotic Fund. Under the auspices of the Royal Canadian Academy a traveling exhibition of standard Canadian canvases went all over Canada to be sold by auction, from which highly patriotic effort over \$10,000 was added to the Patriotic Fund. If artists must lose by war they at least had the enthusiasm to spend their energies trying to help along the cause, instead of twiddling thumbs and cursing the Kaiser.

In a few cases, as in business, the war helped Canadian painting. The most conspicuous benefit derived by any one artist from the war was the commission given to Homer Watson, R.C.A., to paint three canvases depicting the activity of Gen. Sam Hughes and his first army at Valcartier. These huge canvases have been displayed at two exhibitions and are to become the permanent property of the Canadian people. Some critics say they are not Homer Watson at his best; but that is a matter of opinion. Anyway they are a picturesque record of Valcartier and a monument to Sir Sam Hughes; and if other cabinet ministers would spend a few thousands now and again to encourage art it might be a good thing for the country.

A great deal has been said as to how art will ultimately be influenced by the war both here and elsewhere. It is rather early yet to forecast. Most wars have stimulated art. This war has so far done much to destroy and very little to stimulate. A war which makes a wholesale business of ruining art is not likely to be an inspiration to artists until some time after the war is over. We shall probably have a general eruption of monuments which will keep a number of sculptors busy for a good while. There may be a renaissance of painting along new lines. How architecture will be affected is not so obvious. It will take the architects a good while to get things back to where they were before the war began—and of course that can never be.

Something different will come out of it all. The world can never be the same again; and the greatest visible change of all is the change in the world's art.

### Thanks to the Germans

In the *Electrical World* there is a story of how the Germans supplied the Allies with current for several months without being aware of the fact. When the Germans first occupied Lille, while the Allied troops held possession of Armentières near by, the soldier-engineers of the Kaiser's army discovered the abandoned Lille electric-lighting plant and, according to the story told by a British soldier in a letter home, shortly had the generators running and the town again lighted by electricity. It was some months, however, before the Germans discovered that the Lille lighting system was also connected with Armentières and that a good share of the energy generated inside the Teuton lines was being used to light the Allies' quarters and troop tents in the neighboring city.



H.R.H. Yvonne

*Continued from Page 26.*

"But I, Justin, I? What would it be for me? I'm not thinking of him."

"That might be considered," said McKinney, slowly, "a very complete answer to your own question."

YVONNE looked at him doubtfully. She drew the jewels about her neck back and forth upon a slender finger.

"I can't talk riddles," she said at last. "I'm not clever like you. That's why I asked you to help me. I'm not joking, Justin—I want to *know*—"

"And you want *me* to tell you!" he retorted, almost with a groan.

"Why not?" demanded Yvonne, swiftly.

"No reason, no reason on earth," he said presently, in an even lightness of tone. "It's just that I don't know the answer, that's all."

A little silence ensued, then Yvonne laid her hand upon the arm of his chair, almost timidly.

"We've known each other a long, long time, haven't we, Justin?"

"Since the moon of knickerbockers and pinafores, Yvonne."

"Do you remember how you taught me to fly kites and play marbles? And when we stole Poe's 'Tales' from your mother, and read them up in grand'mère's attic?"

"Those were very bully days," said the man, regretfully.

"Then I was sent away to school, and you went off to Virginia. You sent me a pennant and your fraternity pin, and a great, great many letters."

"*'Die erste Liebe'*"—he quoted, under his breath.

"I was frightfully young—"

"Being so ancient now?"

"I'm a woman now."

"And a queen—every inch of you."

The hand strayed farther, and rested upon his sleeve. "I didn't come home until I was seventeen, and by that time you were a 'prominent young lawyer,' weren't you? Do you remember the night I came home?"

McKinney looked down at the hand upon his sleeve, and looked away from it again. He had grown slightly paler.

"Your grandmother was ill, and she asked me to meet you; of course, I remember. You had a long blue coat, and a hat with a big bow. You had a mandolin case under one arm, and a bulldog at your heels. You said 'Justin! *Me voici!* I've come back!' And I said—"

Yvonne took up the thread where he dropped it, into an abrupt and frowning silence.

"And you said 'Great Scott, Yvonne! I'd never have known you—you're perfectly beautiful!'"

"I was going to omit that part of the memoirs," McKinney explained, reprovingly, "in order to spare your blushes."

"I love it," said Yvonne, "and I'm not blushing—see!"

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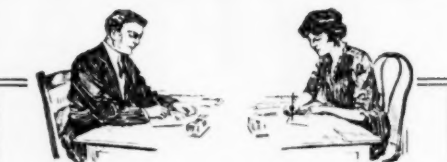
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HE scarcely glanced at the alluring face she tilted upward in the reflection of the fire.

She went on again after a moment, as if to herself:

"I saw you that winter, all that year. You had time for me—then—even though you were busy and successful. You used to send me violets and roses and books. Grand'mère and your mother are such great friends, it was only natural, I suppose. You got quite fond of me, didn't you, Justin?"

He repeated her words in a sort of forced dullness. "Yes, Yvonne, quite fond of you."

"I know," said Yvonne, "I know. You used to tell me everything about your work, and about the politicians, and you were horribly ambitious. You didn't care for society, but I wasn't even a bud. I wasn't 'out'—and I used—to—think—you—cared—for—me."

He said nothing in answer, though she waited an obvious space; so she went on again, softly, her hand still resting on his sleeve.

"Then, one night grand'mère was ill. I was frightened. I sent for you, you brought the doctor, and when the doctor had gone, I cried, in the window seat in the library—do you remember, Justin?"

"Why," said McKinney, with controlled bitterness, "should I remember?"

"Because you kissed me," said Yvonne, more softly still.

She sat quiet, and the color streamed into her face, that he would not turn to look at.

"I had not forgotten that," said McKinney at length, unsmiling, "but I hoped you had."

"Why shouldn't my memory be as good as yours?"

"There is so much in your life—"

"Nothing as big as that."

McKinney shook his head, wearily.

"You haven't told all the story. Why not finish it up?"

"I don't know the rest—it broke there. I thought you cared—" her voice faltered with deep emotion, "I know you cared—but you never said so—you never spoke of it again."

"And why not?" he demanded instantly, "why not?" Then he had himself again in hand, and spoke more slowly, but with a passion almost cruelly curbed. "It was the next day I went up to the plantation—do you remember that, Yvonne? Riding from the house to the levee I was caught in a drenching rain. I was ill that night, and that was only the beginning. A cripple's a cripple, whether he's born to it, or has it thrust upon him by means of inflammatory rheumatism. I haven't had many good days since. It isn't likely I shall again, naturally. I took the gift the gods sent me. Naturally, I said nothing."

"As soon as you could walk you took up your work again," Yvonne reminded him, a trifle unsteadily.

"Naturally," he repeated, with dogged emphasis.

"Then love isn't as big as work?"

"It isn't the same thing—that's all."

"You could go back to your work—but the other, you just left—broken off—"

"I had nothing to offer."

"Or was it, perhaps," she asked, hesi-



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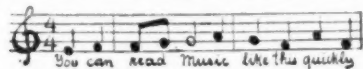
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tantly, paling, "that you didn't want to offer it?"

McKINNEY, turning suddenly in his chair, covered the hand on his sleeve with his own, crushingly, then released it. His smile was bravely humorous.

"Little Delilah," he said very gently, "go home!"

Yvonne did not answer him at once.

"I waited and waited," she said, "and each time I saw you, I thought, 'He will speak now,' but you never did."

"Because I hadn't any right."

Some of the roses slipped from her lap to the floor and lay there. She leaned forward, elbow on her knee, cuddling her chin in one soft palm.

"Yvonne," said McKinney, quietly, "don't you know I can't ask you to marry me?"

"If you'll just say something else," she murmured, "you won't have to. I'll ask you."

"Don't you know I can't even say that?"

"Won't, you mean?"

"Very well—won't then. The doctors don't seem able to do anything for me. I'll probably be a cripple and an invalid all my life. You've got the world wide open before you. You're beautiful and young, and you have an enormous capacity for happiness. Do you think I'd let you tie yourself to a broken stick? No, my dear, I love you rather too well for that—" He stopped short.

"Then you do love me!" cried Yvonne, a little breathless.

When McKinney would not answer, she took her hand from his arm and picked up the roses that had fallen to the floor, laying them with the rest. Her eyes were full of tears.

"And still—still, you advise me to marry the king!"

"I think you would be wise," said McKinney, steadily. "He's a good fellow, Winchester—the words cut grim white lines about his mouth.

"You won't marry me?" she asked very low. She stooped her face to the shielding flowers.

"No, dear."

THEN Yvonne slipped to her knees beside his chair, hiding her face upon the broad leather arm of it, all the roses spilling a riotous crimson down the white and silver of her gown. She stretched out a slim bare arm to McKinney, and her fingers were cold.

"If I didn't know you cared," she said slowly between deep-drawn breaths, "if I didn't know in my soul you were as lonely without me as I am without you, I'd die before I'd say it. But, Justin, if you don't marry me, I shall never be happy, my whole life long!"

"It wouldn't be fair," he answered, huskily, but he held her fingers close.

"If you don't, I shall be an old maid," sobbed Yvonne, desperately, "and that will just about kill grand'mère."

There was a second's racking wait, then with a low, inarticulate cry, McKinney put both arms around her, almost fiercely, and she cried for a very little while longer, on his shoulder, in all her white satin and



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silver, with the king's jewels glittering  
about her.

"It's not fair," he muttered again, ten-  
derly, above her bent head.

"Listen!" cried Yvonne, lifting her  
flushed, lovely face—on fire in an instant  
—"first he makes me propose, and then he  
regrets—"

Mrs. McKinney, stricken with amaze-  
ment in the doorway, caught at an  
illuminating word.

"Who has been proposing?" she asked  
calmly, "and what mischief are you crazy  
children up to now?"

The Queen of Comus rose to her feet  
with an adorable gesture of confusion, and  
stood there, flower-like against the dusk.

"I have been asking Justin to marry  
me," she said simply, "and although he  
didn't want to, he has said 'yes.' Will you  
please congratulate me?"

### The Man in the Inverness Coat

*Continued on Page 32.*

though the fall had done him good. The  
surgeon went quickly to work at the heat-  
ing apparatus. He was not a mechanic,  
and he knew that Foster was a good one;  
but he did his job without instruction and  
without help.

Foster opened a door leading to the  
engine-room just as the door which Dool  
had barred splintered under the blows of  
an axe. Three men crawled through the  
debris, jabbering excitedly in German at  
the sight of the two dead greasers. They  
crossed to where Dool lay in a mess of  
oil. One of them, raising a rifle, motioned  
the others back.

Foster sighted carefully and fired a  
pistol. Mannheim grappled with the  
second man. The third man in the engine-  
room threw up his hands. Foster, ordi-  
narily a merciful man in a fight, fired  
again. He thought that Dool was dead;  
and he had seen blood growing black on  
the stairway.

Finding that Martin lived, and per-  
ceiving why the engines had stopped, he  
turned his friend over to the surgeon and  
started the machinery. When that was  
done, Dool was sitting up in the pool of  
oil.

"What's next?" the surgeon demanded.  
"Trouble," said Foster. "Here, Martin,  
take a nip of this."

"How many will there be on deck?"  
asked the surgeon again.

"Anything up to eighteen."

"We are four men, not more than sixty  
per cent. efficient—about equal to two and  
a half."

"I am equal to twenty-five men myself,  
let alone two and a half," said Martin  
Dool. And he staggered to his feet, pick-  
ing up a rifle to steady himself.

"Come on then, quick!" cried Foster.  
"Get 'em while they're clewing up the  
sails!"

He and the surgeon between them  
knocked over three men from the  
shelter of the hatch-scuttle before the



little squad surged out on deck. Mannheim, whirling a heavy crow-bar, sprang at a cluster of men stowing the jib. Dool, making a lateral sweep at a man who ran from him, knocked off the stock of his rifle against the foremast.

"Praise be!" said the Irish man devoutly, "now I can smite with one hand." And a seaman who slid down a backstay from aloft died before his hands had left the rope.

But the odds were heavy against them. Mannheim dropped with a knife between his shoulders as the other three men were driven together in the waist. Foster, with a bullet through his thigh, squatted on the deck to reload his last pistol. Dool stood over him as a few bold spirits rushed in to finish the battle. The surgeon's pistols cracked out methodical single shots. Bullets whipped past from more than one direction.

The mate's voice, in sonorous German, caused the attackers to fall back. Foster, facing aft, saw the muzzle of one of his quick-firers swinging inboard. He emptied his magazine over it; but his bullets splashed on steel.

A SOLITARY pistol cracked. "Bother!" complained a much-muffled voice; and it cracked once more.

The quick-firer jerked and stopped. The canvas cover of the boat carried on the starboard davits heaved tumultuously. Then a solemn, pleasant face emerged and looked round inquiringly; and an elephantine body, swathed in an Inverness coat, lumbered to the deck. For all its size and awkwardness, the body stowed itself behind the shield of the quick-firer with remarkable celerity. The battle had paused.

"Lieutenant Foster!" piped a high, good-humored voice.

"Aye, aye!" replied Foster, perforating an incautious hand that left the shelter of the mainmast.

"Shall I shoot them one by one or will you drive them up in a bunch?"

"Will you surrender, men?" cried Foster.

"No," called a man who suddenly raised a rifle over the shield of the twelve-pounder. His bullet tore the collar of the lieutenant's jacket.

"That's a pity." Foster returned the shot simultaneously with the surgeon, who had taken cover. "How about the rest of you?"

The sailor's head sank, and the muzzle of his rifle rose. There was a double thud on the gun platform.

"Will you give us life and liberty?" shouted another of the crew.

"I'll give you thirty seconds to decide," snapped Foster, who expected to live about twice that long if they refused.

The seconds passed.

THE quick-firer suddenly swung and spat once. Splinters flew from the mainmast and the rail beyond. Immediately there were cries of surrender.

"Line up under the main-boom, then. Help me aft, Martin."

Foster propped himself up behind the gun, saying to the mountain of flesh he displaced: "I didn't know you could handle these things."

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"I can't," the diplomat replied: "it went off while I was trying to make it move." He had the air of one who apologizes for clumsiness in spilling the cream.

"Mr. Henderson," said Foster quietly, "see what can be done for the men in the fore-castle. Martin, go to your engines, and take a man. You, in the Cunard jersey, stand to the wheel. Put down the helm—easy—keep her so. Mr. Heath, would you mind making a tourniquet for my leg. And then I should like a smoke."

"How careless of me!" The big man's voice was full of gentle regret as he fished a cigar case from a capacious pocket. "These are really very good. Tell me if I hurt you." And he twisted a knotted handkerchief deftly.

"I think a smoke all round would clear the air," he resumed, and passed down the sullen line of men like a playful elephant. "Don't mind taking the last. I have some loose ones here. May I give one to the man at the wheel, Lieutenant?"

"Would you mind taking a look at Mannheim—yellow-haired engineer away for'ard. I'm afraid we've lost him," said Foster.

"I trust not." The coat tails and the cape flapped away. "By the way, keep an eye on the mate, Lieutenant."

"I thought you had settled him."

"Oh, dear no! I merely creased him—pierced the muscle of the neck close by the *medulla oblongata*. I thought he might be useful."

"FIVE of the men are all right; five more are on their feet; three others ought to pull round; and four of the mutineers are only wounded, besides these under the boom." Assistant Surgeon Henderson was binding Foster's leg. "Mannheim's gone," he added.

"Poor old Max," said Foster softly.

"By the way, where is Mr. Farrell," "Dead on the cabin stairway," replied Foster in icy tones. "He smelt a rat while I was sleeping. Mr. Mate, who shot him?"

"I did." The mate was sulky.

"You shall hang."

"He might be useful," remonstrated "Mr. Heath."

"I don't care if he is as useful as a corkscrew. He hangs."

Foster was in a cold passion, the more intense for being deferred.

One of the rebel seamen reported smoke to port. The scouts were running for home at top speed.

"Let me signal," said the mate; "and I will save you."

"Put him in irons. All hands on deck—clear for action—guncrews to stations. Smith, take the wheel and keep her north."

Shapes that had been half animate leapt to life. Foster dragged himself to the twelve-pounder. The scouts, themselves running, would be at a disadvantage once they had well crossed his course.

A ghostly figure crawled up the cabin stairs.

"I thought you were dead, Mr. Farrell," chirped the man in the Inverness coat.

Temporary Midshipman Farrell stretched his pale lips in a painful smile. "Not by a damn sight!" he said.

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"I knew it was going to be a pleasant voyage," murmured the diplomat. "Do you think you could show me how to work this little gun?"

## The Frost Girl

*Continued from Page 36.*

farther from the influences of straight, hard lines, of paved streets and policemen, of many-storied houses and conventional procedure, he reverts quickly in many ways. Time is the greatest thing that separates us from the primitive and years are nothing before the ages.

And so Allan Baird, as he slipped on his snowshoes and started southward through the blizzard, felt rather than reasoned that by force alone could he impress himself upon this strange girl of the forest, that by sheer brute strength, compelling and unrelenting, could he win in the dual struggle between them.

But the young man quickly found himself engaged in another and more immediate contest. The blizzard increased each hour. The drifts piled higher in the opens. The cold became greater with each increased rush of wind out of the north. In the forest the wind could not reach him, but, when the trail turned down to the ice of the river, he was exposed to the complete force of the storm.

On a lake anyone would have been helpless. But Allan could keep between the two banks of the river, and he knew that in time he would reach the Frost Girl's place. Head bent against the wind that eddied around the river bends, his legs moving slowly with the weight of snow on his snowshoes, he plodded on and on through the short afternoon. When darkness came, and it came quickly, he was still below the post.

**BUT**, if he could keep on the river ice in the storm and the darkness, Allan could not tell how far he had gone. Thus, when he struck a bit of fast water, he thought he was still some distance from it. The ice was thin beneath the snow mantle. Suddenly, he felt his snowshoes sinking beneath him. A black spot appeared between his feet. The next instant he was in the water, struggling against the current.

Allan could not swim with the snowshoes lashed to his feet. Neither could he kick them off. After the first sharp contraction of his lungs, he struggled to the edge of the hole and flung his arms into the snow and down upon the ice. But it gave beneath his weight, and the current nearly carried him under. Again and again this happened. Then, when he found ice that would hold, he kicked out until his body was in a horizontal position that he might roll over onto the ice. But the snowshoes tangled his legs, struck the ice and kept him from it.

Allan recognized his peril but he did not give in to the panic which threatened him. He rested, his outflung arms supporting him. He knew that, to get out, he



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must remove his snowshoes. He lifted one leg and reached down toward it. But the weight on one arm broke the thin ice, and again he struggled in the water.

When he regained a place where the ice would hold him he rested a moment. Then, lowering himself until he could grasp the edge of the ice between his teeth, he removed his hands. Slowly, carefully, for he knew the ice might give any moment, he began working at one foot with free hands reaching down into the water. One snowshoe was off. He worked at the other. It was frozen to his moccasin, but he managed at last to tear it loose.

Then, carefully, he shoved his arms out onto the ice and released his grip with his teeth. The ice held. His feet were free.

Another short rest and he kicked out until he floated. Then he rolled toward the ice and upon it. It gave beneath him. He struggled to the side of the hole and tried again. This time the ice held and in an instant he lay in the snow at the edge of the water.

Working slowly, carefully, keeping his weight distributed over as much ice as he could, the young engineer began to work toward the shore. Rolling, crawling in the deep snow, he finally felt ground beneath him. Then, with an effort, he struggled to his feet.

**T**HE most serious part of the situation now confronted him. He didn't have a dry match. Without a fire he would freeze. He had hardly risen to his feet before he felt his outer clothing stiffen.

His teeth chattered in spite of his efforts to clench them. Violent fits of shivering seized him. He stumbled along the edge of the ice and tried to run.

But his slight exertions could not restore the circulation. As he plowed on through the snow, more slowly with each step, he felt his feet grow numb. His hands were like wooden blocks dangling at his sides. When one has passed the first painful stages there is no death so pleasant as that by freezing. There is a gradual lessening of pain, a sweet, overpowering sense of drowsiness, an insistence on cessation of effort. It seems that one's greatest desire is to lie down and sleep. To those who know the dangers this lassitude comes as an incentive to greater effort. The struggles become more violent, but every bit of will power is necessary to combat the desire for sleep, the inclination to lie down and rest.

This is the reason that those of stronger character, of greater purpose, will continue to fight when their fellows have dropped into the snow to a painless, welcome death.

Alian knew the danger in the somnolent spell that possessed him and struggled to shake it off. He plodded on up the river, no destination in view, only a determination to walk, for in walking only was there a chance to live.

But, although his was a fighting nature, and he had the courage and the determination, he lapsed into unconsciousness several times. Twice he fell and lay in the snow. Each time the effort to rise and go on taxed his will power to the utmost.



## In the Kitchen

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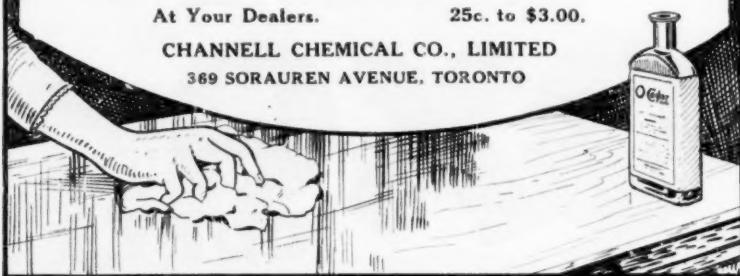


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SOON a semi-comatose condition prevailed, and he went on only because his last mental endeavor had been to drive himself on. The harsh, shrill wind sounded soft and soothing to him. He fancied he heard voices, the laughter of children at play in the woods. The numbness of his hands and feet were no longer felt, nor was he conscious of the trembling of his chilled body. All was warm, peaceful, pleasant.

Then came a shadowy shape at his side, snarling; snapping. Similar shapes gathered about him, and he opened his eyes wider, shook the visions from his brain and saw what he believed to be wolves circling beside his path. He looked ahead through the snow and saw the yellow glow of a light.

It seemed miles away as he struggled through the deep snow, the shadowy shapes still beside him. He knew his strength was slipping fast, his determination wavering. To fall, to lie down, meant to be torn to pieces, and fear of the glistening fangs spurred him on.

He tried to call, but in the blizzard he could not determine whether his lips had uttered a sound. On he pressed through the snow, more slowly with each few yards he gained.

As he struggled forward the strange fancies persisted. Chief of these was the Frost Girl. The yellow glow of the light through the snow took on the shape of her golden head. He could hear her voice, see the blue of her eyes. The vision came and went, grew bright, grew dim. Once it faded altogether and returned with a suddenness that stopped him, left him swaying in the storm.

Before him he felt sure he saw Hertha's face, a light from behind glinting through her hair, her strong, round figure framed in the blackness of the door frame.

As he stood, swaying, the shadowy shapes vanished from his side. He no longer heard the laughter of children at play. The last bit of resistance was gone. He swayed forward and toppled into the snow unconscious. But he had seen Hertha before the end.

*To Be Continued.*

## Sentiment in Business

*Continued from Page 40.*

the customers value for their money. What else was needed?

Other concerns were prone to grant certain concessions to their men, to give half-holidays, to distribute turkeys at Christmas time. The same concerns sought to interest customers in various ways, by courteous letters and personal calls from agents. If they were gaining anything very tangible in the present, that the Crabbe people were losing, by this course, it was hard to ascertain what it was. At least Isaac Crabbe could not see it.

But one day certain matters which had been brewing for months came to a head. The moulders union held a meeting. It



was a stormy one, as the issue before the men was grave.

The agreement entered into with the manufacturers of that city some three years previous would expire in a few day's time. A new rate had been demanded by the men, together with other concessions. All the manufacturers in town had consented to a slightly modified agreement, all but the Crabbe Implement Co. At first Isaac Crabbe had determinedly refused to consider a new agreement under any circumstances and it was only when the other officials of the company pointed out that they had certain contracts to fill of such importance that they could not risk a strike that he would listen to reason at all. Finally they had consented to the new rate of pay but had refused certain of the other concessions.

The meeting of the men was, as said before, a stormy one. Among the leaders in the union were men who hated the Crabbe Implement Co. and recommended that the iron fist of unionism be used to force old Isaac Crabbe to accept the new terms as fully as the other manufacturers had. On the other hand there were more cautious spirits among them who did not want to risk a strike—and who cautioned a half-way policy.

The cautious element had nearly won the dispute. The meeting perceptibly swayed their way. And then one of the most implacable of the militant wing sprang to his feet.

"Some of you will remember," he exclaimed, "an incident that occurred years ago. We got our pay on Monday nights down at the Crabbe works. We all had to file down to one wicket to get our envelopes and the last to be paid didn't get out of the shop until half past six or later. The last loop-line car that would take us into the city left at 6.20. And that meant that every week some of us had to trudge all the way home—men tired out with nine hours' work in the shop. And every day old Isaac Crabbe drove home at four o'clock behind a team of horses!"

There was an unmistakable rumble of dissatisfaction around the room. Every man there remembered this injustice which had existed. Most of them at some time or other had missed that last car and walked several weary miles home.

"We petitioned Isaac Crabbe," went on the speaker, "to open a second pay-wicket so that all of us could get our envelopes in time to catch that car. It was a small thing to ask surely. But would Isaac Crabbe grant it? No! He refused us point blank and when our deputation had left, he tore the petition up and threw it in the waste basket. Remember that boys? You bet, you remember it, every mother's son of you. Will we accept any changes in our just demands from Isaac Crabbe now that we've got him where he has to come to us?"

It turned the scale. The men turned down the counter proposals of their employer and the strike was on. It lasted three months. The Crabbe Implement Co. could not fill their contracts and lost heavily as a result.

It would perhaps make the object lesson complete if it were possible to add that the men won the strike. But, as a matter of fact, they did not. After three

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months of futile waiting, they went back—and at the terms of the implacable Crabbe. But, nevertheless, the employer lost more than did the men in the long run.

To-day the plant is manned by sullen employees who hate the company and stay there only because they feel they cannot get employment elsewhere. They put no enthusiasm into their work. They spread broadcast stories of the soulless nature of the concern. The public has never forgotten the circumstances of the strike—nor forgiven. Whatever sentiment attaches to the name of the firm in the public mind is an unfavorable one. The company have lost ground. Competitors are passing them. Dividends are dwindling. They are feeling the force of adverse sentiment.

## Who, How and Why

Continued from Page 38.

also a humorist, but neither suffers because their methods are different.

So that Colonel Hugh's light is not dimmed. Only when William White, K.C., of Pembroke, visits No. 16, as he sometimes does, the Colonel takes care to trim his lamp, for next to him, White, K.C., is the brightest fabulist in Canada and is even said by some to excel the Colonel in dialect. However, it is not for me to pass judgment who enjoy them both. The two men are in a class by themselves.

It is worth noting that, humorist as he is, Colonel Hugh realizes that it can be carried too far. Helpful though humor has been to him he realizes that it has its place—in the funny column, on the stump, in the smoking-room, but never in Parliament. Colonel Hugh goes on the principle that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men—but only when the wisest men happen to be off duty. He cherishes the warning of the late President Garfield, who counselled public men to avoid humor in their Parliamentary speeches, as they would murder, which indeed it is, because it slays a statesman's reputation for gravity. For which reason, no doubt, Colonel Hugh Clark, the maddest, merriest fellow in nine provinces, never makes a speech in Parliament which cannot be quoted in full at a Presbyterian prayer meeting.

## Radio Communication

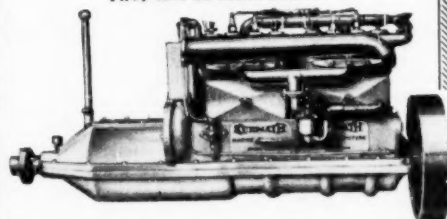
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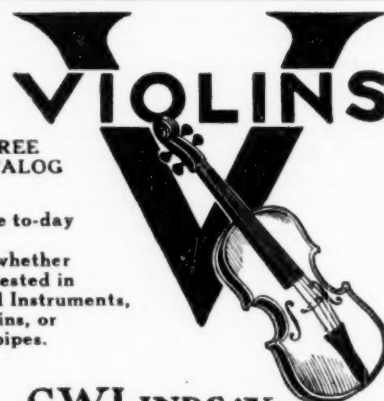
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## Actual Conditions in Germany

*The People Are Hard Up For All The Necessities of Life*

**T**IME is the strongest of all the Allies. Alone he is capable of crushing Prussian militarism. He works in devious way—by wearing down the courage, by thinning the ranks, by taking away the food supplies. This is what strategists mean when they speak of Germany's only hope of victory having lain in a sudden smashing campaign and a quick victory.

The strongest evidence of the way in which Time is working out an allied victory is supplied in an article by Francis Gribble in *The Nineteenth Century*. Confined in the internment camp at Ruhleben, he was in a position to see exactly how the central kingdoms were faring and what internal conditions were. He explains first why he was so fortunately placed for authoritative information:

It might be supposed that the range of vision of interned civilians was limited by brick walls and barbed-wire fences, and that they saw nothing whatever of Germany except their own little British enclave. Very possibly that is the theory of internment, and there was an attempt, at one time, at Ruhleben to make the facts conform to the theory. For a considerable period the sale of newspapers in the Camp was forbidden; for a further and longer period the only newspaper admitted to its precincts was a publication called *B.Z. am Mittag*—a journal of which the English analogue would perhaps be the *Sportsman*. Not until nearly six months after the general internment, which began on the 6th of November, was our liberty extended and permission accorded to us to read the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Morgenpost*, the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, *Die Woche*, and a few other dailies or weeklies.

Even in the darkest days, however, we saw and heard a good deal more than we were supposed to see and hear, and the authorities can hardly have been unaware that we did so.

Our vision of Germany from our Internment Camp had very little to do with military movements. What we did get to know about—seeing it through the eyes of others—was the sentiment of the German people, the growing distress, the imminence of insolvency, and the changes which the war was bringing about in all sorts of social conditions. A certain quantity of information of the kind was no doubt filtering to England through the neutral countries or being disseminated, as it is, in the form of elegant extracts from the German press. But we, at Ruhleben, not only read the German press regularly, but had far better opportunities than English readers of checking its statements. It was quite useless, for instance, for the German press to pretend to us that the harvest of 1915 had been an exceptionally good one. We had enjoyed the drought which lasted from the end of March until the early days of July; we had studied the hygrometer which one of our number had hanging in his box; we had heard the grumbings of those of our custodians who lived by agriculture. Con-



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## How Many Cars Have Hides? A Sequel to "How Many Hides Has a Cow?"

**M**ORE cars are now upholstered in Dupont Fabrikoid than in any other material.

The number upholstered in leather counting all grades, real grain leather and splits or so-called "genuine leather," is steadily diminishing. About 20% of the new pleasure cars sold in 1915 were upholstered in hides or hide splits. About 10% were upholstered in cloth. Of the remaining 70% upholstered in leather substitutes, the majority were in Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality.

Four years ago nearly all automobiles were upholstered in good leather, but 1915 production was just about twice that of 1912; in the meantime the steadily decreasing hide supply has made prices soar.

The attempt to meet the famine in real grain leather by using and selling doctored splits as "genuine leather" has been a failure.

The public has learned that there is a vast difference between real grain leather and so-called "genuine leather." To-day automobile manufacturers face the choice of real grain leather or its nearest popular competitor, Du Pont Fabrikoid.

Real grain leather, because of scarcity and high price, is out of the question for popular priced models that are produced in any considerable quantity. Therefore, since coated splits, masquerading as "genuine leather," have proved impractical, the decision of the greatest makers of popular-priced cars has been in favor of Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality, proved the most desirable after several years' use on hundreds of thousands of automobiles.

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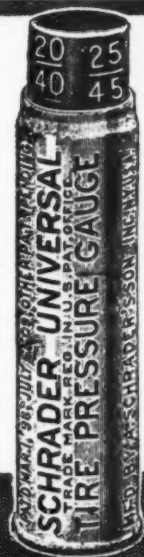
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sequently, as there were a good many men among us who had had practical experience of farming, we were not to be imposed upon by vain-glorious boasts, but knew perfectly well that straw was scarce, and that the corn had precious little grain in the ears. Of the scarcity of straw, indeed, we had ocular proof when we found that no straw could be spared for our mattresses and that shavings were to be substituted therefore, and we knew—no matter how—that a competent American observer had replied to a question about the harvest in the following emphatic words: "Percentage of loss? Well, sir, that naturally varies from district to district. In the district I've just been travelling through I should put it at about one hundred per cent."

The story shows in what way we were better placed than people in England for the purpose of studying Germany from within. To a certain extent the conditions of the Camp were a reflection of the conditions of the country; the quality and prices of the goods sold at the canteen indicating the quality and prices of the goods sold in the Berlin shops. Reading the papers regularly, and reading them through, we got a good deal more out of them than we could have got from the extracts quoted for English consumption; and we were—or, at all events, some of us were—in constant contact, direct or indirect, with the people who actually knew. Prisoners were released, and then, after an interval, rearrested and brought back; they did not fail, if they were intelligent, to bring news with them. Fresh British subjects were continually being discovered and taken to Ruhleben from various parts of Germany, and they, too, told their stories. The conversation of soldiers and of workpeople employed in the Camp was naturally fruitful of hints which could be pieced together. And then, of course, there were letters. There were plenty of men in the Camp who had German wives, German partners, German friends, who corresponded with them, and many statements contained in that correspondence, though they meant little or nothing to the censor, meant a great deal to those who were in a position to put the dots on the i's.

To take a simple instance: A man receives a letter from his wife containing the item of news—"Herr Schroeder has been called up and has been passed as *feld-dienst-fähig*—fit for service in the field." The husband, knowing Herr Schroeder, is able to supplement the information: "He is a fat fellow, like an enormous butter-tub, who spends all his time in the cafés." The inference is easy: that Germany has got so near to the end of her effectives that she is obliged, not only to mobilize the pot-bellied, but to put them in the fighting line, if only that they may serve as shields to break the force of bullets aimed at men of lesser girth. The inference is even more conclusive if the husband goes on to say: "Schroeder never expected to be called out. He belongs to the *ungediente Landsturm*, and I've often heard him say that he's quite sure he'll never be put into a uniform unless Germany is on her very last legs."

A single example of that sort of thing, of course, means nothing—it may be attributed to accident or to humorous exaggeration. But a long series of such stories means a great deal, and one heard such stories at Ruhleben by the dozen. The heroes of them were not always the pot-bellied; sometimes they were the flat-footed, or the one-lunged, or the rheumatic. I have heard of a man who could



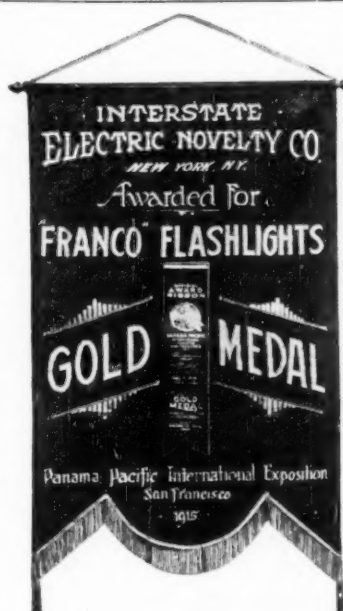
not walk a couple of miles being sent to the front and breaking down within a week. I have heard of a man who had lost one eye in battle being sent back to lose the other. I have heard of a man so short-sighted that he could hardly see across the road being passed for service with the jest: "You can't see far, so we'll make a note that you must always be put in the front rank." I have even heard of a military doctor passing for service a man who had spent the greater part of his life in a sanatorium for consumptives. And, having heard these things, I drew the inference which seemed warranted: that the exhaustion of the German reserves was in sight, and that a deterioration in the quality of their troops would soon be noticeable.

Even more striking, because more continuous, was the evidence which accumulated under our eyes of the exhaustion of German's material resources. England only heard of the pinch, and wondered whether what it heard was really true; we felt it, and heard the complaints of others who were feeling it, and could keep track of the tightening of the screw. There was the great bread question, for instance.

The baking of pure wheaten bread was forbidden from the very beginning of the war. Bread, it was then enacted, must contain 10 per cent. and might contain as much as 20 per cent. of the potato flour. The pro-Germans among us boasted loudly that that economy of the supply would suffice to see Germany through. The regulation certainly permitted the production of quite tolerable rolls, and the supply of bread was so abundant that it was freely wasted. That was in November, when the Germans were expecting to smash the line at Ypres and get to Calais. The change began somewhere about Christmas, and then change succeeded change. The price of the rolls was raised, their size diminished, their quality deteriorated. They got harder and harder, and blacker and blacker. I cannot imagine what they were being made of when we were informed that their sale was to cease altogether in the Camp.

Similarly with the brown bread. At first the provision was so ample that only men with exceptionally hardy appetites could consume the whole of their rations, and the quality, in those days, was passable. Presently it was announced that the supply would be reduced because we were wasting bread; but one of the non-commissioned officers, in giving out the notice, had the naïveté to mention the scarcity of grain in the country as an additional reason for the measure. And then, after a brief interval, came the introduction of the system of bread tickets and the rationing of the whole country. England only heard of the rations, but we handled them and knew their inadequacy from experience. We received what everyone in Germany was receiving: one-fifth of a loaf per man per day—a loaf, too, with crust so hard that only the teeth of the gentleman of color could bite it. We really suffered from hunger in those days.

The well-to-do among the Germans, of course, could "fill up" with other comestibles; the people who suffered were the poor, to whom bread had always been the main staff of life. Plenty of these came into the Camp on various errands; and the eagerness with which they gobbled up eleemosynary bowls of soup in the Camp kitchen was eloquent evidence of their condition. Moreover, some of them spoke out. There were a good many articles in the papers about that time pointing out that



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various wild plants not ordinarily eaten were really edible; and I remember how an old woman who had her apron full of dandelions expressed herself on that branch of the subject. "They take our sons," she said, "and our husbands, and our brothers away from us to be killed, and then, instead of supporting us, they turn us out into the fields and tell us to live on weeds."

Nor did the old woman's testimony stand alone; the testimony of soldiers was added to it. Some of them were fairly prosperous; but others had wives and children who went hungry. I have seen soldiers turning over the mouldy bread in the bins into which we threw what we did not care to eat, and picking out the less mouldy pieces, to take to their families. I have known a case of a soldier begging bread from prisoners. "You always have bread left over in this barrack," he said, "because you get so many biscuits from England. It would be very good of you if, instead of throwing it away, you would let me take it and give to some friends of mine in Spandau. The poor women are almost starving, and there are many such cases in Spandau." And that though Spandau, being a Government arsenal, is a comparatively prosperous town. What, we asked ourselves, must be the condition of things in, for instance, the towns of East Prussia?

It would, at any rate, have been useless to tell us what neutral newspaper men have told the readers of some of the English newspapers: that Germany was not feeling the blockade. Germany, we knew, was feeling it badly, and feeling it all the time. The only comestibles of which Germany appeared to possess a fair supply, procurable at a price not too extortionate, were potatoes and green vegetables; and even that statement needs qualification. The green vegetables were only abundant because, at the time when they came into season, there were no tins available for canning them; consequently the scarcity is coming, if it has not yet come. The potatoes only became temporarily plentiful when the new crop was ready. Before that date the potatoes sold for human consumption were like the potatoes ordinarily given to pigs. One was lucky if one found as many as two sound potatoes in a day's rations.

Moreover, the importance which the Government was attaching to the potatoes was in itself a significant fact. We knew that the Government had seized them in order to regulate their sale through the various municipalities, and that the Berlin municipality had stored its stock in arches under the railway embankment, with unforeseen and disappointing consequences. An evil odor of steadily increasing intensity began to trouble the inhabitants of the neighborhood; and a Medical Officer of Health was instructed to inquire and report. He found that the smell proceeded from the potatoes, which, stored by men who did not know their business, had gone bad. Some of them were transformed to slime, and the rest were rotten; they all had to be carted away from their storehouse to be used as manure. Nor was it at Berlin alone that this had happened; similar stories of similar catastrophes arrived from various other parts of the country. And, if potatoes failed them, what were the Germans to fall back upon? In regard to other commodities, the signs of famine were looming up all around us.



## The Waking Up of Murphy

Continued from Page 23.

his work on the force, that he had become used to stalking among dangers.

A big automobile flashed around a corner and brought up with a jerk as Murphy lifted his arm.

"What's the matter?" growled the driver.

"I'll just take yer number," Murphy explained. "It's the police court fer ye tomorrie, fer speedin' on the thoroughfare. Now get along wid ye, afore ye block the traffic."

"Just a moment, officer," spoke a voice from the tonneau.

Murphy stepped forward. "Phat is it?" he asked brusquely.

"Here's a nice five-spot for you, if you'll just forget the number," whispered the man in the tonneau. He held out a bill, but Murphy shook his head. "On yer way, if ye plaze," he growled. "No man kin say of Number Twenty-nine that he ever accepted a bribe."

"Wait a minute," commanded the owner, as the chauffeur reached for the starting lever. "I wanta' tell this bull here, just what I think of him."

He stood up unsteadily and shook his fist at Murphy.

"You're dhrunk," said Murphy. "You'd best be movin' along."

In answer, the man, and he was a big man too, shot his fist straight to the officer's jaw. It landed fairly in the cleft of Murphy's chin. Stars and broken bits of illumination danced before Murphy's eyes but, with the cough of the engine, he reached forward and the car sped away leaving the assaulter in the mighty grip of the officer.

"Ye'll come quiet, now," admonished Murphy, deftly running his hands through his prisoner's pockets and pulling forth a wrench-like automatic pistol, to the lock of which adhered a crumpled bit of paper.

"What am I under arrest for?" asked the man, sobered now and pale with apprehension. His eyes were glued to the slip of paper which Murphy had smoothed out and was reading laboriously.

"Well, I'll be dommed," muttered the officer.

"What am I—" repeated the prisoner, but Murphy snapped on the bracelets and led him across the street to the patrol-box.

"A hundred, if you'll let me off," whispered the man.

Murphy unlocked the box and rung up headquarters.

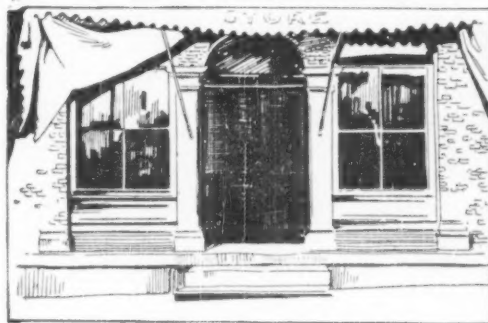
"Five hundred, a thousand," pleaded his prisoner.

"Murphy gave his order to Central, grinned appraisingly at his prisoner and passed out of the tiny coop, locking the door behind him.

Out under a flaring gas-jet, he reread the words on that crumpled piece of paper and, as he read, fire gleamed in his blue eye.

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NEWLIN HAINES

"Go to Yellow Sam's and get the gang away with the stuff. The bulls are wise."

Murphy breathed a long breath, and squared his shoulders. "Yellow Sam's—that's on my beat," he muttered, "and the stuff—that means opium. Let me see now."

He smiled whimsically and stroked his square chin. "Murphy bye," he murmured, "There's no time at all to lose, and there's plenty of fightin' to be done and maybe promotion to be gained. Be the powers it's in luck ye are this night."

AN hour later he halted outside a ramshackle Chinese laundry. A moment he crouched there, listening. Then he put his massive shoulder against the door. It fell with a crash. Murphy walked across it into the room. He had drawn his automatic before entering, and now it swept the room slowly as his voice fell icily upon the ears of the dozen or more Orientals grouped about a table on which money and dice lay scattered. From an interior room wafted the sickening stench of stale opium.

"This joint is pinched," spoke Murphy. "I'veybody's hand up."

He ducked, as a streak of pale light flashed across the room, and a long, slender knife buried itself in the wall behind him.

"So," muttered Murphy, "So," and his thumb pushed the safety clutch off the automatic. The revolver barked once, twice, then, as Murphy afterwards put it, hell woke up and yawned. From the far end of the room darted three ruddy spurts of flame and the officer felt a touch of fire on his cheek. Then a voice, neither high-pitched nor excited, commanded from the interior room, "Switch off the lights!" Two of the Chinamen lay twisting on the floor. A third, who had crawled beneath the table, reached out a yellow arm for the button in the wall. Murphy shattered the wrist, but not quickly enough. The room sank into velvety blackness.

Murphy slipped to his knees and held his breath. He was waiting. Suddenly, from outside, there sounded voices; then a shot, then silence. Murphy crouched and waited. All at once, close beside him in the velvety, sulphurous blackness, he heard the rustle of stockinged feet slipping across the floor. He reached out and his strong fingers gripped an ankle. There was a heave and a jerk and Murphy spoke, whispering above the face of the man he held in his arms. "If ye so much as move, I'll plunk ye, be the holies." But his captive had struck his head on the corner of the oaken table in falling, and lay inert as the officer felt down the limp arms and snapped on the bracelets.

"Wan to the good, thank hiven," he breathed fervently, "and now, me bye, it's creep out and drag afther, fer ye, it is," he admonished himself.

Just here footsteps and voices sounded outside and a moment later, light flooded the room.

"Good work, Murphy," spoke a voice and, frowning upwards, the officer's eyes met those of his lieutenant.

"Not bad, sorr," he grinned. "But if ye'll be allowing me to say it, it's surprised I am to see ye here, sorr. Belike ye



just happened in, now?" He struggled up and wiped the blood from his face.

"No," said the lieutenant, "there's no chance about it, Murphy. Dauphin, he's from the Chicago agency, you know, planned to raid this joint to-night. Seems he'd tracked the Wilcox gang to hole, here. He asked for five picked men, they're outside there with the Chinks who tried to make their get-away. I came along to see the fun. It's a long time since I smelt a fight, Murphy, you'll understand."

"Indade, nobody better," chuckled Murphy, "and it's sorry I am if I've anticipated the detective's move a little. The fact is, sorr, I happened unto a clew from wan of this same gang, who flew intil me arrums loike a trustin' burrid. But ye'll not be after takin' Wilcox the leader at all," he growled. "It's me own self that saw that same gentleman leavin' be the station gate only this afternoon—"

He checked himself, and his eyes dropped to the floor.

"There begod," he muttered, "but I've shepped in it now, I have."

He stood up stiffly and faced his superior officer. "Lootinent?" he confessed, "Wilcox slipped through me hands loik wather through a sieve. I could a nabbed him aisy and I did not. It's me discharge I've earned and well I know it."

"You'll get all that's coming to you, Murphy," returned the lieutenant, "but it wont be anything like that. Do you know who it is you have prisoner here?" touching the man on the floor, who was showing signs of returning consciousness.

"I do not," said Murphy. "Some tool of the smugglin' king, I guess."

"He's a little more than that, Murphy. He's Swampy Wemp, one of Wilcox's confederates," affirmed the lieutenant.

Murphy gasped.

"And the man you arrested this afternoon, the porter at the station. Do you know who he was, Murphy?"

"I'll be pleadin' ignorance entirely," said Murphy.

"Well, he was Charlie Crimp, confederate number two. Pretty good work, eh, Murphy?"

The big Irishman stared his amazement. "Be the holies," he muttered, "and I thought I'd landed wan of 'em in that guy in the automobilly. It was from him I got me clue, sorr."

"That's right. You nabbed Wilcox most beautifully just as he was getting away in his car—"

"I did phat?" roared Murphy.

"You arrested Wilcox not more than an hour ago and sent him in. We've got him in the cells all hunky."

MURPHY removed his helmet and scratched his flaming, closely cropped head.

"Excuse me, sorr," he said, "but it's surely mistaken ye are. Wilcox got away clane, I'm tellin' ye. I saw him wid me own eyes. I—" He broke off abruptly and the lieutenant started forward with an exclamation of alarm. Murphy had whipped out his revolver and had it presented at a slender, swarthy-faced man, dressed in tweed ulster and auto cap, who stood, smiling, in the doorway between the room.

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**WALTER DEAN, Foot of York Street, Toronto, Can.** Pack Toboggans a Specialty.

"Up wid yer hands," commanded Murphy huskily; and up went the slender man's arms with a jerk. Then the lieutenant found his voice. "Murphy," he shouted, "for the love of heaven lower that gun. Don't you know who that is? It's Dauphin."

"It is not," growled Murphy. "It's Wilcox. I know him by his pictur' in the *Toims*, I do."

"Murphy," said the lieutenant quietly. "Listen to me. I command you to lower that revolver."

Slowly the barrel of the brown automatic sank, and Murphy, with a mighty

heave of his shoulders, stood erect and saluted.

"I think I can explain," said the slender man, coming forward. "This afternoon, it seems, there was a mix-up in the composing-room of the *Times*. As a result our cuts were transposed and mine was published as the picture of Wilcox and his—fortunately on an inner page—of me."

"Be the powers," gasped the bewildered Murphy, "but I see it all now." And he gripped the hand held out to him.

"And, not content with beating me out of the \$3,000 reward for Wilcox and his pals," smiled the detective, "you want to

pot me with that automatic. What will he receive by way of reprimand, lieutenant?"

"Promotion," answered the lieutenant heartily.

"And stripes on his sleeve?"

"Surely."

"And his picture will be in the papers, and," breaking into Murphy's brogue, "he'll be after leadin' some hero-worshipin' Coleen till the alther. Arra Murphy, but it's in great luck ye are this night."

"Yis," said Murphy gently. "It's right ye are; but it's meself can't be tellin' ye just how lucky I be."

## The Best Selling Book of the Month

**I**N a glade of the forest, yet not so far but that one might hear the chime of bells stealing across the valley from the great minster of Mortain on a still evening, dwelt Beltane the smith.

"Alone he lived in the shadow of great trees, happy when the piping of birds was in his ears, and joying to listen to the plash and murmur of the brook that ran merrily beside his hut, oft pausing 'twixt strokes of his ponderous hammer to catch its never-failing music."

"A mighty man was Beltane the smith, despite his youth, already great of stature and comely of feature. Much knew he of woodcraft, of the growth of herb and tree and flower, of beast and bird and how to tell each by its cry or song or flight; he knew the ways of the fish in the streams, and could tell the course of the stars in the heavens; versed was he likewise in the ancient wisdom and philosophies, both Latin and Greek, having learned all these things from him whom men called Ambrose the Hermit. But of men and cities he knew little, and of the ways of women less than nothing, for of these matters Ambrose spoke not."

These are the introductory passages of the first chapter of Jeffrey Farnol's new novel of mediæval times in England, telling of how Beltane lived within the greenwood.

Beltane's knowledge of the outside world came from his reading of history and when "busied at his anvil, hearkening to wondrous tales of travel and strange adventure told by wandering knight and man-at-arms, the while, with skillful hand, he mended

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

broken mail or dented casque, and thereafter, upon the mossy sward, would make a trial of their strength and valor, whereby he both took and gave right lusty knocks."

Comes a meeting of more than ordinary interest when a stranger surprises Beltane brush in hand, one fair afternoon. This stranger, long and lean and grim of aspect, with a mouth wry-twisted by an ancient sword-cut, yet possessing a jovial eye, twits young Beltane for sitting there, wasting time with a foolish brush stuck in his fist, while the world was amiss. By further taunts he lures Beltane into a bout with the swords which he discloses by laying aside his cloak.

The stranger makes sport of Beltane, scoring at will, finally, by a cunning

stroke, beating the great sword from Beltane's grip, leaving the latter standing amazed and humbled.

This stranger turns out to be Sir Benedict, of Bourne, famed throughout the land for his swordsmanship. Sir Benedict proves to be a friend of Beltane. Sir Benedict remains to teach all his strokes to Beltane.

Two principal characters who come early into the tale are the Lady Helen of Mortain and the Duke of Pentavalon—Black Ivo.

Black Ivo, coming through the greenwood with his retinue, comes upon Beltane standing in the shade of a tree.

"Aha," said he, "what insolent, long-legged rogue art thou, to stand gaping at thy betters?"

"No rogue messire, but an honest man, I pray God, whom folk call Beltane the smith."

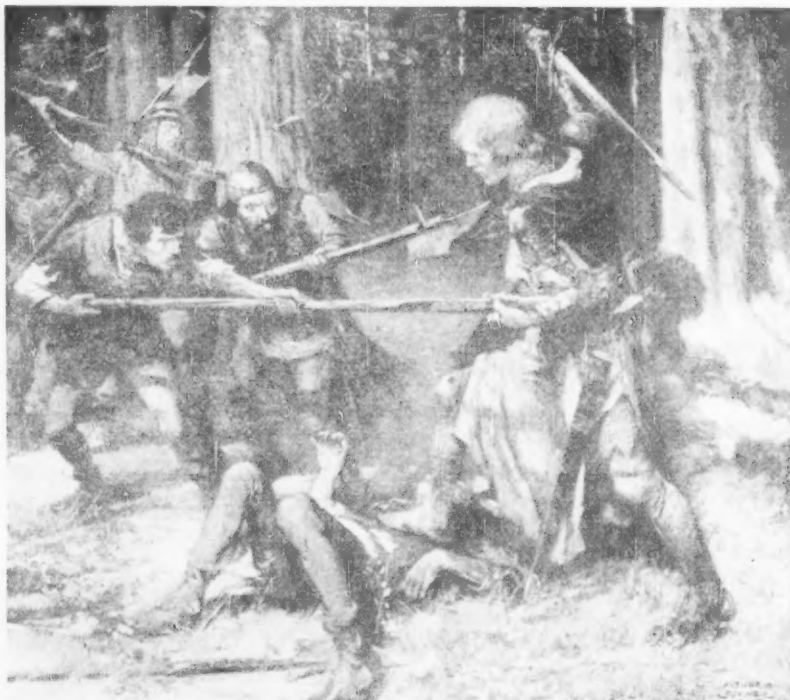
"Ho! Gefroi!" he calls, "come you and break me the back of this 'honest' rogue."

This brings forth a great bronzed fellow with eyes quick and bright and teeth agleam through the hair of his beard.

A mighty wrestling contest ensues and to the surprise of all the onlookers and most of all to the husky Gefroi, Beltane proves victor.

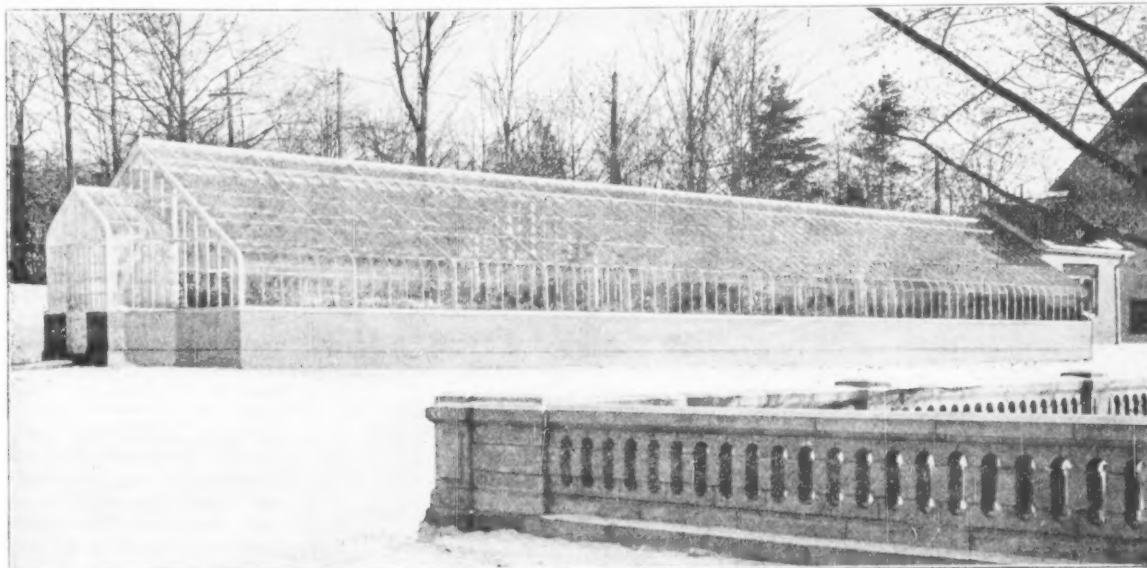
Black Ivo rides off with parting smites of his whip for the prostrate Gefroi, bidding his followers let him lie and flings a purse to Beltane. Beltane befriends the fallen champion, pressing upon him the money as Gefroi ruefully departs bemoaning his lost position.

Spreads fame far and wide for Beltane for the manner



An illustration from "Beltane the Smith," drawn by Arthur E. Becker.





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Come to Hotel Chamberlin now—and you will come again.

Interesting, Illustrated Booklets may be had at MacLean's Travel Bureau, all Tourist Bureaus and Transportation Offices, or by addressing

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Box 3000, FORTRESS MONROE, VA.



*Both Arms of the Service  
at Old Point Comfort*

## "Safety First" in Buying

**N**OT one buyer in a thousand ever has a chance to make the investigation as to the merchant's reliability that the publisher has. The responsible publisher must do all in his power to protect the interests of the readers of his publication.

If you would have "safety-first" in buying you will do well to consult the advertising columns of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

Our advertisements are carefully censored, and we have repeatedly turned aside applications aggregating hundreds of dollars just because we were afraid our readers might lose through questionable advertisements.

Look through this issue and see if there is not something you can buy to better advantage because MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE has investigated the advertiser.

Please don't forget when writing advertisers to say you saw their announcement in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

in which he humbled the duke's burly wrestler, and many come to match their prowess with him all going down to defeat. The Lady Helen, hearing his praises sung, needs must see him so she rides forth on her white palfrey, coming upon Beltane as he stands at his forge fashioning an axe-head. Screened by the thick-budded foliage the Lady Helen watches him and presently he steps forth into the glade and with his back to the bole of a tree breaks forth into a song which, sleepless, he had composed. To Helen his rich tones surpassed the music of the brook and the songs of the birds of which he sang. The smith's song was suddenly hushed when the lady rode forth from her cover and conversation ensues that is destined to change the whole course of Beltane's life. She chides him for being, as she had heard, a scorner of women and to him addresses this prophecy: "I tell thee that ere much time has passed thou shalt know love—aye, in such fashion as few men know—wherefore I say—beware, Beltane!"

Despite his entreaties and demands the duchess does not reveal her identity but as she rides away calls back to him the one name, "Helen."

Beltane is smitten. The varied music of the greenwood is changed. The song of the brook and the whispering of the wind in the trees is now of "Helen" and Helen is in his thoughts continually. They meet again and with Helen yet incognito to Beltane, he wins her love. Then she tells him that she is the Duchess Helen of Mortain. This has a strange effect on Beltane. Telling her again that he loves her greatly, he bids her return to her knightly lovers, "Wed this duke who seeks thee—do aught you will," he says, "but go, leave me to my hammers and these green solitudes."

She is to him as Helen of Troy of whom Ambrose the Hermit had told him. "Alas! that one so fair should be a thing so evil!"

Beltane proceeds to his lonely hut. Takes his cloak and great sword which had come to him from Sir Benedict. Then he seizes his mightiest hammer and with it beats down the roof of the hut and hammers in its walls, heaves hammer and anvil into the pool and with sword and cloak plunges deeper into the forest, proceeding to the hermitage of Ambrose, from whom Beltane learns that he is the son of Ambrose the Hermit, who is the Duke of Pentavalon. The father tells Beltane that he must take his rightful place and stop the outrages being perpetrated by the usurper, Black Ivo, who had made himself Duke.

Following the last meeting of Beltane and Helen, peace of mind is absent also from her and bidding her stern old attendant Godric follow her, they hurry forth and, mounting in haste, ride to the forest where they behold the ruin of Beltane's hut at which Helen stands aghast, "gazing wild-eyed and with her heart numb in her bosom."

A wondrous tale of love and stirring adventure is unfolded as the book proceeds, most varied in its graphic descriptions of mediaeval times.



## THE BEST SELLING BOOKS IN CANADA

- Fiction
1. Micheal O'Halloran, Gene Stratton Porter ..... 84
  2. Beltane, The Smith, Jeffery Farnol ..... 69
  3. The Moneymaster, Sir Gilbert Parker, Moonbeams of the Larger Lunacy, Stephen Leacock ..... 49
  4. The Lost Prince, F. H. Burnett ..... 40
  5. A Far Country, Winston Churchill ..... 37
  6. Anne of the Island, L. M. Montgomery ..... 36
- Juvenile
- Children's Story of the War, Non-Fiction
- My Year of the Great War.

## A Brave Airman

Continued from Page 24.

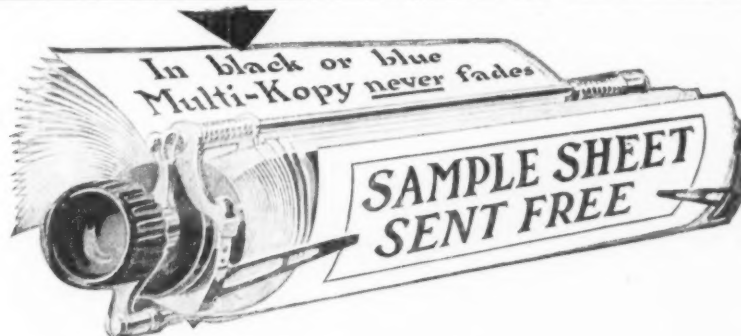
as "a good pluck'd 'un." The old chateau and its exquisitely picturesque grounds was the home of Jacques for many years. Though he won his spurs at school, he was really an outdoor boy, as he has become an outdoor man. His gun and his horse were his first loves: his lessons, tasks to be done as well and as quickly as possible so that he might get out into the woods of La Chesnaye. His great pastime was hunting *le chevreuil*.

SEVEN or eight years ago he took up aviation in France under the guidance of Louis Bleriot, who was an intimate friend. All the world knows now how famous Bleriot has become. This was before the real era of the beginning of successful aviation. Records had been made, but they were trifling and insignificant by the side of the feats in aeronautics to-day. The amazingly quick development of aviation is one of the marvels of these opening years of the twentieth century. Jacques, Comte de Lesseps, saw in the aeroplane a vehicle for that intrepidity which is his distinguishing characteristic. He made gigantic strides. Bleriot was the first man to cross the channel. This was in 1909. In 1910 de Lesseps performed the same feat in a Bleriot monoplane. And this but a couple of years after he had made his first flight.

De Lesseps has always sworn by the monoplane. In 1909 he foresaw what a significant development the monoplane would be as an item in warfare. The words of his detailed prediction have come true.

In 1910, too, he came to New York and flew there at the big aviation meet. It was but a step to Montreal and he flew in Canada under the auspices of the Aeronautic Association of Canada.

We have come to know *le Comte* well in Canada. He is a man of tall, spare frame; he stands six feet; he has dark, fireful eyes, the eyes of a man who is filled with love of life, who lives by adventure, whose playthings are the big forces of the out-of-doors, forces bigger than he which give the opposition that lends zest to the striving, and yield not easily. His smile is the smile of the happy Frenchman. No one can laugh quite as infectiously as a son of *la belle France*. He has a determined jaw. Probably he has needed it. Aviation, even yet



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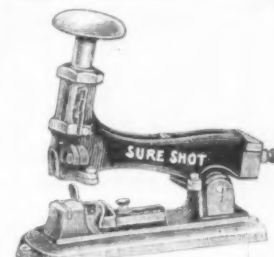
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## Three Conservatories

### We Built For Three Relatives

HERE indeed is an exceptionally interesting instance.

Two brothers and a brother-in-law all built residences a stone's throw from each other.

For all three, we built our iron frame, indestructible conservatories.

Each one opens off the hall by elaborate leaded glass doors.

In the centre of each there will be fountains of special design, made in New York.

Although the way we construct our conservatories—with a complete iron frame bolted to a cast iron sill that goes over the top of the foundation—costs more than the usual short-lived, all-wood constructions, it is worth every cent it costs because of its long life.

How inconsistent to build a lasting residence of brick or stone and then add a conservatory of wood that must have constant repairs and eventually be replaced!

If you are interested in having a conservatory, let us send you some photographs.

If you are thinking of a greenhouse, send for our Two G's Booklet: Glass Gardens—A Peep into Their Delights.

## Lord & Burnham Co.

Limited, of Canada

Greenhouse Designers and Manufacturers.

Royal Bank Building, TORONTO.      Transportation Building, MONTREAL.  
Factory—ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

in its early stages, is not all plain sailing, either literally or figuratively. The air is a hard mistress to woo, and knows how to rebuff. But "the good plucked 'un" can stand rebuff, and that determined jaw of *le Comte* indicates it.

JACQUES, Comte de Lesseps, not only won the admiration of the Canadian public, but he won a wife. Three years ago he was married in London to Miss Grace Mackenzie. *Le Comte* and his wife came to Canada to live and *de Lesseps*, for some little time, was at the Canadian Northern Railway's head office in Toronto.

"But," said an intimate friend of his with a smile, "Jacques' heart was not in office work. His business was in the open: his 'office' was the out-of-doors."

It was not long before he left the indoor work. War was declared last August and *le Comte* left for France immediately. He was engaged almost at the commencement in the aerial defence of Paris. He has been mentioned again and again in despatches for signal bravery and sustained and useful efforts. We are, apparently, not allowed to learn much as to details. The censorship in France seems to be as rigorous and severe as in Britain, if not more so. But despatches again and again have told of his bravery. Doubtless when the war is over he will be free to tell those in Canada, who know him and admire him, more of his efforts. That is—if he will, for he is backward where things personal are concerned. There is nothing of the egoist about him.

Three or four weeks ago (I write this in mid-December) he was awarded the Croix de Guerre, an order of high merit in France. No details have come to hand of any particular exploit which earned for him this decoration. Probably his sustained and continuous valor was the *raison d'être*. His wife, Comtesse de Lesseps, who is working in France to alleviate suffering, while her husband is engaged in defence of his country and in attacks upon German fortresses, quotes, in a recent letter, the wording of his General's despatch, in commending Jacques for the decoration: "*il s'est fait remarqué par sa décision, son sang froid, et son mépris du danger.*"

His own family in France has indeed done its aggregate bit in the war. Comte Ismail de Lesseps was killed at the Dardanelles. A brother-in-law, *le Comte de La Bégassière*, met his death in the early days of the war. And Jacques, as the words of his chief bear witness, is fearless and determined. He is a brave man, doing his brave work for his brave country. He is fulfilling, nobly, the traditions of his father's house. And since Canada may now be said to share interest with France in the war and his work, Canada is proud of Jacques, Comte de Lesseps.

Some of the German newspapers are suspiciously well informed about our plan of campaign. The *Neueste Nachrichten* describing the bombardment preceding the Allies' attack, says it was "as if they wanted to batter down the gates of hell."

# CONGRESS BICYCLE

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## University Recruits

THE Universities' Companies are now well known throughout Canada. A fresh company is raised, equipped and partially trained about every two months, and it is unnecessary to advertise for recruits, inasmuch as each company is made up of brothers or relatives or friends of those who have joined previous companies.

The first company, under the command of Captain Gregor Barclay, has joined the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and has been for some time in the trenches.

The second company, under the command of Captain George McDonald and Captain Percy Molson, is also on the Continent.

The third company went overseas about 330 strong, and has gained a golden reputation at Shorncliffe.

The fourth company is at full strength and has now embarked. In quality it is in no respect inferior to its predecessors.

A fifth company has been authorized, a large number of applicants are on the waiting list, and recruits will be welcomed at Montreal on or after November 27th.

Those who wish to join must receive a rigorous medical examination locally by an army medical officer. Those who are not medically and physically fit are not wanted, so there is a subsequent examination on reaching Montreal. The recruit should also be attested locally before the nearest Justice of the Peace, and transportation to Montreal can be speedily obtained by sending a night lettergram to Captain A. S. Eve, 382 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal. On arrival the recruit is issued without delay, his blankets, paliasse and uniform, and his training commences on the campus of McGill University and on the slopes of Mount Royal. As to barracks the Canadian Northern Land Company loans the headquarters building, McGill University lends the Molson Hall, and the students not only lend the top floor of the Union, but also give the soldiers the privileges of the building as though they were students. Moreover, the Y.M.C.A. opens its quarters and places the swimming pool at their disposal. The training is varied, and includes shooting at the C.P.R. Gallery, drill, tactics, bayonet fighting and physical training.

Nearly 1,200 men have already been raised by this organization, which is efficient, and also economical, inasmuch as there are no officers above the rank of captain.

A considerable number of young men who cannot get commissions in Canada are joining the Universities' Companies with a view to commissions in England. About fifty men who joined as privates, have already been appointed as officers. Information has been received from London that there is room for forty to fifty a month if suitable men are forthcoming.

Particulars may be obtained from Captain A. S. Eve, 382 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, who is in charge of the depot.



## The Canadians Holding the Line at Ypres

*"The Canadians saved the position."—Sir John French*

THE most wonderful Canadian battle-painting in existence is reproduced here—a picture which shows with indescribable vividness the terrible conditions in which our gallant soldiers won immortal fame and glory—drawing from Sir John French the remarkable tribute quoted above.

The artist is W. B. Wollen, R.I., a famous battle-painter, and this is his masterpiece. It has special interest in that Lieut. Niven, the sole surviving officer, will be easily recognized in the trenches calling to his men.

Such a soul-stirring picture brings home to all who see it the wonderful pride of race which is theirs. It is a picture which every Canadian must possess, and the owners of the original painting have had it very carefully copied by the most up-to-date process, whereby the artist's coloring is faithfully given, and every detail shown to the fullest advantage. The pictures measure 15¼ inches by 22 inches, and are splendidly mounted on a high-grade plate-sunk mount measuring 27 inches by 33¼ inches, ready for framing.

### HOW TO SECURE THIS PICTURE FREE

The original of this picture is owned by the proprietors of Dr. Cassell's Tablets and Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, who have at very great expense had these beautiful coloured reproductions made (entirely free from advertising matter), and are arranging for their FREE distribution to all who send 12 outer wrappers taken from 50 cents size of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, or 60 cents Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. If the 30 cents size Cough Cure is purchased, two outer wrappers will count as one.

In this way you will not only secure a free copy of this remarkable and valuable picture, but you will be bringing into your home indispensable remedies which should always be at hand.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets restore those who are run down and weary through over-work, worry, or sleeplessness, or who are troubled with dyspepsia, kidney weakness, or nerve disturb-

ance; whilst Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is well-known throughout the British Empire as the safest and most efficient remedy procurable for coughs, colds, bronchial and catarrhal troubles in old or young.

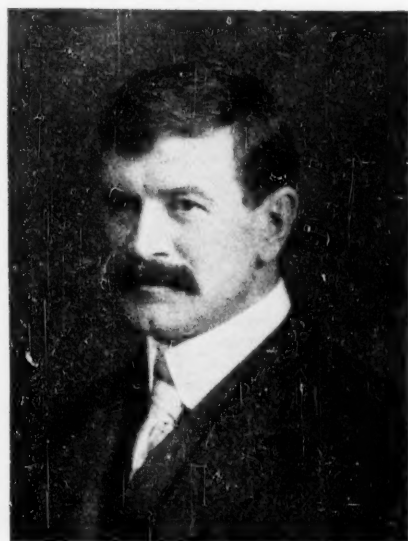
The outer wrappers can be taken from any of these preparations, and mixed to make the number—twelve.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, are sold by all Druggists and Store-keepers throughout the Dominion.

Commence saving your cartons to-day—you will get your picture all the quicker—and when you have the number, send them to our Sole Agents:—Harold F. Ritchie & Co., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Write your name and address plainly—and remember these Pictures CANNOT BE BOUGHT FOR CASH, but can ONLY be obtained as stated above.

# The Makers of a National Magazine



STEPHEN LEACOCK

but starting about six months ago, the Editors began to add name after name to the list, until it assumed the proportions of an all-star Canadian cast. Stephen



ALAN SULLIVAN

Leacock, Agnes C. Laut, Robert W. Service, L. M. Montgomery, just to name a few—and every name added was that of a writer of international repute. The Editors are making arrangements which will enable them to add still further to the list. Arthur Stringer, that most brilliant and versatile of young authors, will soon be found among the regular writers in *MacLean's*. Sir Gilbert Parker, whose genius has elevated him to a foremost place among the authors of the day, will contribute some work to *MacLean's*, if, in the stress of his arduous work in British House of Commons, he is able to find the time. Negotiations are under way for some articles from Mrs. Nellie McClung, the magnetic, compelling authoress of the West. Arrangements have been completed with Hopkins Moorhouse, the young author of "The Years of the Wicked" and "One Thousand Per Cent.—Net!" for a new serial of short length, dealing with railroading life in the West, "What the Gods Send." How is that for a list? If the question had been raised as to whether a Canadian Magazine could accomplish what *MacLean's* has done, the answer, as recently as a few months ago, would have been emphatically in the negative. *MacLean's* has wrought the miracle of bringing all the best Canadian authors into one Canadian publication, by keeping steadfastly in sight the necessity that Canada now feels for a national publication. In the past Canada has, without question, accepted the literature of Great Britain and the United States, has read to a very great extent the magazines which have flooded over from the latter country and has seen the work of her most talented writers drift inevitably and exclusively to the American market. Yes, Canada needs a literature of her own; and one of the first steps is to build up a really national magazine to carry to the people of Canada the work of the best Canadian authors. Recognizing this, the publishers of *MacLean's*, during a period of unprecedented depression and uncertainty, launched their campaign which had as its object the building up of such a Magazine. The results are now beginning to show.



L. M. MONTGOMERY

Whose "Anne" stories have won her such well-deserved fame, and whose short love stories and poems have made her a great favorite with readers of *MacLean's*.



ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Author of "The Frost Girl," whose stories of the north have been one of the most enjoyable of our thoroughly Canadian features.



H. F. GADSBY

the best known newspaper political writer in Canada, whose light sketches of leading men in the party strife of the Dominion have been a regular feature.



MADGE MACBETH

A most versatile writer of stories and articles, who also is well known to *MacLean* readers.

**D**URING the past few years, and particularly during the past six months, the Editors of *MACLEAN'S Magazine* have gathered together a noteworthy list of Contributors. The list, as it now stands, is truly a record-breaker for a Canadian publication. On *MacLean's* list now appears nearly every Canadian writer of international distinction. Authors who previously disposed of all their wares in the English and American markets are now found regularly in *MACLEAN'S*. You, as a reader, can appreciate what the addition of these noteworthy contributors has meant. It has put *MACLEAN'S*, we believe, on a plane with the very best Magazines published the world over. This improvement means more than a mere increase in the interest which the readers of the magazine are able to obtain from its pages; it means that a long step forward has been taken in the uphill fight for more distinct Canadian literature. With the co-operation now accorded by the best Canadian writers, *MACLEAN'S* is becoming a national publication in every sense of the word and will prove a strong impetus in the direction named.

The list of contributors to *MACLEAN'S* has always been strong enough to give a virile Canadian tone to the Magazine,



ARTHUR STRINGER



# Let us introduce to you - - -

THE writers who are building MacLean's into a national institution are all old friends of yours. You have read their stories and articles as they have appeared in the magazine, until you probably regard them as close acquaintances and feel that you understand them fully. It occurred to the Editors of MacLean's that it would be interesting to introduce some of our leading contributors to the readers. Accordingly let us present:—

STEPHEN LEACOCK, the greatest humorist of his day. You have heard him pay his respects to General Bernhardt; you read his satire on the Peace Makers; you have pondered over his prediction of what will happen in Canada during the next 15 years; and therefore you will be delighted that Stephen Leacock will continue to appear as a regular contributor to MACLEAN'S.



HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

A young Westerner who writes stories that reflect the breezy optimism and vigor of the West; and who will continue to appear as a regular contributor.

AGNES C. LAUT, whose strong articles on the situation in the United States arising out of the war have created such wide interest. Miss Laut has won a place among the leading lady journalists of the world, as her work with "Saturday Evening Post," "World's Work," "Review of Reviews," etc., attests.

AGNES C. LAUT

ALAN SULLIVAN, most polished of story tellers, whose wonderful pen pictures of the war have been such a feature of MACLEAN'S. You remember, of course, "Where a Man Can Hold Up His Head," "The Account of Antoine Chabot" and "Porteous, V.C." Mr. Sullivan's short stories will continue to be a feature.

ARTHUR STRINGER, whose work has made him one of the outstanding figures in the American Magazine world. We hope soon to be able to present some of Mr. Stringer's stories in MACLEAN'S.



DR. O. S. MARDEN

Writer of inspirational articles, which have been one of the most widely commented on features in the magazine.



W. A. CRAICK

A rising Canadian journalist and a former editor of MacLean's, who has been a regular and valued contributor for many years.



ROBSON BLACK

A young Canadian journalist of marked promise, with a gift for vigorous phrase-making that has made his articles stand out. Every reader of MacLean's will distinctly remember all articles by Robson Black.



HUGH S. EAYRS

Author of "The Last Ally" and other stories and articles, and who is also numbered among the most promising of rising young writers.

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# The Business Outlook

Canadians Spent More Money Christmas Shopping Than They Usually Do

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Mr. Appleton points out that the high mark in the movement of Canadian currency is usually reached about the second week of November, but this year on account of the larger crop it was not reached until the first week in December. At that time bank clearings reached their highest point, but business activity had not done so. In the early part of December the farmers of Western Canada had marketed a very large number of cattle, much larger than in any previous year, and also about half their crop, but being short of labor are still struggling to house safely or market their produce, and have not had time as yet to really do the volume of shopping that will have to be done. There are thousands of families in the West that have been waiting for a crop such as that of this year in order to bring up to a normal standard their stock of necessities.

**T**O give attention to all the letters received by the writer is quite impossible in the space at his disposal, but during the past week or two some have been received which indicate a very much happier state of affairs in the West than has preceded Christmas for many years. Of course there is one cloud, which only the declaration of peace can lift, and then the effects before that time arrives will leave impressions that many years will not serve to wear away the pain. But to forget for a while the shadows of the great duty the nation has assumed and look at business just as it is during this period of the year is much to be joyful for.

From Calgary a reader says that farmers are coming in to the city with pockets full of money and are going home laden with parcels to make their own homes more comfortable and brighter. They are also, it was observed, setting aside a substantial sum for a rainy day. All the money being received for the exceptionally large crop is not being laid out in luxuries. Necessaries are the order of the day and Santa Claus this year will give to his children more useful and fewer useless articles than is his wont. We are very glad, indeed, to get such letters indicating improved conditions from a business standpoint. That letter indicates the changed conditions in Alberta. In the next Province, Saskatchewan, according to a letter received from Moose Jaw, it appears that the farmers in the adjacent territory are utilizing or taking advantage of special day trains to visit centres to do their shopping. They are coming in hundreds and buying for cash as they have never bought before. In consequence, business at the point mentioned, Moose Jaw, has improved materially. There is no doubt that the idea of having special trains which will take the farmers into such a centre in the mornings quite early and get them home the same evening is a good one for the West.

I have quoted the above two letters because they refer to the ordinary purchaser of such commodities as the average store has to offer. The facts we have quoted with respect to Alberta and Saskatchewan can be taken as indicating

that the wholesale houses in Winnipeg have been busier than usual during November and December. We understand that at some points in Manitoba and especially at Winnipeg, deposits being made in the banks by the average merchant are exceptionally large, indicating that at least some of their old accounts are being paid, as well as more cash business.

A year ago in Ontario there is no question but that the buying during December and January was somewhat below normal. No such complaints will be made this year. It should be pointed out,

however, that at country points in Ontario a year ago the trade was practically normal. In cities

that depend to some extent for commercial activity upon the operation of industries it was not, but now many of those industries are working to capacity making munitions and are, generally speaking, working on orders that will take them at least a year to complete. What is true of Ontario at the present time is also true in respect to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Business has been practically normal. There is an absence of unemployment, and in the people's hands there is a larger proportion of money than has been the case for some years.

It has been stated to us on many occasions recently that more money is being spent in the retail stores of Canada than last year. Generally speaking, this appears to be correct. No doubt a very large number of purchases are being made but from very close enquiries we are inclined to the opinion that the average gifts this year will be of the simple and useful kind. Under the circumstances this is as it should be. Canadian people as a whole are really appreciating the need for economy and they are also mindful of the fact that so many of their sons have fallen and likely to fall on the battlefields of Europe. Facts of so sad a nature have a depressing effect which may have diverted attention from the gay to more serious things hence useful in preference to useless gifts the volume of which will be as great as in previous years.



It is an excellent sign and one pregnant with great results for the Dominion that its chief industrialists are looking vigilantly for business abroad. At the present time there are in

#### Canada Looking for Export Business.

London officers representing some of the largest industrial undertakings in the Dominion, and they will remain there for the sole purpose of getting business, and some has been already obtained through that agency. Although the war has lasted now for a year and a half and our attention has largely been centred in it, it would be exceedingly bad policy if our chief industries failed to take advantage of the exclusion from so many markets of the commerce of Germany. For instance, take Russia, it is estimated that if the war had not broken out the exports of Germany to Russian territory would have approximated in value \$400,000,000. It is more than probable that upon the termination of the war there will be a revival in Russia and a further development will take place of her territory, in which the experience of Canadian firms has been satisfactory. Russians pay their debts. However, on the whole our big ally has not progressed as we understand that term. Those who know Russia, or claim to, are of the opinion that after the great struggle an awakening will set in that will find expression in industrial and agricultural expansion. If this does take place there is no doubt but that a big market will be opened out for many Canadian products. M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance, has declared that Germany having demolished the factories in Belgium, Poland and Northern France, perhaps thinks to force us to buy from her goods we cannot make ourselves. Let her be quite sure that our markets are closed to her forever. What country is in a better position to do business with Russia than Canada? Similarly there are opportunities, or will be opportunities, in Belgium, France, Italy, Serbia and elsewhere. The British Board of Trade Journal points out that of the agricultural machinery and implements employed in Russia about 50 per cent. was of domestic origin and 50 per cent. was imported. Of the imports about 40 per cent. in 1913 came from Germany and Austria as compared with about 20 per cent. from the United Kingdom. Canadian implements also go to Russia, but if the expansion looked for takes place her proportion should be greater.

If there is to be a big industrial revival in Russia after the war, and such a development seems probable, there will be unquestionably a demand for such equipment as is essential to office Russia Means. and business organizations. As the hand-threshers of Russia dispense with their primitive appliances and substitute the motor-driven machines production will assume a larger scale and require more efficient business equipment. The Russian business man as well as the Russian peasant after the war will unquestionably be more accessible to the merchant of allied countries. Having fought side

by side with the Britisher, whether he be of Canada, Australia, New Zealand or the United Kingdom, he will be more apt to trust him with his trade as he has relied upon him in battle. If then our great industrial leaders have the sagacity to seize upon these opportunities and turn them to account it will follow that in this country there will be industrial growth after the war. Business obtained from Russia may not be such as to create general activity, but it will be one of the influences that will help to sustain moderate industrial activity after the great struggle is over.

At the time of writing the preliminary statement as to the trade of Canada for November was issued from Ottawa and

#### Unprecedented Large Exports

according to telegraphed advices the domestic exports for that month amounted to \$92,000,000. This is a high record, and was due largely to the fact that of agricultural produce no less than \$54,000,000 was sent out of the country in that month, \$12,000,000 of animal products and \$13,000,000 in the form of manufactures. These are extraordinary figures, and for that reason we give two tables showing the exports of domestic products for the first eleven months of 1913, 1914 and 1915, and also that proportion of them which comes under the head of agricultural products:

EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCTS.			
	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan. ....	\$ 19,370,524	\$ 25,218,737	\$ 28,595,598
Feb. ....	22,857,169	20,553,387	28,881,277
March ....	34,874,752	26,700,991	45,118,922
April ....	22,016,880	17,753,071	28,691,889
May ....	27,883,971	30,005,635	42,080,486
June ....	33,619,425	28,000,200	42,805,846
July ....	33,600,716	41,807,648	45,590,038
Aug. ....	34,175,708	35,510,732	41,094,154
Sept. ....	37,048,845	31,796,613	46,129,735
Oct. ....	37,144,409	45,883,422	80,028,582
Nov. ....	37,762,328	42,572,100	92,000,000

\$36,411,727 \$34,102,545 \$521,025,527

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.			
	1913.	1914.	1915.
Jan. ....	\$ 6,262,819	\$ 8,942,529	\$ 8,082,572
Feb. ....	7,545,143	5,058,785	7,616,411
March ....	17,128,529	6,512,546	12,438,145
April ....	11,365,018	6,494,911	6,618,443
May ....	13,267,228	12,241,377	12,746,727
June ....	15,492,137	8,032,777	14,269,748
July ....	11,497,954	15,846,177	7,676,404
August ....	13,176,343	7,425,227	6,895,729
Sept. ....	11,829,772	7,478,798	11,129,935
Oct. ....	32,292,720	17,953,959	39,833,000
Nov. ....	33,417,055	18,846,286	54,000,000
Dec. ....	35,367,942	12,289,411	.....

Total ..\$208,642,660 \$127,122,783 \$181,317,110

The exports of November exceeded by over 100 per cent. the imports creating a trade position that will favorably affect the credit of the Dominion. Part of the increase in the value of the exports of course is due to the increase in price, at the present juncture, an important factor. It would appear that prices of Canadian produce as a whole will tend higher. On this point a circular issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce recently says:

"For the extraordinary volume of field production this year there appears to be every assurance that the demand will remain steady and prices will be above normal. In Canada's chief market, Great Britain, prices are firm, with a tendency to advance. Grain prices in Canada are somewhat lower than a year ago, but for other forms of agricultural produce a higher level of prices, generally speaking, prevails. British authorities agree that the highest point of the year in prices for food stuffs was reached in August, receding slightly in September and advancing again in October. Transportation costs, vary-

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ing upward, doubtless were the factor in this change, but not entirely the decisive one. In the United States the price of commodities consumed in the average household has advanced to the highest point since May, 1912, according to Dun's index, one of several accepted indices as to the trend of prices which indicate an upward tendency."

So long as Canadian farmers get a high price for everything they have produced there can be little doubt but that business will tend to improve very materially.

Although Christmas buying was more extensive than most tradespeople looked for, we do not think that retail trade has as yet really felt the effects of the increased results from the harvest. In the West all that the farmers have received in cash has gone towards settling immediate liabilities that have been overhanging them for a year or two. Implement men for instance report collections as being exceedingly satisfactory. On the

other hand storekeepers say that bills are not being paid too well. At the same time they state that the farmers are not able to make deliveries. That is quite true. At a very great number of points in the Canadian West there is a grain blockade. That is, farmers cannot make delivery of their grain when they bring it to the delivery point. There the elevators are filled, and there are no cars. At some points the writer is advised that it will be two or three months before the farmers can expect to ship by car load lots. These are circumstances, which to a certain extent restrain business. What cash the farmer has obtained on deliveries made has gone to satisfy the collectors of old debts.

He will not in thousands of cases get to the loose cash, that he knows will be available to lay out in necessities, until his crop is marketed, and that may not be until after the next crop is seeded. The railways are carrying the wheat from the primary points as fast as they can, but even at that it will be practically next September before the last of the crop is hauled out. In consequence business resulting from the crop will be distributed over a longer period than usual. Actual collections of outstanding debts will be taking place well on into next January. By that time the bulk of the older debts that are to be settled out of last year's harvest will have been dealt with and the farmer will know better, or more definitely, what margin he will have available to lay out.

Not for many years has there been such a demand for coal in the West as at present. The mines at Lethbridge are in the midst of one of the busiest seasons they have known. Orders are piling in to the offices of the mines from day to day and in spite of the fact that the present payroll is one of the largest on record, the mines

are having a strenuous time keeping up with the business and in some cases are five or six weeks behind in their orders. We are quoting from the Lethbridge Herald, and its statements have been confirmed. In order to make the output equal to the demand miners have been brought in from British Columbia

and other points, but still more men are needed. There is likewise a heavier demand on the coal mines further up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. At the Pacific Coast and also on the Atlantic Coast there is a better outlook for the immediate future in so far as coal production is concerned.

In metalliferous mines activity is unusual especially in those of British Columbia, where prospects have not been so good for twenty years. This is due to a number of reasons among which must be considered the high prices paid for several minerals now on account of the war, and the scarcity that is bound to exist for some time following the war. Better transportation facilities that exist throughout the province, the collapse of speculation in real estate, oil wells, and other kindred ventures leaving more money for development of the resources of the province and lastly a growing conviction that capital has been neglecting its opportunity too long in the mining fields of British Columbia. The fact that mines that have not paid dividends in years are now commencing to give their owners rewards is also having a stimulating effect on the mining activity of the province. The above is the opinion expressed in the Vancouver World by a writer on mining subjects who speaks authoritatively. It might be added here also that industries at the coast in Vancouver and other coast cities are finding conditions somewhat better to-day than they were a year ago.

British Columbia not only finds decided improvement in her mining industry, but another of her important industries—that of fisheries—is booming. It will

be noted that the British Columbia salmon pack is becoming steadier from year to year. This is due to the action of the Department of Fisheries in developing salmon hatcheries. Prior to 1905 large runs of sockeye showed every fourth year, and the pack varied accordingly. It will be noted, however, that since that year the pack has not varied to so great an extent, showing what science can do towards increasing Canada's wealth. It is fortunate, however, for British Columbia, that two of her great industries, fishing and mining, are at present prosperous. The excellent crop on the prairies will produce activity in the lumber business next year, and dissipate to some extent the depression overhanging that province. Signs of this will be more obvious as the winter relaxes its grip upon the prairie provinces.

For some years, bankers, business men and intelligent farmers have urged the necessity of more varied products from the prairies. That campaign of education is now beginning to serve. For instance a newspaper in Montreal over the butter returns from Saskatchewan placed the heading "A Butter

Boom." It was apt, and indicated what was taking place. The butter output of

Alberta has increased approximately 2,000,000 lbs. in 1914, according to Mr. C. P. Marker, Provincial Dairy Commissioner. For the year previous the butter



output was a little more than 5,000,000 lbs., and for the year ending October of this year the output was 7,400,000 lbs. What gratified the Dairy Commissioner more than the increase in quantity produced was the increase in price. In every district of Alberta this tendency towards mixed farming is apparent.

In Saskatchewan the increase in the production of butter in the year is approximately 600,000 lbs. In 1913 the total produced at the co-operative creameries amounted to 791,985 lbs., in 1914, 1,053,342 lbs., and 1915, 1,639,772.

Montreal is, of course, the port through which the great bulk of Canadian produce is shipped. This year's figures show a very substantial gain over those of a year ago. The total boxes of cheese shipped in 1915 amounted to 1,851,731, as compared with 1,482,538 a year ago. In the case of eggs the increase was 25 per cent., and in butter 646 per cent., and eggs 148 per cent. These are all facts which tend to show that Canada is capable of settling her debts abroad by actual produce. Of course in this connection the fact must be borne in mind that prices now are not normal. When the war is over and the people of Europe settle down to pay their debts, prices of produce such as we are now exporting will be very much lower, and to meet competition in the days to come it will be essential that Canadians adopt the most economical and efficient methods. However, production has obtained a stimulus the impetus of which will not be lost altogether if after the war a period of depression sets in. The foundation on which present business activity in Canada rests is the huge exports being made and by which our foreign liabilities are being liquidated. From one end of the Dominion to the other whether it is the produce of our waters, lands or mining districts, prices are higher. There does not appear to be one important product of Canada that is not in request at this particular time of stress. Under the circumstances, therefore it is not at all surprising that the November exports reached a figure unprecedented in Canadian history. When December figures are made known they will be approximately the same as November, and would be very much larger were there enough tonnage available to handle the products which Canada can offer to the belligerents. The gravity of the conflict and the distressing consequences no doubt impart a sobriety and quietness to the December season we generally associate with festivities. But this reflects itself in the character of the purchases being made. The frivolous is being eliminated, and articles of substantial utility form the messages of good will from one individual to another, and in the aggregate the buying of these will equal that of previous years. The new year enters with Canada in the position of having more stores on hand, that are needed by other countries—and urgently needed—than has hitherto been the case, and this one fact is sufficient to justify the prophecy that business will continue to im-

*Exports  
Canadian  
Produce.*

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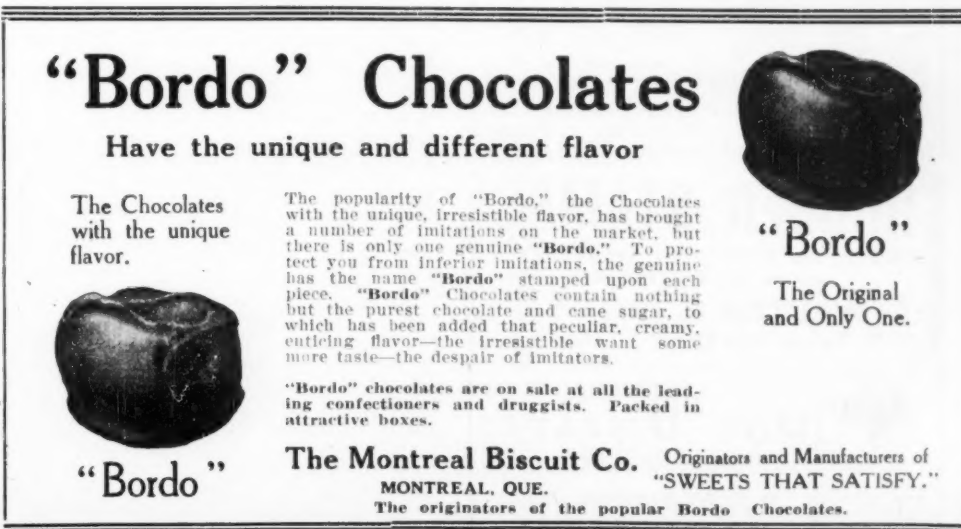


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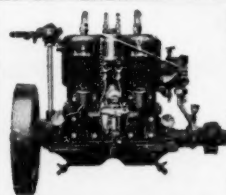
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# The War and the Pan-Germans

*The Campaign in Germany That Brought About the War*

**T**HAT the unceasing activities of the Pan-German party led to the war has been recognized by all students of international affairs. Although a comparatively small party numerically, the Pan-Germans have, of recent years at least, been supreme in the Imperial councils at Berlin. This is not only admitted, but very effectively proven in a pamphlet issued in Germany recently, first appearing as an article in the Social Democratic organ *Neue Zeit*. Space does not permit the reprinting of this article in full, but enough extracts are appended to show how conclusive is the evidence of an aggressive agitation for war on the part of the Pan-Germans. Also it demonstrates that the body of the German people, if not unsympathetic toward the militaristic tendency, was at least led into the war more or less blindly.

In the middle of April there was a meeting of the heads of the Pan-German Society at Stuttgart, which the *Gazette* reported on April 25. In a preliminary meeting for purposes of welcome Professor Count du Moulin-Eckart of Munich said:

The fateful day draws near. And even if the twilight of the gods be upon us, let it come in furious battle rather than in lingering sickness!

Admiral z. d. Breusing, of Berlin, said concerning the foreign political situation, that the strained relations between Germany and England, which had reached their acutest stage in the summer of 1911, had improved a bit not because the English felt more friendly towards us, and even less because Germany diplomacy had worked with good fortune and skill, "but only because the German fleet had become so strong that England respected it. The actual power represented by our fleet had accomplished what the inadequacy of diplomacy had failed to achieve. . . . But this does not mean that England is no longer our rival, or that she is no longer ready to participate with other nations in hostile machinations or undertakings against our Fatherland." He said also that Russia had taken England's place in the foremost hostile line against us, and added:

We have long been convinced that the unnatural state of affairs in Europe, the desire of our rivals to push us aside in every zone of the more important fields of world politics, must lead to war—that it is for us no longer a question of bending, but of breaking. We tax those at the helm in our country with leaving the initiative to our rival; we have coined for this the phrase that we have ceased being the subject of world politics and have become the object, simply the object.

We demand that a step be put to this policy of hesitation and lack of decision. We wish to become the masters of our

decisions and not have them forced upon us from abroad. (Then follows more against the policy that makes it possible to German capital, through international agreements, to work in the Portuguese colonies of Africa.) Not a penny of German money for such foreign territory! What we need are colonies of our own!

The remainder of the article points to the fact, no longer unknown, that at that very time certain agreements were made following our colonial policy, and it is particularly against this that Breusing writes as follows:

In its relations to all the basic questions of European and world-politics, the understanding of England in Africa, and that of England, Russia, and France in Asiatic Turkey, are unimportant, and must not mislead us. Our fate is to be decided in Europe. That matters are approaching a decision here we know, and we do not allow ourselves to be deceived as to the necessity of this decision by negotiations with us, forced upon those making them, concerning territory outside of Europe.

After Major Gen. Klein had spoken of the national defense situation and demanded an immediate new armament project, a resolution was adopted which stated:

The full Board of Directors of the Pan-German Society declares that the expected improvement in the political situation of Europe after the Balkan wars has not materialized, but that, on the contrary, this situation has been rendered more acute by the extraordinary preparations of France and Russia, by the anti-German attitude of the most influential circles in both of these states, and by unfriendly acts of their governments. Those at the head of the society draw from the foregoing the conclusion that France and Russia are preparing a decisive war against Germany and Austria-Hungary, and that both intend to strike as soon as they find what they deem a favorable opportunity. The heads of the society are convinced, furthermore, that this struggle will settle the fate of the German people for a long time, perhaps forever, and the fate of the rest of the Germanic peoples in Europe will be most closely wrapped up with it. Feeling assured of this, the Pan-German Society feels in duty bound to warn the German people to go forward toward this fateful hour with caution and determination.

All that was before the Serajevo murder. People also concerned themselves, of course, with the Austrian problems, but confined themselves mostly to critical remarks against the pro-Slavic policy of the Austrian Government. The "premature death" of Francis Ferdinand was called, to be sure, the "most important event since Bismarck's dismissal, perhaps even since the day of Versailles." But this crime was by no means important in the Pan-German agitation, especially as there seemed to be uncertainty as to the course that Austria would pursue. The necessity for a world-war was looked upon from the start as a Western



European question, having to do with the acquisition of colonies by Germany.

So there were attacks now against the faint-hearted in official posts. At the launching of the steamship Bismarck, the Kaiser closed his speech with Bismarck's words: "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world." On this occasion, the North German Public Gazette criticized statements in a speech by Admiral Breusing at Basle, observing that he appeared to have "evolved strategic theories for a future war between Germany and England." The Pan-German Gazette made the following sharp comment on this:

Semi-official people are a strange lot; apparently they have learned thoroughly how to fear and for that reason they deem it safer to tell foreign countries that the high-sounding closing words of the Kaiser's speech contained nothing to alarm those countries which are our political rivals.

Ever more vehement become the complaints against the government's policy. On July 11 the Pan-German organ averred that Germany could have achieved all she wished had she not backed down in the Morocco negotiations. It said:

For they knew on the Thames as well as on the Spree that they might wage war against the German Empire alone, with the possibility of annihilating the German fleet, and with it Germany's ambitions as a world-power, but that they could not do it in alliance with France. And the French, in spite of their fiery nature, are still capable of coming to the logical conclusion that they, the vanished of 1870, may have the same thing happen to them again, and that it would be necessary for Germany to make good the damage done her by England's destruction of her fleet, closing of her ports, and seizure of her colonies, at the expense of France, and to do it in such a way and with such thoroughness that there could be no question of a speedy recovery on the part of France.

On July 4 there was a meeting of the directors at Berlin, and the following report was made: "It has been acknowledged in all quarters that the situation of our nation has never been so fearfully serious, since the foundation of the empire, as it is just now." On Aug. 1, following the ultimatum to Serbia, the Pan-German Gazette rejoiced because Austria had pulled herself together and surprised the world by political measures "which were as cold-bloodedly and cleverly prepared as they were impressively and determinedly carried out."

The paper added that there was more in the wind than a mere falling out between Austria and Serbia. "We have heard the step of world-history. There will be a life and death struggle. It is a pleasure to be alive. \* \* \*"

At last it got to such a point that a special edition appeared on August 3, wherein, under the caption "The Blessing of Arms," occurred these noteworthy sentences:

It is a pleasure to be alive. We have hoped for this hour; now it is here, the holy hour. The Russians, false and de-

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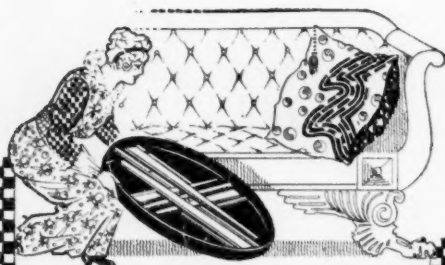
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ceitful to the last minute; the French, vacillating when confronted with the amazing reality, and suddenly losing their thirst for vengeance; England, coldly calculating and hesitating—but the German people wild with joy.

In this same special edition the object of the war is already set forth. Since then, not an hour has passed without efforts by the Pan-Germans toward achieving this object; and, up to now, it always has been possible, despite all censorship, to get Pan-German ideas even into the newspapers of the largest circulation.

"What the Object Is" was clearly set forth as follows on August 3:

Since Algeiras, and especially since the leap of the Panther at Agadir, we have known that the Triple Entente powers begrudged us the air that we breathe, that we are to suffocate within narrow bounds while they divide up the world among them. That is an unendurable state of affairs.

Now we are playing for the whole big stake. The possibility of the German people's existence in Europe and across the seas must be assured for all time.

Russia, blinded to the point of plunging to her own destruction, forced the sword into our hand. Hail to Russia for that deed! After we have drawn our sword we must not sheathe it until the goal is reached—the goal which this war forces upon us. It is this:

To shake off the political yoke of the Triple Entente powers.

To make good the right of our people to determine its own destiny, and extend its territory according to its necessities.

To reject every claim that jeopardizes the economic security of our future.

Attention was turned next to the English; it was said that the Pan-Germans were unjustly accused of hating the English. "For the sake of the future of the German race, we wish not to be opposed to each other in fight. Whosoever is our foe this time will be our foe forever! We have the same blood, the same conceptions of honor, the same rivals, the Slavs. What can the imaginary hostility to the Germans signify when compared with hostility to the latter? It would resemble fratricide for England to throw in her lot with Serbia, Russia and France."

Love turns quickly to hate. After proof had been adduced, in "Pan-German Assertions on Contemporary History" that the Pan-Germans had prophesied everything, the "Germanic Right" was thus proclaimed in the issue of Sept. 5:

And now we are in the same position as was Rome. No matter what the result of the struggle may be, a Cato must arise among us, who must continually hammer into the German people this bitter warning: "Britain must be destroyed!" We must unite all who speak the German tongue into one empire, one people. Then an eternal, dominant people will lead mankind along the paths of progress.

As early as the 28th of August the directors of the Pan-German Society had devoted themselves to the attainment of the object of the war, and had commissioned the head of the society, the



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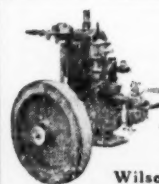


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lawyer Class, to prepare a memorial. This was sent, in the middle of September, to the members, and an active propaganda was forthwith based upon it.

In the issue of September 12 Admiral Breusing—who died soon after—gave interesting opinions as to how England's world-power might be destroyed. First of all, he said, Germany must create a fleet equal to the English fleet.

The next necessity is for us to achieve peace with our neighbors as a preliminary to our reckoning with England, France, Russia, and Belgium must be rendered impotent, in order that they may not hinder us in this. We cannot proceed to this reckoning under any circumstances if we do not impose on these rivals peace terms suitable to the emergency; if we allow them to escape with a moderate war indemnity and without loss of territory, according to the wish of the friends of the so-called policy of Kultur. \* \* \*

The third thing necessary is to send to foreign countries diplomats capable of winning allies for us in our mission of destroying the world-power of England.

Similar sentiments had been expressed previously by Major Gen. Keim in an article published in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, and widely circulated later in the form of a pamphlet. The *Pan-German Gazette* summarized its opinion on the subject on Sept. 26 in this sentence:

"Not only must our last enemy be beaten to his knees, but he must be stretched out flat on the ground."

On October 3, under the caption "Stick It Out!" the following appeared:

There must be but one will, one way of thinking, and it is this: We must not lay aside our sword until our opponents are so badly beaten that they not only acknowledge our right to exist, but also grant us the external terms on which our existence may be definitely assured. Otherwise the whole war will have been purposeless, and we might just as well have bowed before the haughty attitude of the Czar.

"Great times, small minds." Under this noteworthy caption men like Oncken, Rohrbach, and others were disposed of on the 21st of November—men who wielded their pens, not for a greater Germany, but for the interests of general culture.

It was stated that the hatred of the whole world against us was the hatred of the inferior for the superior race:

To the devil once for all with all this idle chatter about Kultur! And let it not be said that the only reason we do not throw over this "gang of rascals"—as Rudolf Presber called them—is that we do not wish to lose the chance of working among them some day in the interests of culture! As if a single grenadier would sacrifice his bones for this sort of "cultural efforts!"

The cause for which our armies, our brothers and sons, are fighting is that of Greater Germany, which will provide for a new race colonies and opportunities for labor, and give us frontiers to protect us against attack from highwaymen such as have attacked us now.

Extract from a Tommy's letter, written in Egypt: "It is terribly hot out here, so hot, in fact, that they feed the hens on ice cream to stop them laying hard-boiled eggs."



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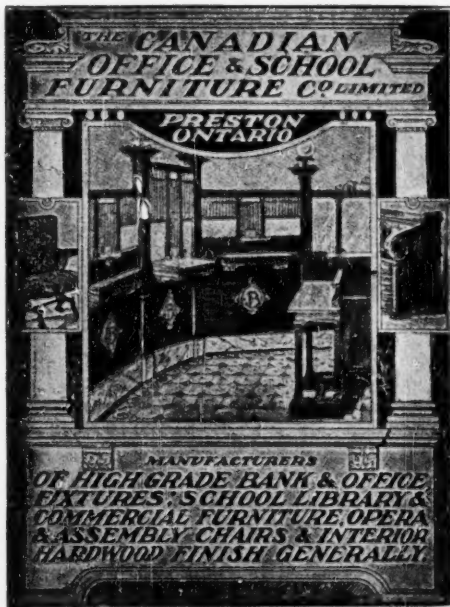


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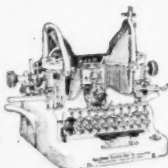
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## The Intelligence of Women

*Conclusions of Noted Writer After Exhaustive Tests*

**"NOTES** on the intelligence of woman," is the title of a most interesting article in the *Atlantic*

Monthly from the pen of W. L. George. He has gone about his theme in a very thorough way, defending not upon theories or hasty conclusion but basing his judgment upon actual tests. He explains in his introduction that they are based on observation of 65 women—5 intimate acquaintances, 19 adequate acquaintances; 41 slight acquaintances; 39 married; 8 status uncertain; 18 celibate.

The conclusions that he has reached from his tests are extremely interesting as well as eminently impartial and are well worth quoting:

Almost every man, except the professional Lovelace (and he knows nothing), believes in the mystery of woman. I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; women are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety. I do not believe that there is either a male or a female mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind. There are to-day differences between the male and the female intellect; we have to ask ourselves whether they are absolute or only apparent, or whether they are absolute but removable by education and time, assuming this to be desirable. I believe that these differences are superficial, temporary, traceable to hereditary and local influences. I believe that they will not endure forever, that they will tend to vanish as environment is modified, as old suggestions cease to be made.

It is most difficult to deduce the quality of woman's intellect from her conduct, because her impulses are frequently obscured by her policy. The physical circumstances of her life predispose her to an interest in sex more dominant than is the case with man. As intellect flies out through the window when emotion comes in at the door, this is a source of complications. The intervention of love is a difficulty, for love, though blind, is unfortunately not dumb, and habitually uses speech for the concealment of truth. It does this with the best of intentions, and the best of intentions generally yield the worst of results. It should be said that sheer intellect is very seldom displayed by man. Intellect is the ideal skeleton of a man's mental power. It may be defined as an inspiration toward material advantage, absolute truth, or achievement, combined with a capacity for taking steps toward successful achievement or attaining truth. From this point of view such men as Napoleon, Machiavelli, Epictetus, Leo XIII., Bismarck, Voltaire, Anatole France, are typical intellectuals. They are not perfect; all, so far as we can tell, are tainted with moral feeling or emotion—a frailty which probably explains why there has never been a British or American intellectual of the first rank. Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Cromwell, all alike suffered grievously from good intentions. The British and American mind has long been honeycombed with moral impulse, at any rate since the Reformation; it is very much what the German mind was up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Intellect, as I conceive it, is seeing life sanely and seeing it whole, without much pity,

without love; seeing life as separate from man, whose pains and delights are only phenomena; seeing love as a reaction to certain stimuli.

In this sense it can probably be said that no woman has ever been an intellectual. A few may have pretensions, as, for instance, "Vernon Lee," Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Wharton, perhaps Mrs. Hetty Green. I do not know, for these women can be judged only by their works. The greatest women in history—Catherine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Sappho, Queen Elizabeth—appear to have been swayed largely by their passions, physical or religious. I do not suppose that this will always be the case. For reasons which I shall indicate further on in this article. I believe that woman's intellect will tend toward approximation with that of man. But meanwhile it would be futile not to recognize that there exist to-day between man and woman some sharp intellectual divergences.

One of the sharpest lies in woman's logical faculty. This may be due to her education (which is seldom mathematical or scientific); it may proceed from a habit of mind; it may be the result of a secular withdrawal from responsibilities other than domestic. Whatever the cause, it must be acknowledged that, with certain trained exceptions, woman has not of logic the same conception as man. I have devoted particular care to this issue, and have collected a number of cases where the feminine conception of logic clashes with that of man.

I do not contend that bad logic is the monopoly of woman, for man is also disposed to believe what he chooses in matters such as politics, wars, and so forth, and then to try to prove it. Englishmen as well as Englishwomen find victory in the capture of a German trench, insignificance in the loss of a British trench; man, as well as woman, is quite capable of saying that it always rains when the Republicans are in power, should he happen to be a Democrat; man also is capable of tracing to a dinner with twelve guests the breaking of a leg, while forgetting the scores of occasions on which he dined in a restaurant with twelve other people and suffered no harm. Man is capable of every unreasonable deduction, but he is more inclined to justify himself by close reasoning. In matters of argument man is like the Italian brigand who robs the friar, then confesses and asks him for absolution: woman is the burglar unrepentant. This may be due to woman as a rule having few guiding principles or intellectual criteria. She often holds so many moral principles that intellectual argument with her irritates the crisper male mind. But she finds it difficult to retain a grasp upon a central idea, to clear away the side issues which obscure it. She can seldom carry an idea to its logical conclusion, passing from term to term; somewhere there is a solution of continuity. For this reason arguments with women, which have begun with the latest musical play, easily pass on, from its alleged artistic merit, to its costumes, their scantiness, their undesirable scantiness, the need for inspection, inspectors of theatres, and little by little, other inspectors, until one gets to mining inspectors and possibly to mining in general. The reader will observe that these ideas are fairly well linked. All that hap-



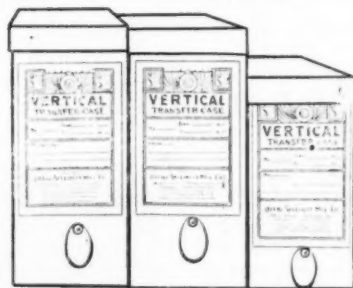
pens is that the woman, tiring of the central argument, has pursued each side issue as it offered itself. This comes from a lack of concentration which indisposes a woman to penetrate deeply into a subject; she is not used to concentration, she does not like it. It might lead her to disagreeable discoveries.

It is for this reason—because she needs to defend purely emotional positions against man, who uses intellectual weapons—that woman is so much more easily than man attracted by new religions and new philosophies,—by Christian Science, by Higher Thought, by Theosophy, by Eucken, by Bergson. Those religions are no longer spiritual; they have an intellectual basis; they are not ideal religions like Christianity and Mohammedanism and the like, which frankly ask you to make an act of faith; what they do is to attempt to seduce the alleged soul through the intellect. That is exactly what the aspiring woman demands: emotional satisfaction and intellectual concession. Particularly in America, one discovers her intellectual fog in the continual use of such words as mental, elemental, cosmic, university, social harmony, essential cosmos, and other similar ornaments of the modern logomachy.

A singular and suggestive fact is that woman generally displays pitiless logic when she is dealing with things that she knows well. An expert housekeeper is the type, and there are no lapses in her argument with a tradesman. It is a platitude to mention the business capacity of the Frenchwoman, and many women are expert in the investment of money, in the administration of detail, in hospital management, in the rotation of servants' holidays (which, in large households, is most complex). It would appear that woman is unconcentrated and inconsequent only where she has not been properly educated, and this has a profound bearing on her future development. There is a growing class, of which Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, the Countess of Warwick, Miss Jane Addams, are typical, who have bent their minds on intellectual problems; women like Miss Emma Goldman; like Miss Mary McArthur, whose grasp of industrial questions is as good as any man's. They differ profoundly from the average feminine literary artist, who is almost invariably unable to write of anything except love. I can think of only one modern exception, Miss Amber Reeves; among her seniors, Mrs. Humphry Ward is the most notable exception, but not quite notable enough.

This tendency is, I believe, entirely due to woman's having always been divorced from business and politics, to her having been until recently encouraged to delight in small material possessions, while discouraged from focusing on anything non-material except religion.

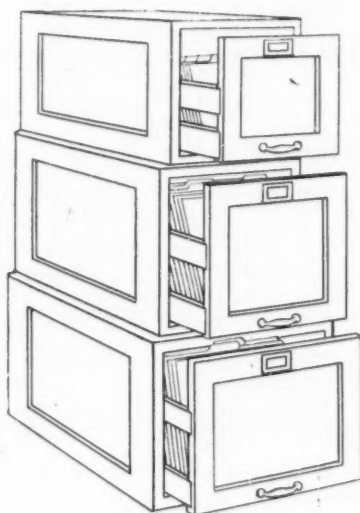
The reader may differ from me, but I believe that woman is much less conventional than man. She does all the conventional things and attacks other women savagely for breaches of convention. But you will generally find that where a man may with impunity break a convention he will not do so, while, if secrecy is guaranteed, a woman will please herself and repent only if necessary. It follows that a man is conventional because he respects convention; woman conventional because she is afraid of what may happen if she does not obey convention. I submit that this shows a greater degree of conventionality in man. The typical Englishman of the world, wrecked on a desert isle, would get into his evening clothes as long as his shirts lasted; I do not think his wife, alone in



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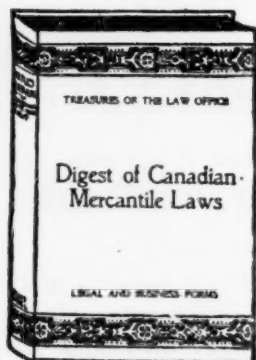
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such circumstances, would wear a low-cut dress to take her meal of cocoanuts, even if her frock did up in front.

It is this unconventionality that precipitates woman into the so-called new movements in art or philosophy. She reacts against what she is, seeking a new freedom; even if she is only seeking a new excitement, a new color, a new god, unconsciously she seeks a more liberal atmosphere, while man is nearly always contented with the atmosphere that is. When he rebels, his tendency is to destroy the old sanctuary, hers to build a new sanctuary. That is a form of idealism,—not a very high idealism, for woman seldom strains toward the impossible.

The further qualification of woman's intellect is in her moral attitude. I would ask the reader to divest himself of the idea that "moral" refers only to the matters of sex. Morality is the rule of conduct of each human being in his relations with other human beings, and this covers all relations. Because in some senses the morality of woman is not the morality of man, we are not entitled to say with Pope that

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

She is a contradiction. Man is a contradiction, apparently of a different kind, and that is all. Thence spring misunderstandings and sometimes dislike, as between people of different nations. I do not want to labor the point, but I would suggest that in a very minor degree the apparent difference between man and woman may be paralleled by the apparent difference between the Italian and the Swede, who, within two generations, produce very similar American children. But man, who generalizes quite as wildly as woman when he does not understand, is determined to emphasize the difference in every relation of life. For instance, it is commonly said that woman cannot keep her promise. This seems to me entirely untrue; given that as a rule woman's intellect is not sufficiently educated to enable her to find a reason for breaking her promise, it is much more difficult for her to do so. For we are all moral creatures, and if a man must steal the crown jewels he is happier if he can discover a high motive for so doing. Man has a definite advantage where a loophole has to be found, and I have known few women capable of standing up in argument against a trained lawyer who has acquired the usual dexterity in misrepresentation.

In love and marriage, particularly, woman will keep plighted troth more closely than man: there is no male equivalent of jilt, but the male does jilt on peculiar lines; while a woman who knows that her youth, her beauty are going must bring things to a head by jilting, the male is never in a hurry, for his attractions wane so very slowly. Why should he jilt the woman? make a stir? So he just goes on. In due course she tires and releases him, when he goes to another woman. That is jilting by inches, and as regards faithfulness a pledged woman is more difficult to win away than a pledged man. (To be just, it should be said that unfaithfulness is in the eyes of most men a small matter, in the eyes of most women a serious matter.) A pledged woman will remain faithful long after love has flown; the promise is a mystic bond; none but a tall flame can hide the ashes of the dead



love. And so, when Shakespeare asserts,—

Frailty, thy name is woman,

he is delivering one of the hasty judgments that abound in his solemn romanticism.

This applies in realms divorced from love,—in questions of money, such as debts or bets. Women do run up milliners' bills, but men boast of never paying their tailors. And if sometimes women do not discharge the lost bet, it is largely because a tradition of protection and patronage has laid down that women need not pay their bets. Besides, women usually pay their losses, while several men have not yet discharged their debts of honor to me. It is a matter of honesty, and I think the criminal returns for the United States would produce the same evidence as those for England and Wales. In 1913 there were tried at Assizes for offences against property 1616 men and 122 women. The records of Quarter Sessions and of the courts of Summary Jurisdiction yield the same result, an enormous majority of male offenders,—though there be more women than men in England and Wales!

## Gumshoeing the Secret Service

Continued from Page 8.

carat fine to me. You will have to make out of it what you can on commission. Judging from the commissions you have received on chains you haven't sold, he gave me a queer knowing smile there, 'I shouldn't guess you would have any trouble on the usual commission basis with your bank. I want \$25,000 straight—gold, not drafts, nor bank notes; and I want it from this office, not from any other office. I'll leave you the photographs as specifications. I have torn the tops off some, and the signatures off others; so you can't use these but must have the original. If you examine the dates and try out the photographs under a glass, you can convince yourself these are no forgeries. There are two authorities these would be worth their weight in gold to—the State Department and the Allies. You can choose your own buyer—this is Friday. Get busy on the cable! I want an answer Monday! I'll call at noon! My price is \$25,000. If you attempt to have me shadowed or searched, I'll give the sign and have the originals destroyed. If you accept my terms, I'll deliver the originals to you at—' a well-known rendezvous of the conspirators in New York. He laid a fat linen envelope on my desk, knocked the ashes off his cigar and moved across to the door. With his hand on the door he turned back. 'Don't need to draw your attention to the fact—do I—that an embassy cannot be searched for evidence?' and the door closed on his back.

"It did not take me two seconds to see what was in that envelope. The very first photograph was a facsimile of the orders to sink the *Lusitania*."

To Be Continued.

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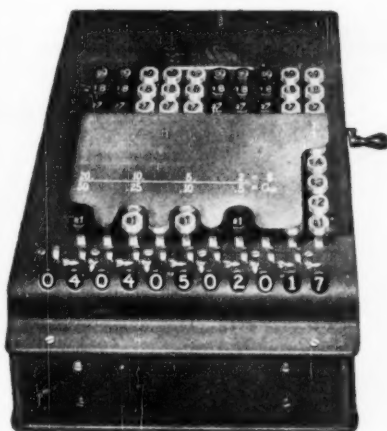
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